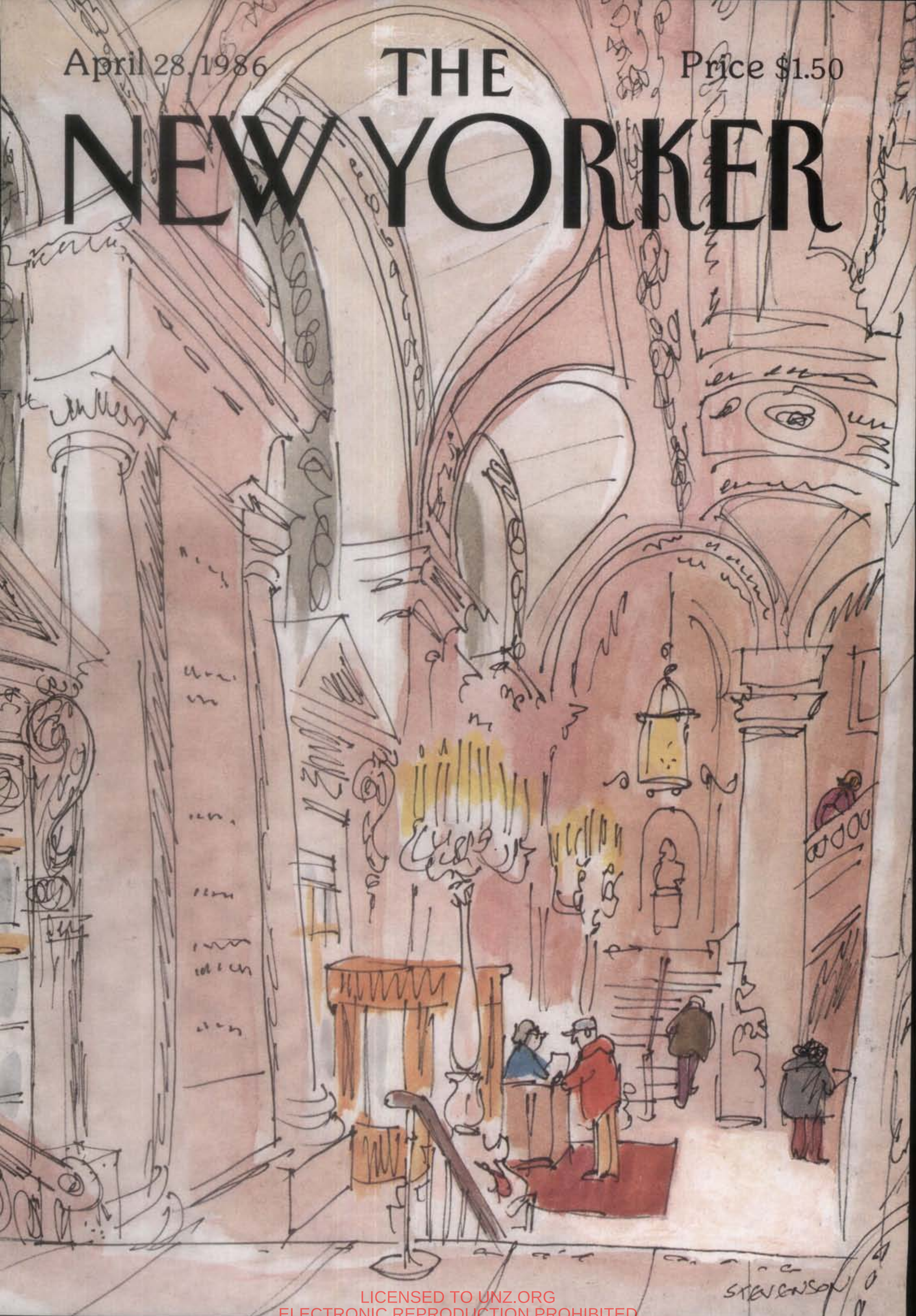
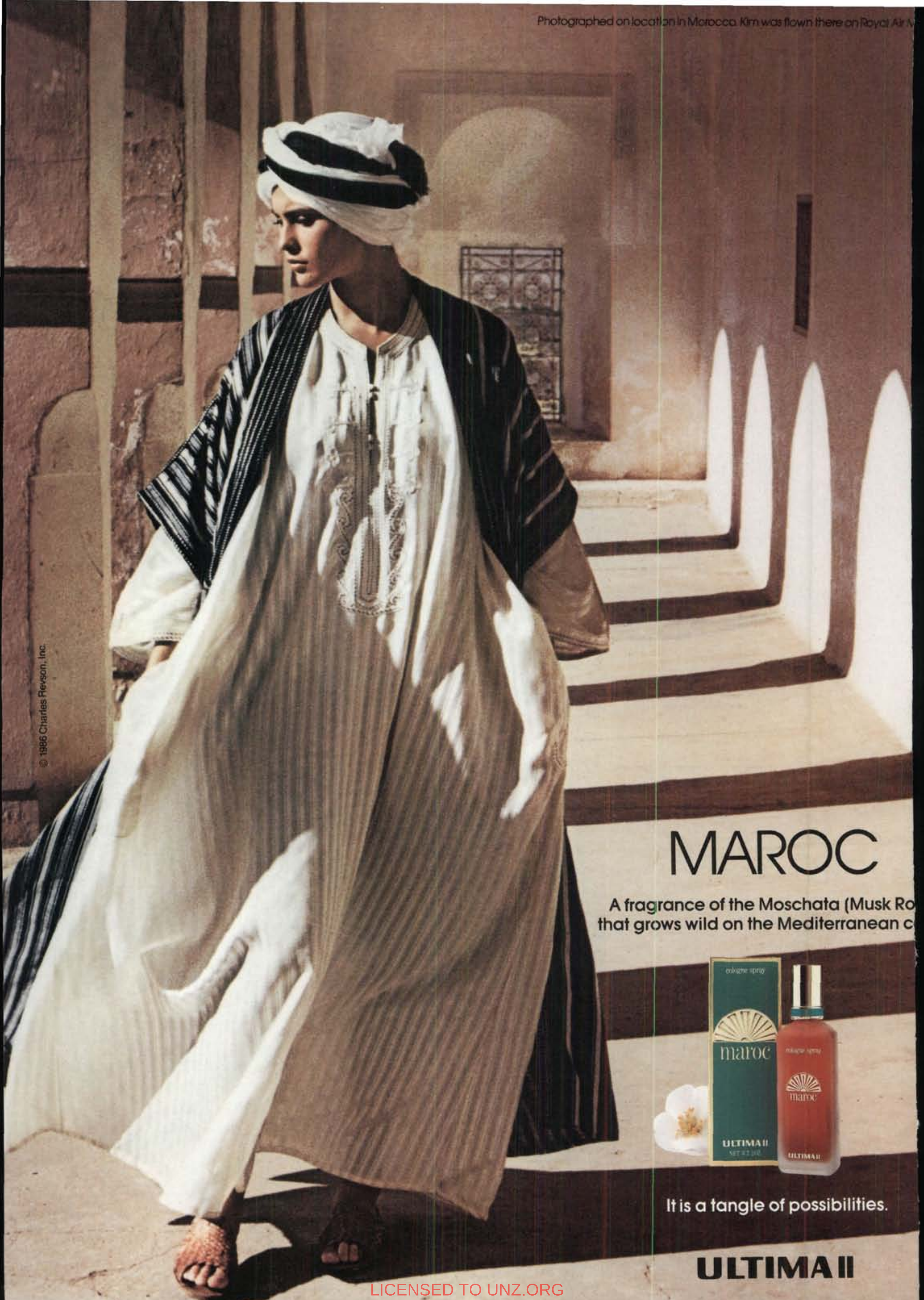
April 28, 1986

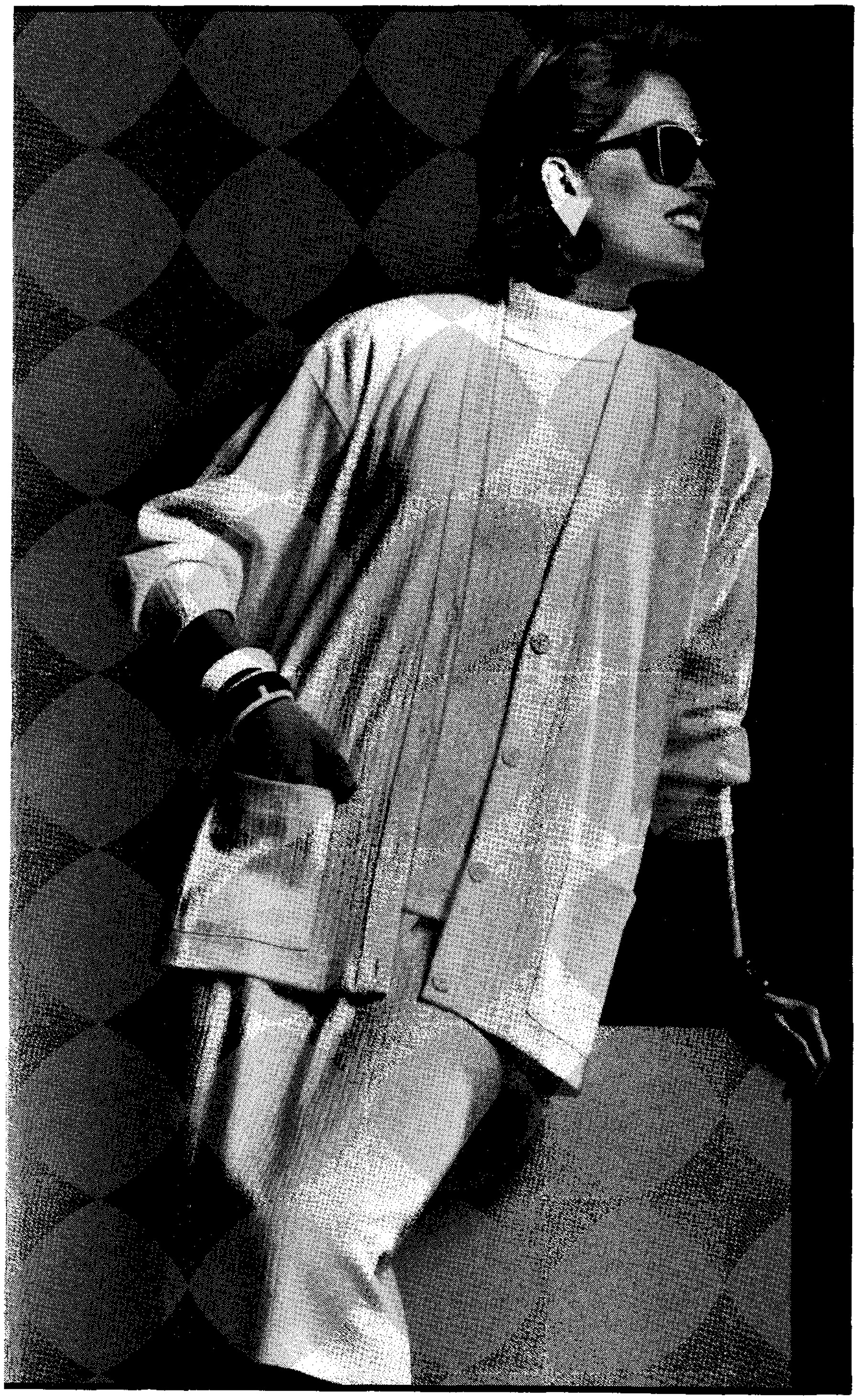
THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.50




Photographed on location in Morocco. Kim was flown there on Royal Air
© 1986 Charles Revson, Inc.
MAROC
A fragrance of the Moschata (Musk Ro
that grows wild on the Mediterranean c
cologne spray
maroc
ULTIMA II
cologne spray
maroc
ULTIMA II
It is a tangle of possibilities.
ULTIMA II

the next move: *Your summer strategy starts here*



Plan K. When it's two hours before plane time, a winner packs easy-going cotton cool-knits.

You'll travel unfussed and unmussed, look terrific everywhere from Paris to Pago-Pago. Outlander's t-dressing separates do it all, in the season's white or black plus bright bursts of yellow, turquoise, purple or orange. All in a smooth flat rib knit for s,m,l. Sweater Shop, third floor and at the Altman's near you.

New longer cardigan, 48.00.
Cut-away turtle top, 23.00.
Straight skirt, 28.00.

altman's

Out of town, call Toll Free 1-800-228-5000. Diners Club, American Express,® Visa® and MasterCard™ are welcome at Altman's.
361 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, White Plains, Manhasset, N.Y., Short Hills, Ridgewood/Paramus, N.J., St. Davids, Pa.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's group. **orchards,** a bill of seven new plays—by Maria Irene Fornes, Spalding Gray, John Guare, David Mamet, Wendy Wasserstein, Michael Weller, and Samm-Art Williams—all adapted from Chekhov short stories. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays and Wednesday, April 30, at 2 and 8; Sunday, April 27, at 3 and 7; and Sunday, May 4, at 3.)

The Alchemedians—Bob Berky is a superlative clown, and Michael Moschen is a superlative juggler. They combine to make an evening of comedy and surprises and start-to-finish delight. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/7/86.) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Friday, April 25, at 7 and 10; and Saturdays and Friday, May 2, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, April 30, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Deal—A musical-comedy blunder by Bob Fosse, who wrote the book and so caused his skills as a choreographer and director to be rendered all but useless. (4/21/86) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in Autumn—A play by Bernard Sabath in which George C. Scott and John Cullum portray the adult Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. Theodore Mann is the director. Previews through Tuesday, April 29. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 30. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Daughters—The DiAngelo women of Brooklyn would make rather trying company were it not for the performance of the actresses who play them. John Morgan Evans was the dramatist, John Henry Davis directed. (4/14/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Equity Library Theatre—Chekhov's **the three sisters,** in a new translation by Lanford Wilson, is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 4. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Goblin Market—This musical, based on Christina Rossetti's erotic allegorical poem, has a charming score by Polly Pen, imaginative scenery by William Barclay, and good performances—singing and acting—by Terry Klausner and Ann Morrison. It may prove a little too fanciful for every taste, though. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline is one of our finest actors, and his Hamlet has much to commend it, but he is almost done in by the foolish, intrusive production and the poor work of the supporting company. (3/24/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 ar Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival. John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy wi Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stocka Channing, among other fine performers. Jer Zaks was the acute, perceptive directc (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Ce ter. 239-6200. Performances resume Tue day, April 29, at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesda through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:3 Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's syntheti though often entertaining, comedy about tv old men who share a bench in Central Park given an expert performance by Cleavon Li tle and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 2: W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Sa urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sa urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Largo Desolato—A woefully wrongheaded pr duction of an ironic tragicomedy by tl Czech dramatist Václav Havel. (4/7/8 (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7105. Night at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at Closes Sunday, April 27.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised masterly comedy in this frightening tale two Western families bound together by dreadful marriage. (12/16/85) (Promenad Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, e cept Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays : 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Jack Lemmc

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"A HOUSE OF WOMEN" . . . . . *David Plante* 30
"WHOEVER WAS USING THIS BED" . . . . . *Raymond Carver* 33
"UNWILLING SUSPENSION" (POEM) . . . . . *John Ash* 38
PROFILES (BISHOP PAUL MOORE, JR.) . . . . . *Jervis Anderson* 41
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 96
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . . *Andy Logan* 100
THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 105
OFF BROADWAY . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 105
THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND (LIBYA) . . . . . *John Newhouse* 106
BOOKS . . . . . *John Updike* 117

RECEIVED
MAY 7
Ambassador College
Library

COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *George Booth, Jack Ziegler, Robert Weber, Charles E. Martin, Lee Lorenz, William Steig, Robert Mankoff, James Mulligan, Joseph Farris, Dana Fradon, J. B. Handelsman, Burt Silverman, Roz Chast, Frank Modell, Charles Barsotti, Warren Miller, Richard Cline, Arnie Levin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publishe Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Elaine M. Matteo, vice-president, treasurer, and secretar Milton Greenstein and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and comptroller; Douglas W. Florenzie, circulation director; Owen J. Hochreite advertising director. *Branch advertising offices:* 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmon Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXII, No. 10, April 28, 1986. Second-class postag paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage i cash. © 1986 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent c The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.0C
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

KORBEL NATURAL
SIMI
CORTON-CHARLEMAGNE
STERLING VINEYARDS
MOET & CHANDON
$12.99
$12.79
$59.95
$16.00
$24.79

For less than the price of a good bottle of wine, you can enjoy 12 issues of The Wine Spectator.

SPECIAL OFFER
$8.95
12 WINE FILLED ISSUES

You can spend $12.99 on a California sparkling wine. Or $59.95 on a French Burgundy. But for a mere $8.95 you can savor 12 issues (6 months) of The Wine Spectator.

Whether you want to establish a wine cellar, impress a sommelier, or learn how to talk to your wine merchant, you should be reading The Wine Spectator. Twice a month we bring you all the important wine news before it hits the grapevine.

You'll get an insider's view of the wineries. Find out what experts think of the new releases. Get advice on how to order from a wine list. Our special features and columns give you valuable information on investing in and collecting fine wines. We even tell you how to serve, store and cook with wine.

So if you're serious about wine, subscribe to The Wine Spectator at this incredibly low introductory price. It's the best $8.95 you'll ever spend on wine.

☎ Call Toll Free 24 Hours 800-443-0100, Ext. 560

Please send me 12 issues (6 months) of **THE WINE SPECTATOR.**

Name
Address
City State Zip
Signature
☐ Enclosed is my check for $8.95
☐ Please charge to my VISA ____ Mastercard ____ American Express ____
Account # ____ Expiration date ____

CALL TOLL FREE 24 Hours 800-443-0100, Ext. 560

Make check payable to The Wine Spectator, 400 E. 51st St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
Offer only good for new subscribers.

THE WINE SPECTATOR
America's largest selling wine newspaper.

DR

THE WINE SPECTATOR
INSIDE
Barolo Brothers
Quietly Taking On the World
FOCUS:

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stars in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's drama. Directed by Jonathan Miller. Previews through Sunday, April 27. Opens officially on Monday, April 28, at 6. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Loot—A far too mild revival of Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in England, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher and Zeljko Ivanek, among others. John Tillinger directed. (3/3/86) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Market Theatre Company—A South African company, in its first appearance here, presenting **ASINAMALI**, a play written and directed by Mbongeni Ngema. (Roger Furman, 290 Lenox Ave., at 124th St., third floor. 876-3272. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday, April 27, at 3. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, Charlotte Moore, David Margulies, and Kate McGregor-Stewart is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

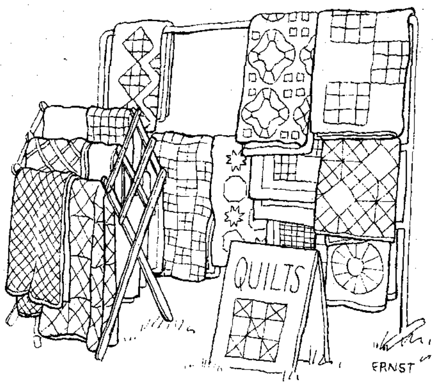
Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Petition—A two-character play by Brian Clark, starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. Directed by Peter Hall. Previews through Wednesday, April 23. Opens officially on Thursday, April 24. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Precious Sons—George Furth has written a play—perhaps a recollection—of family life in Chicago just after the Second World War, and a sorry time it appears to have been. Ed Harris and Judith Ivey play the ill-matched father and mother. The director is Norman René. (3/31/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Principia Scriptoriae—An empty but certainly actable play by Richard Nelson, set in a Latin-American country that changes from right-wing to left-wing dictatorship in the course of the action. Anthony Heald and Joe Urla are excellent in the leading roles of two writers. Lynne Meadow directed. (4/21/86) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Rich Relations—A comedy by David Hwang. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Smoking Newports and Eating French Fries—A comedy by Sebastian Stuart. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—An exceptionally attractive cast—Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Kenneth Welsh, Olympia Dukakis, and Stefan Schnabel—in a comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

So Long on Lonely Street—A shallow Southern melodrama that would have failed to pass muster in the days of Dion Boucicault. The author is Sandra Deer. (4/14/86) (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song & Dance—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Christopher d'Amboise dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweet Charity—A revival of the 1966 musical by Cy Coleman (score), Dorothy Fields (lyrics), and Neil Simon (book), with Bob Fosse again acting as director and choreographer. Debbie Allen stars. Previews through Saturday, April 26. Opens officially on Sunday, April 27. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 895-4550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Vienna: Lusthaus—A production of the Music-Theatre Group/Lenox Arts Center. Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke; text by Charles Mee, Jr.; and score by Richard Peaslee. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 26 4375. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, a Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Ma nées Wednesdays and Saturday, May 3, at Closes Saturday, May 3.)

Wasted—A first play, by Fred Gamel, about platoon of marines in Vietnam, most of the black, who receive the news of Martin Lutt King, Jr.,'s assassination. Clinton Turn Davis directed the able cast. (4/21/8 (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-052 Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Su day at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Clos Sunday, April 27.)

Williams and Walker—A musical trium about the great Bert Williams, who, in 191 became the first black comedian to star Broadway, and about his partner, Geor Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-H are the marvellous stars. The score is authe tic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Mari Cook, Williams himself, and others. Stror lively direction by Shauneille Perry, chorec raphy by Lenwood Sloan, and musical dire tion by Neal Tate, who accompanies t show on the piano, with a percussionist at side. (3/17/86) (American Place, 111 46th St. 246-3730. Wednesday, April 23, 3; Friday, April 25, at 10; Saturday, Ap 26, at 1 and 4:15; Sunday, April 27, at 5:3 Tuesday, April 29, at 8; Wednesday, Ap 30, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, M 1-2, at 8; and Saturday, May 3, at 2 a 8.)

Wrestlers—A new play by and with Bill Davis, directed by Geraldine Fitzgeral *(Reviewed in this issue.)* (Hudson Gui Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wedne days through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckl berry Finn and Jim and their adventures the Mississippi. The large cast is full charm and so is the scenery, by Hei Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49 St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** T second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoir was the first—in which we are invited to fo low Neil Simon's years of growing up a becoming a writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52 St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays a Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's "Po trait of the Artist as a Young Man." (46 Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-121 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3. Closes Sunday, May 11.) . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsome designed and handsomely costumed music The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentime tal nonsense, but the music, by Jerry He man, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broa way at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays throu Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andre Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillia Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which ma run for many more years and give cats t right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garde Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, e cept Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesda and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** group of young dancers audition for a handf of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsa and by the time the evening is over we kno everything about all of them. (Shubert, 22 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Su days, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satu days at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,816 perfo mances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhous 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-383 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matiné Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funn play by the late Larry Shue, with good pe formances by every single member of th company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable d rector. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayett St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Plea

The average banker's arm.
A Continental banker's arm.

How to spot a Continental banker.

If the pinstriped appendage on the left looks more like a banker's arm to you than the one on the right, maybe it's because you've slowly grown used to bankers who stopped working when they found jobs.

Now you can get bankers who roll up their sleeves on your business even before they meet with you for the first time.

You can come to The New Continental.

The New Continental is working its way back by working hard.

And we've found that a little extra effort can go a long way in finding creative solutions to our clients' financial needs.

For example, before we give advice we'll look at the way cash moves within your company, the way you buy services and materials, how you pay your debts, and how you invest your money.

Then, after asking the right questions, we'll make informed recommendations about loans, investment products, raising capital and managing cash.

So if you want a banker who will work hard for you, contact the bank that works hard for everyone.

The New Continental Illinois.
We're working our jackets off.

Continental Illinois
We work hard. We have to.

© 1986 Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

antly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Friday, May 2, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 24, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 25, and Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Thursday, May 1, at 10:30. Because of hockey playoffs, evening performances will be cancelled Wednesday, April 23, and *may* be cancelled Sunday, April 27. Through Sunday, June 1.)

THE FLYING KARAMAZOV BROTHERS—Hilarious joking and juggling by some exceptionally gifted young men, who were all born closer to the Russian River than to Russia, which is just as well. (4/14/86) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—Opening performances of a five-week engagement by a mime-and-mask trio. Preview Wednesday, April 23. Opens officially on Thursday, April 24, and will run through Sunday, May 25. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, April 23: "Valse Triste," "La Source," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 24: "Valse-Fantaisie," "Antique Epigraphs," "Prodigal Son," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 25: "Ballo della Regina," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 26: "La Source," "Valse Triste," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 26: "Valse-Fantaisie," "Sonatine," "Prodigal Son," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 27: "Valse-Fantaisie," "Antique Epigraphs," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 27: "La Source," "Antique Epigraphs," "Eight More," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 29, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 30: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Shadows," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 1: "Interplay," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 2: "Stars and Stripes," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 3: "Ballo della Regina," "Prodigal Son," and "Glass Pieces." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except May 3, at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 22.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 23, at 8, and Sunday, April 27, at 3: "Arden Court," ". . . Byzantium," and "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala" ("From Soup to Nuts"). . . . ¶ Thursday, April 24, at 8: "Equinox," "Snow White," "Junction," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8: "Roses," "Last Look," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 8: "Diggity," "Nightshade," and "A Musical Offering." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

SANKAI JUKU—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 11. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, April 30, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, May 1-2, at 8; and Saturday, May 3, at 2 and 8.)

PERIDANCE—Programs of contemporary ballet. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, April 23, and Friday, April 25, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, April 26-27, at 2.)

DANCE INTERVIEWS—Patricia McBride being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, April 28, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON**, a wonderfully convincing singer, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, will belong to the fine young singer **CARMEN LUNDY** and guitarist **RODNEY JONES**. The rest of the nights are given over to other combos. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wedne
days through Saturdays from six-thirty
eight-thirty. **KAREN AKERS**, who sings with
poised directness, goes on at nine Wednesda
April 23, and at nine and eleven Thursd
through Saturday, April 24-26.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (47
8592)—**TANIA MARIA**, who plays electric a
good old acoustic piano, too, is pretty exube
ant—she bounces around the piano Dorot
Donegan style, and chirps, whistles, and sin
in Portuguese, like most Brazilian-jazz pe
formers worth their salt. She's here with h
trio through Sunday, April 27. On Monda
April 28, drummer **ROY HAYNES' ALL-STARS** w
drop by, and on Tuesday, April 29, drumm
and composer **MAX ROACH** will enlighten h
audiences with a double quartet. Music fro
nine. **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours ja
every night but Monday, following the la
set and lasting until about four. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (22
6300)—A musical, "Just Once," with mu
and lyrics by Barry Mann and Cynthia We
runs Tuesdays through Thursdays at eig
Fridays and Saturdays at seven-thirty a
eleven; and Sundays at seven-thirty. **BUST
POINDEXTER** (David Johansen to his Mom) **& T
BANSHEES OF BLUE** will operate on Monda
April 28, at eight and eleven.

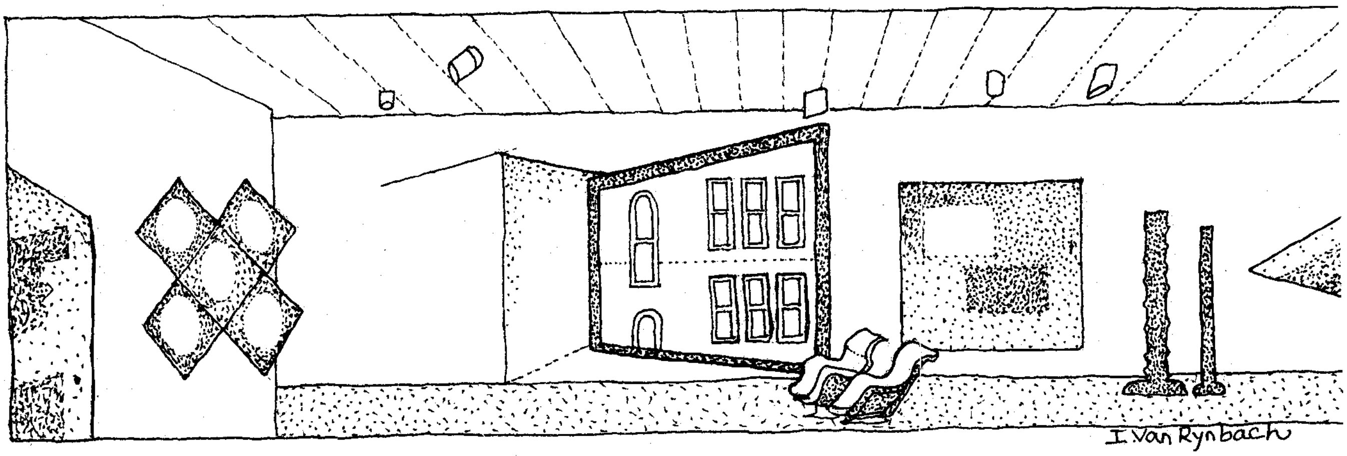
BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (22
6440)—A great, up-close view from a b
stool (unless there are a lot of standees, whi
is usually the case) of first-rate pianists a
bassists: **BUDDY MONTGOMERY** and **RAY DRUMMO**
through Saturday, April 26, and **JAM
WILLIAMS** and **RUFUS REID** beginning Monda
April 28. Music from nine-forty-five. Dinin

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (74
1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT**, t
miracle on Madison Avenue, is back with h
bundle of Porter, Coward, Gershwin, a
Rodgers and Hart, and drummer **ROBBIE SCO**
and bassist **BEVERLY PEER**, too. Pianist and ja
prof **BILLY TAYLOR** will fill in for Mr. Short
Thursday, April 24. Shows Tuesdays throu
Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ A
over in the Bemelmans Bar you will fi
singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performi
from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Satu
days.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker S
(982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathere
splintery wood posts, decrepit neon be
signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All th
and rock and roll, too. Monday is showca
night. Shows nightly from long after nin
thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (53
7902)—Drummer **LOUIE BELLSON'S** quartet a
West Coast singer Sue Raney are prese
through Saturday, April 26; on Sunday, Ap
27, the **MEL LEWIS** trio will be on hand wi
Miss Raney; and starting Tuesday, April 2
the **RON CARTER** quartet, featuring **ROLA
HANNA** on piano, will take charge. Monda
are claimed by guitarist and inventor **L
PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, who w
once known as Rhubarb Red. Sets beg
Mondays through Thursdays at nine, a
Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (28
3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room resta
rant with a piano in it. **NEVILLE DICKIE** is at t
keyboard through Saturday, April 26, and



Tuesday, April 29, **LARRY VUCKOVICH** will come n. On Sundays, Amy Duncan owns the keyboard, and **DICK HYMAN** is the Monday guy. Music Sundays through Thursdays from ight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from ine.

CKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restauant and bar that is crowded with good liseners listening to pianists and bassists. Pianst **BILL MAYS** works with bassist **MICHAEL ORMANEK** through Saturday, April 26, and on Tuesday, April 29, pianist **FRED HERSCH** will ome in to gig with Mr. Formanek. Music rom about nine-thirty.

IE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degenrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas mbience is more representative of Austin han of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, Rumor Has It and Ned Sublette; Friday, April 25, Mink DeVille; Saturday, April 26, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; Sunday nd Monday, April 27-28, **JERRY LEE LEWIS** and David Keyes; and Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, **LEVON HELM** and **RICK DANKO.** Music after nine. Dining.

CHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ARBARA COOK,** who can sing those standards ust like ringing a bell, is onstage through Saturday, April 26, and on Tuesday, April 29, **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** will arrive to sing here. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen its in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-3832)—The music scene here—jazz and rhythm and blues and Latin-jazz—is cooler han a Columbus Avenue gelato and the muic hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, belong to alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his drivng, macho Latin-jazz quintet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

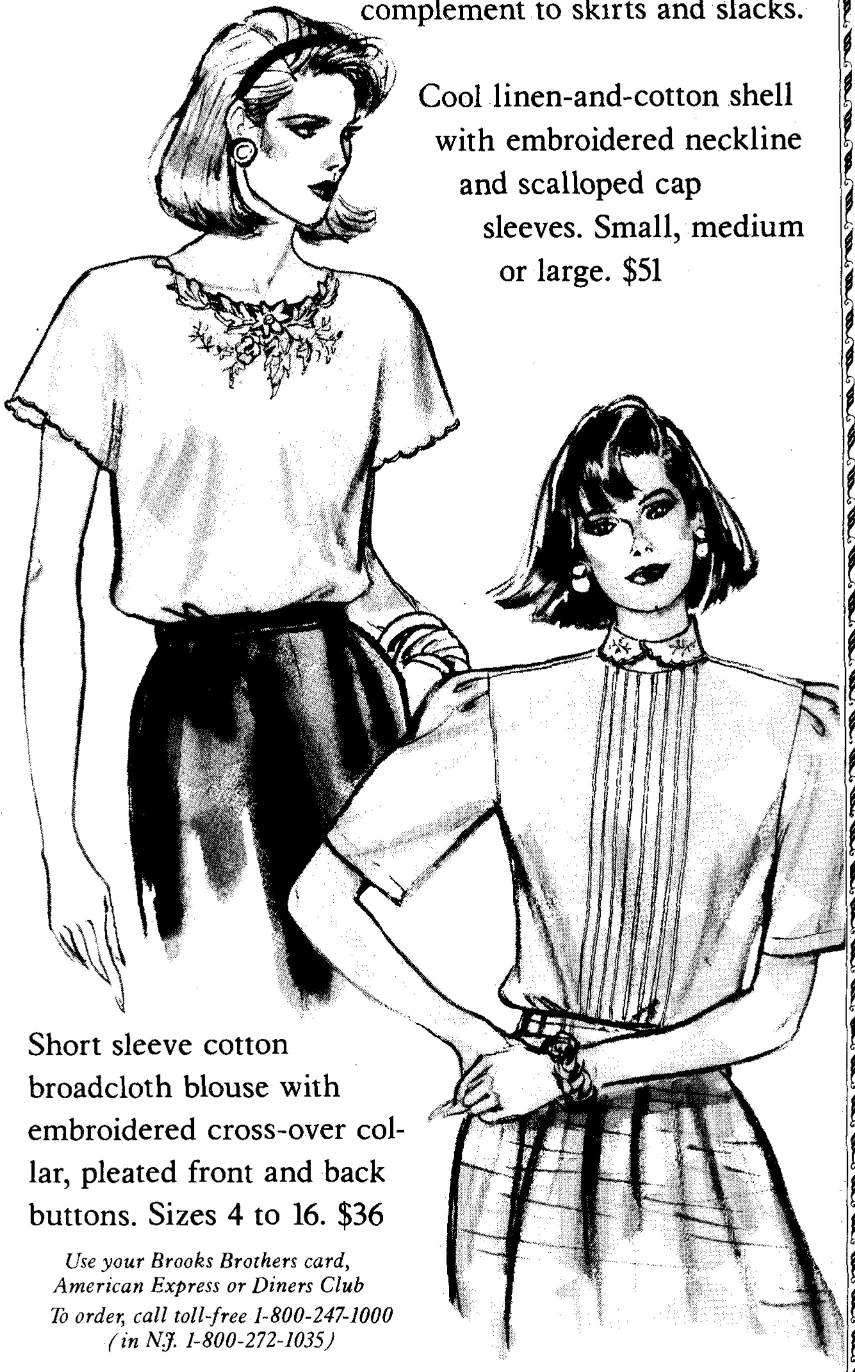
Z, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from he fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, Lords of the New Church and American Girls; Sunday, April 27, Samhain and U.K. Subs; Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, **A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS** and **MODERN ENGLISH;** and Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, A.P.B. and Fishbone. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

UNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaests, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, out-there and amiable saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** twelve-piece **SOCIETY SITUATION DANCE BAND;** Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, **MIKATA;** Tuesday, April 29, percussionist **DUDUKA FONSECA'S BRAZILIAN ALL-STARS;** Wednesday, April 30, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ;** Thursday, May 1, Don Carlos; and Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

EET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** and his **UNIT** make a rare club appearance through Sunday, April 27; Monday, April 28, is the property of bluesy singer **DAKOTA STATON;** and starting Tuesday, April 29, pianist **MC COY TYNER** will take over the bandstand. Shows from about ten. Dining.

AMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A big-sounding small room with a melodically out-of-tune house piano and very good intentions. Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, Cajun musicians Terrence Simien & the Mallet Playboys; and Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, Delta-blues singer and guitarist **CEDELL DAVIS.** Music after nine-thirty.

LAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room, on Monday, April 28, at nine, consists of the **RAY BARRETTO** orchestra, the **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** quintet, and flutist and saxophonist **JAMES MOODY,** the guest jazz soloist. . . . ¶ On the Terrace, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and a pianist can be heard nightly, except Mondays, after nine-thirty. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays



Two new embroidered blouses
for her Mother's Day

Embroidery adds a delicate touch to these new Summery white blouses. The look is elegant yet airy—an ideal complement to skirts and slacks.

Cool linen-and-cotton shell with embroidered neckline and scalloped cap sleeves. Small, medium or large. $51

Short sleeve cotton broadcloth blouse with embroidered cross-over collar, pleated front and back buttons. Sizes 4 to 16. $36

Use your Brooks Brothers card,
American Express or Diners Club
To order, call toll-free 1-800-247-1000
(in N.J. 1-800-272-1035)

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys
346 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesdays with her combo. Music from about nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, the standard for jazz clubs everywhere. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN,** former Mingus hands, co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, April 27, and on Tuesday, April 29, singer **JON HENDRICKS & COMPANY** will descend the stairs. Monday night is still **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** night. Music after nine-thirty.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists or guitarists and bassists in it. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** collaborate in a piano-bass mode Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays are given over to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Blues Concert—John Lee Hooker & the Coast to Coast Blues Band, Elvin Bishop, Johnny Copeland, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

Jack Wilson Trio—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday, April 25, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Joe Zawinul and **Steve Morse**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8.

Angela Bofill, Freddie Hubbard, Ramsey Lewis, and **Gato Barbieri**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday, April 26, at 8.

Glenn Ohrlin and **Junior Daugherty & Friends**—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Saturday, April 26, at 8.

Walter Bishop, Jr., Trio—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Saturday, April 26, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The fourth in a series of five programs entitled "Broadway Songs of the Forties," this one featuring Jim Lowe as narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, April 27, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, April 28, at 8.)

Scott Johnson—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, April 28-29, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Ten abstract paintings from the fifties. Through May 24. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

René Genis—Tropical landscapes and related still-lifes. Through May 10. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Maria Cooper Janis—Impressionist paintings. Through May 10. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

Jeffrey Kronsnoble—Trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through Saturday, April 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Charles Maurin (1856-1914)—Landscapes done with a sprayed-watercolor technique invented by the artist. Also, drawings and watercolors by Maurin's contemporaries, Toulouse-Lautrec and Villon among them. Through Saturday, May 3. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Mitchell—Abstract paintings completed in 1985. Through May 10. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Aiko Miyawaki—Abstract steel sculptures. Through May 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Owen Morrel—An abstract bronze sculpture and five very large pencil drawings of the piece as it would appear if it were enlarged to monumental scale. Through May 10. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert Motherwell—Oil paintings and collages, all recent work. Through May 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

Picasso (1881-1973)—A loan show of fifty drawings, which are being shown in public for the first time. Through June 28. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Kikuo Saito—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Reeve Schley III—Watercolors of the seashore, landscapes, and buildings in New York. Through Saturday, April 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mario Sironi (1885-1961)—Paintings and works on paper. Through May 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Eve Sonneman—This artist is showing oils for the first time as well as some of her watercolors and photographs. Through Saturday, April 26. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings from the past forty years. Through May 24. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Cy Twombly—Paintings, drawings, and bronzes spanning his career to date. Through May 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Willard Gallery Anniversary—The gallery that takes the credit for introducing such artists as David Smith, Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, and Dorothy Dehner has mounted the work of these and other artists in the first of two fiftieth-anniversary exhibits in memory of its founder, Marian Willard Johnson. Through May 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **HOFFELD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Animal sculptures by American artists; Elie Nadelman and William Zorach are among those represented by works that date from 1915 to 1950. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by the founders of Purism, Ozenfant and Le Corbusier, and their followers. Through May 31. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of about a hundred paintings and works on paper from the Princeton University Art Museum. These works—by Europeans and Americans—include a Degas "Dancers," Ammi Phillips's "The Girl in Pink," and Willem de Kooning's "Black Friday." Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

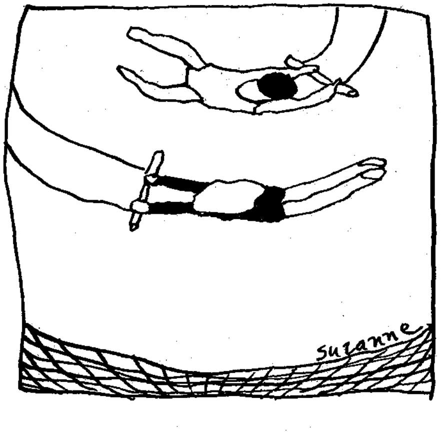
GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through May 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tom Blackwell—Paintings. Through May 10. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Brad Davis / Thomas Stimm—Large-scale mountain landscapes, seen close up for the most part. / Fanciful painted-ceramic sculptures of interiors (a bathroom), landscapes (a country road), and a man's head. Through Saturday, April 26. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stuart Diamond—Painted constructions and mixed-medium paintings whose themes cent chiefly on conflict and war. Through May (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)



Gonzalo Fonseca—Sculptures carved from sto blocks which suggest archeological di Through May 31. (Herstand, 24 W. 57 St.)

Cleve Gray—A new series of figure paintir called "The Resurrection." Through May (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Jessup—Paintings and drawings blocky figures and simplified landscap Through Saturday, May 3. (Siegel, 24 57th St.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Monochromatic pai ings, sponge reliefs and sculptures, and pai ings with body imprints. Through May (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Antonio Lopéz García / Lisa Fonssagrives-Penn Paintings on wood of cityscapes, still-lif and portraits, plus a few sculptures. / Sm bronzes. Through Saturday, April 26. (Ma borough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bruce McLean—Functional painted plates a bowls that the artist made at Fulham P tery, in England. Through May 10. (Jacc son, 50 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Carved-basalt sculptur Through Saturday, April 26. (Pace, 32 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland / James Wolfe—New paintin concentrating on diamond and chevr shapes. Through Saturday, April 26. / A stract forms using painted, curled ste Through Saturday, May 3. (Emmerich, 41 57th St.)

Milton Resnick / Martha Diamond—New a stract paintings in oil and gouache. / Cit scapes bordering on abstraction. Throu Saturday, May 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57 St.)

Richard Serra—New drawings that compleme a large show of sculptures at the Museum Modern Art. Through Saturday, April 2 (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Siegel—Paintings and works on pap depicting pigeons—walking on cobblesto streets, perched on corners of buildin Through May 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michelle Stuart / Jacqueline Poncelet—Mur size paintings, each composed of more than hundred encaustic-canvas squares affixed the walls with Velcro. / Abstract ceram sculptures. Through Saturday, April 2 (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Ger van Elk—Painted landscape photograp are transformed into formidable three-dime sional works when stretched over polyhedr frames. Also, preparatory drawings. Throu Saturday, May 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **PACE,** 32 E. 57th S Etchings by three Italian Old Masters: fou teen by Canaletto, a complete set of "V Capricci" by Tiepolo, and forty-five by Pir nesi. Through May 24. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** W. 57th St.: A show entitled "Free Spac Artists' Use of Floating Forms in Two-Dime sional Art" includes works by Lee Krasn Sonia Delaunay, Manoucher Yektai, a others. Through May 29. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Baldessari—Photographic works by Conceptualist. Through Saturday, April 2 (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Miquel Barceló—Paintings; first one-man sho in New York. Through Saturday, May (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Georg Baselitz—Four new paintings by a Ne Expressionist. Through Saturday, April 2 (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Charles Bell / Nathan Slate Joseph—Phot Realist paintings. / Painted-metal wall co structions. Through Saturday, April 2 (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Tom Bills—Steel and lead floor sculpture Through May 17. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Bruce Boice / Gianfranco Gorgoni—Abstra paintings. / Photographs of Robert Smithson earthwork "Spiral Jetty." Through Saturda May 3. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—Prints. Throug

YOUR COOKING ASSISTANT.

WHY EVERYONE NEEDS A CUISINART® FOOD PROCESSOR.

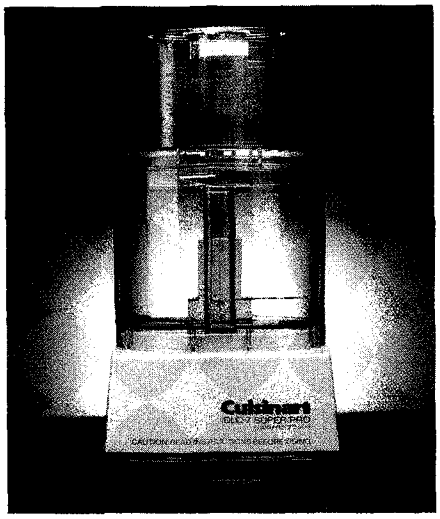
Imagine never having to slice another tomato by hand. Or grate a carrot and your knuckle. Or chop an onion and weep.

Imagine never again spending hours of time and effort kneading bread dough. Or mixing cake batter. Or chopping meat.

Imagine getting out of the kitchen faster and serving meals that look and taste better.

YOU WILL USE IT FOR EVERYTHING. BECAUSE IT DOES EVERYTHING.

A Cuisinart food processor usually aves you 90% of the time and effort ieeded to prepare the same food withut it. You can completely do many ecipes from start to finish without washng the work bowl between steps.



The Cuisinart DLC-7 Super Pro food processor uniformly chops 2 pounds of meat and flawlessly slices 2 pounds of tomatoes, each in less than 30 seconds. It kneads over 3 pounds of bread dough in less than 3 minutes. In a single batch, it kneads the dough for over two dozen hamburger rolls like the one you see here. And in less than 5 minutes, it makes both batter and icing for layer cakes.

It prepares chicken or tuna salad in seconds, hamburgers, French fries, stir fries, cookies, pies, soufflés, dips, purées, casseroles and thousands of other dishes faster than you've ever thought possible.

THE EXCLUSIVE CUISINART ADVANTAGES.

With its easy-to-use Large Feed Tube, the Cuisinart food processor makes whole slices from foods as large as Idaho potatoes.

The detachable-stem discs—the best on the market—perform beautifully and precisely, and make storage fast and easy as well.

The workhorse of a motor will never let you down.

The Cuisinart food processor is truly the all-purpose kitchen appliance. It does much more for you than any mixer, blender or food preparation center.

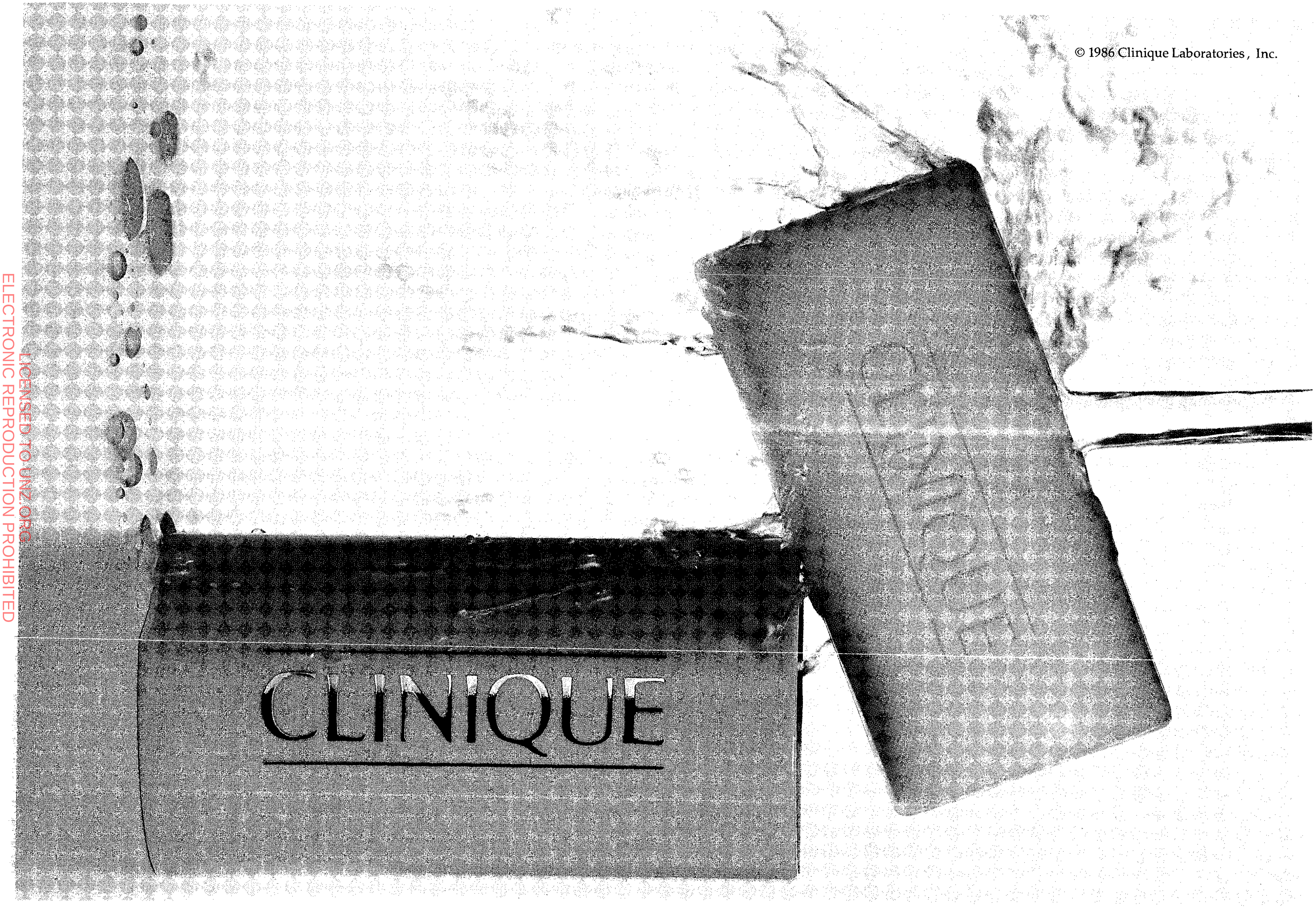
You will use it and use it and use it. Every single day.

FOR MORE INFORMATION.

To learn more about our food processors, optional attachments, the Cuisinart Cooking Club, and on request, the recipes for the dishes you see here, write: Cuisinarts, Inc., Dept. N, P.O. Box 2150, Greenwich, CT 06836-2150.

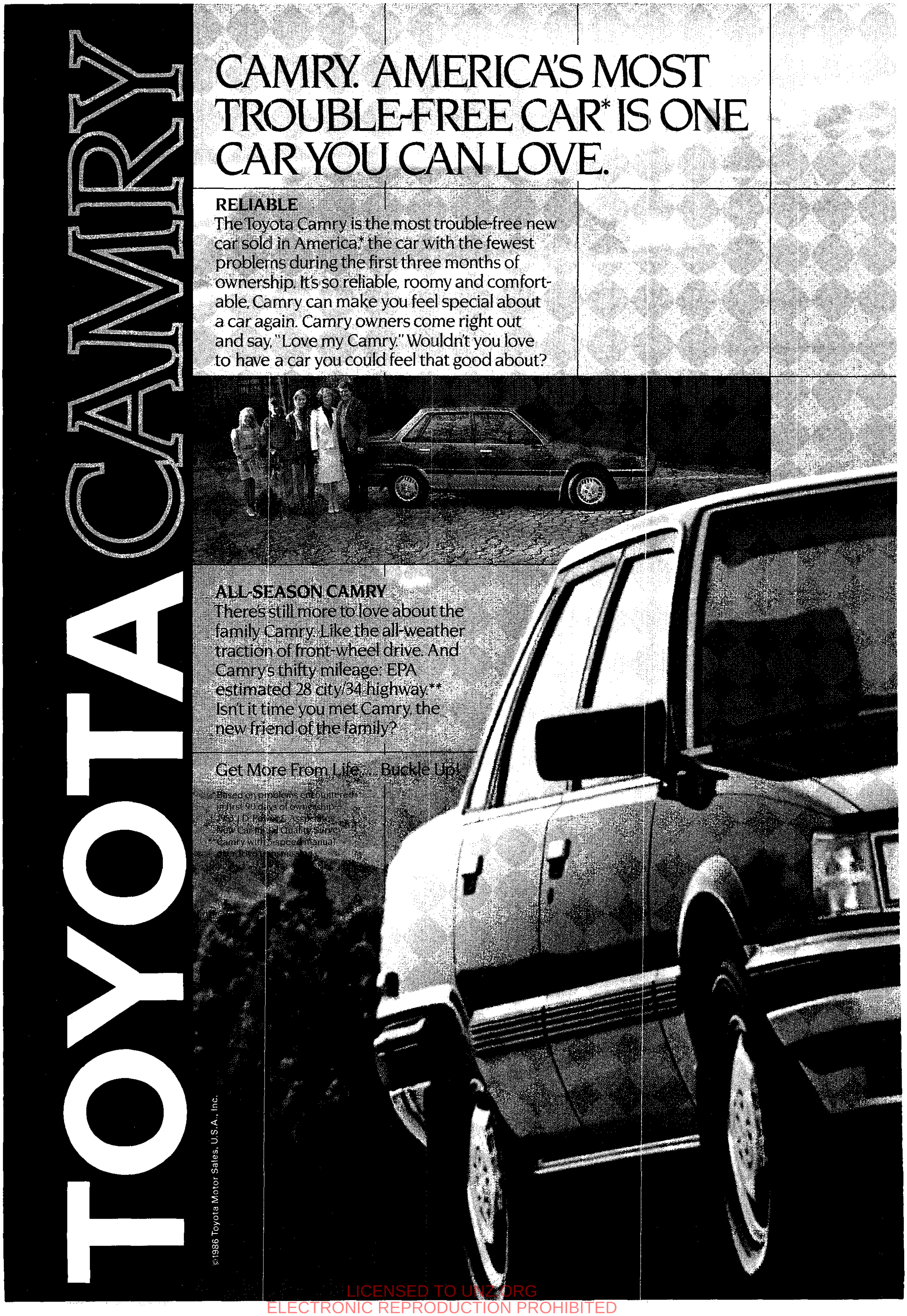
Cuisinart® Food Processor

For a store near you call toll free (800) 243-8540.


CLINIQUE
CLINIQUE

© 1986 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

Twice a day.
CLINIQUE
clarifying lotion 2
CLINIQUE
dramatically different moisturizing lotion
Famous. Because it works. Clinique's 3 product, 3 step method of skin care. Simple, effective, systematic. Use it twice a day. Like your toothbrush. Because it's the best thing going for the job. Photographed for Clinique by Irving Penn.



CAMRY. AMERICA'S MOST TROUBLE-FREE CAR* IS ONE CAR YOU CAN LOVE.

RELIABLE
The Toyota Camry is the most trouble-free new car sold in America,* the car with the fewest problems during the first three months of ownership. It's so reliable, roomy and comfortable, Camry can make you feel special about a car again. Camry owners come right out and say, "Love my Camry." Wouldn't you love to have a car you could feel that good about?

ALL-SEASON CAMRY
There's still more to love about the family Camry. Like the all-weather traction of front-wheel drive. And Camry's thifty mileage: EPA estimated 28 city/34 highway.** Isn't it time you met Camry, the new friend of the family?

Get More From Life ... Buckle Up!

*Based on problems encountered in first 90 days of ownership—1985 J.D. Power & Associates New Car Initial Quality Survey.
**Camry with 5-speed manual overdrive transmission.

©1986 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

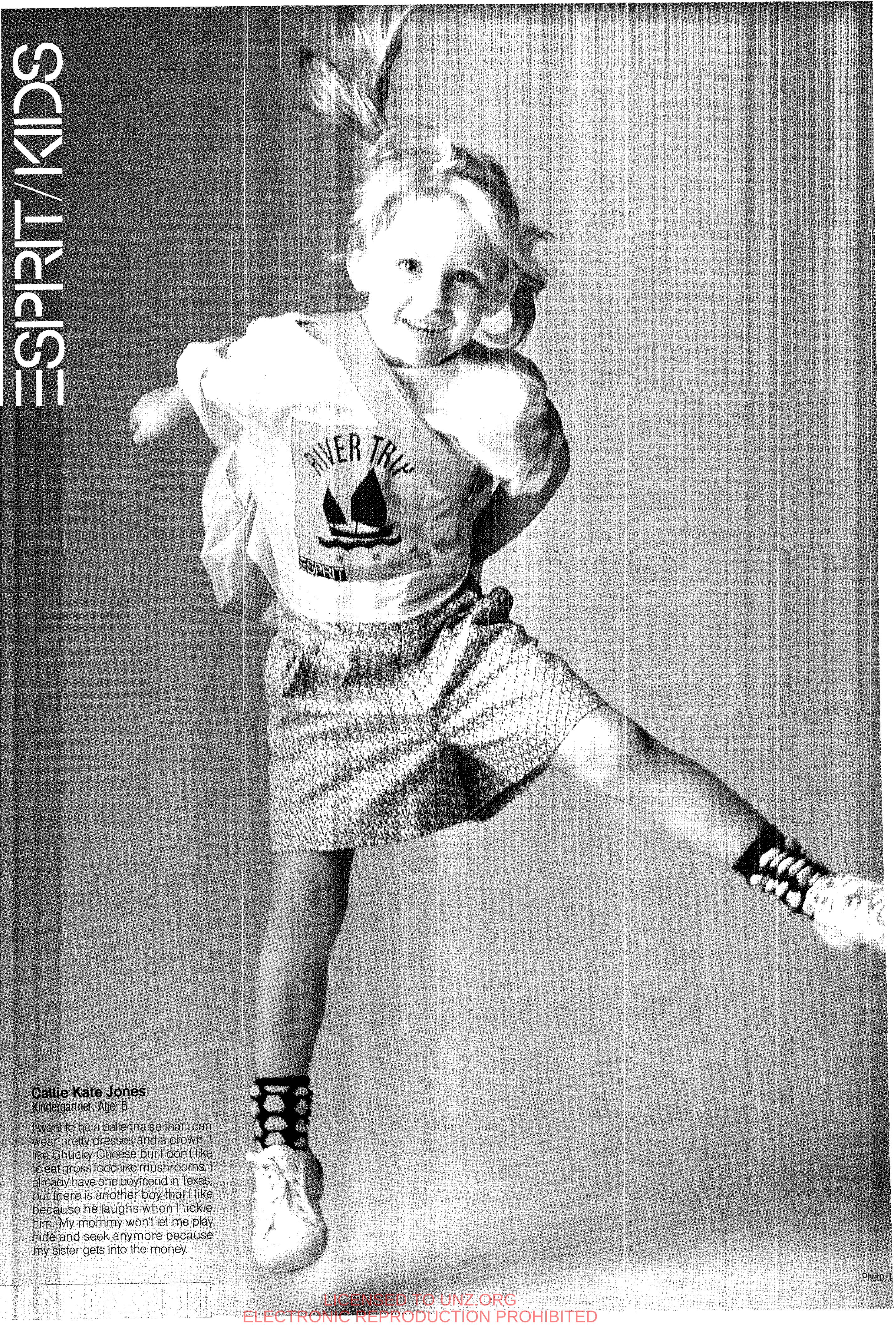
HOW MUCH ROOM?
The family Camry doesn't just seat five adults—it makes generous room for them. There's more front head room than you'll find in any other compact. Soft velour upholstery, full carpeting, and reclining front bucket seats are for your comfort. Child protector rear door locks are for your peace of mind.

CONVENIENCE
The Camry 4-Door Sedan has a big 13.6 cu. ft. fully-carpeted trunk and eight separate interior storage compartments, including twin glove boxes.

WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE!

TOYOTA

ESPRIT/KIDS



Callie Kate Jones
Kindergartner, Age: 5

I want to be a ballerina so that I can wear pretty dresses and a crown. I like Chucky Cheese but I don't like to eat gross food like mushrooms. I already have one boyfriend in Texas, but there is another boy that I like because he laughs when I tickle him. My mommy won't let me play hide and seek anymore because my sister gets into the money.

Photo: I

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

Vednesday, April 30. (Gibson, 568 Broad-ay.)

LO BUGGIANI—Imaginary creatures sculpured from wood and metal and inhabiting an nvironment created by Mediterranean-landcape paintings. Through Saturday, April 26. Sander, 51 Greene St.)

I CANNELLA—Italian landscapes and inteiors. Through Thursday, May 1. (Nosei, 100 rince St.)

SY DAMON—Pastel drawings of desert landcapes on scroll-like paper. Also, handmadeaper wall reliefs. Through Saturday, April 6. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at oon.)

IEN DAY—Seven-foot-tall three-dimensional ityscapes in watercolor covered with Lucite, howing, for instance, the new I.B.M. Buildng or the World Trade Center. Through Vednesday, April 30. (Blue Mountain, 121 Vooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at oon.)

IL GORNIK—Paintings and drawings by a andscapist who capitalizes on nature's overtatements. Through May 10. (Thorp, 103 rince St.)

ERT GROSVENOR / PETER CAMPUS—Three large etal sculptures. / Black-and-white photoraphs of the Hudson River highlands. hrough Saturday, April 26. (Cooper, 155 Vooster St.)

ERT HENRY—Paintings of figures encased in rames that look stencilled. Through Saturay, April 26. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

IN HULTBERG—A veteran New York artist howing paintings in which (often) landcapes, cityscapes, and figures converge. hrough May 10. (Shapolsky, formerly Arbirage, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

JACOBS / MAX COLE—Lacquer paintings. / rawings on Plexiglas superimposed on canas. Through Saturday, May 3. (Oscarsson iegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince t.)

NNE JACQUETTE / KEN GOODMAN—Paintings nd pastels of Tokyo at night. / Paintings in hich a realist portrait merges with abstract rushstrokes, plus similar charcoal drawings. hrough Saturday, May 3. (Alexander, 59 Vooster St.)

AR & MELAMID—Large multipanel works emracing numerous art styles. Through May 0. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

NARD KOSCIANSKI—Paintings of wild animals, redators and prey, meant to reflect human ehavior. Through Saturday, April 26. (Kind, 36 Greene St.)

I KORACH LESSER / DORIS LUBELL—Paintings of he Galápagos Islands. / Acrylic-and-waterolor paintings. Through May 11. (Pindar, 27 Greene St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

ORGE LONGFISH—Acrylic paintings incorporatng pictographs and other images associated vith the artist's American Indian heritage. Through Saturday, May 3. (Steinbaum, 132 reene St.)

HAEL LUCERO—A dozen huge clay animals: a noth, for instance, with an eight-foot wingpan. Through Saturday, April 26. (Cowles, 20 West Broadway.)

RIS MACDONALD—Sculptures of roughly carentered wood forms with wheels, and charoal drawings of the world they might ride round in. Through Saturday, April 26. Brown, 100 Greene St.)

VID MACH—Two sculptures: a dragster held p by dozens of plastic dolls, and a Harleyavidson motorcycle apparently climbing a vall. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 26. (Toll, 146 reene St.)

MILDER—A retrospective of paintings, works n paper, and sculptures. Through Wednesday, April 30. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

ÉGOIRE MÜLLER—Figure paintings with social hemes. Through Wednesday, April 30. Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

OMAS NOZKOWSKI—Abstract paintings. Through May 14. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

NUEL PARDO / Y-J CHO—Stylized portraits of ndrogynous figures. / Photo-Realist waterolors of architectural details. Through Saturday, May 3. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St. Open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Landscapes in oil (with Japanese motifs) and watercolors of oversize birds and moths. Through May 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

DAVID SALLE / JEAN KALLINO—Recent paintings. / Photographs of a performance of a play for which David Salle designed the sets and costumes. Through Saturday, May 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

BABE SHAPIRO—Abstract paintings. Through May 17. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

MARK TANSEY—Allegorical paintings. Through May 10. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BRYERS**, 111 Greene St.: Paintings, mostly, by Mike Bidlo, Keith Haring, Rhonda Zwillinger, and many others in an exhibit that pays tribute to the late artist Nicolas Moufarrege. Through May 10. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through July 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

PAUL BENNEY—Impressive paintings of slavish-looking figures on their hands and knees, by an artist who reinforces the usual dolor of his subject matter by mixing sand in his paints and collaging wire cages to the canvas. Through May 4. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

MIKE BIDLO—Copies of Morandi paintings. Through May 4. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

KATHARINE T. CARTER—Paintings. Through May 31. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

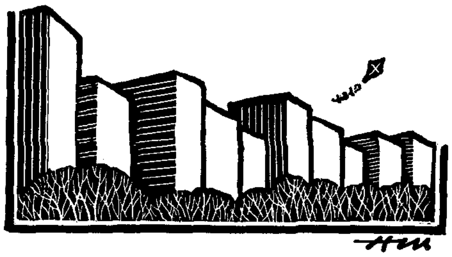
SUZAN ETKIN—Footprints, handprints, and prints of other parts of the artist's body, by a woman who began where Yves Klein left off; black, white, and silver are the colors. Through May 4. (Postmasters, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

WILLIAM FARES—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 26. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

BILL KANE—Wall constructions made of wood, faced with photographs of bepostered and violated walls here and in Berlin, and accented with small neon signs the artist calls "graffiti." Through Sunday, April 27. (Mission, 433 E. 6th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ANNETTE LEMIEUX—A show revealing several facets of this artist's talent, from Minimalist painting to the glorification of German steel helmets, plus a six-foot poster that says "John Wayne" in italics. Through May 4. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

CHRISTOPHER LUCAS—Abstract paintings on wood—sometimes bent wood—whose surfaces are heavily worked with oils, varnishes, waxes, washes, and glazes. Through Saturday, May 3. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)



WILL MENTOR—Small, concise abstract paintings, most of them devoted to what appear to be sewer pipes draining into one another. Through May 11. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ROXIE MUNRO—Watercolor paintings and ink drawings by an artist whose work has appeared on the cover of this magazine. Through May 10. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Paintings and collages dated 1949 to 1952. Through May 31. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near 11th Ave.)

ALEXIS ROCKMAN / OLIVIER MOSSET—Abstract paintings. / Monochromatic paintings in solid pink or white. Through Sunday, April 27. (Gorney, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

TERRY ROSENBERG—Life drawings. Through Saturday, May 3. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

ALAN SCARRITT—An installation of found objects and plaster sculptures, plus related drawings. Through May 14. (Attitude Art, 184 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT TERRY—Landscape paintings reflecting the influence of Munch and others. Through May 4. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

NOT VITAL—Abstactions by a Swiss artist, of animal forms in bronze, bronze and marble, and oil on paper. Through Sunday, April 27. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTISTS SPACE**, 223 West Broadway: Paintings by Lee Mullican and Gordon Onslow-Ford, and a geodesic dome and animal sculptures impastoed with sequins, gems, and beads by Gerome Kamrowski. Through May 10. . . . **CITY GALLERY**, 2 Columbus Circle: The Franklin Furnace has mounted a show here of books and prints by Cobra artists. Through Saturday, April 26. . . . ¶ Additional Cobra works (paintings) are at the Galeria Joan Prats, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, May 3. . . . **P.S. 1**, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: "Images of the Unknown," an exhibit of artists who avow a spiritual motivation for their work—for example, three visionary paintings by Joseph Parker, a recluse who lives in the desert, and a room-size piece by Ann McCoy in which the walls, ceiling, everything is painted a very dark blue, to make a sanctuary for her paintings and bronze preternatural figures. Through June 15. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BILL BRANDT (1904-83)—Approximately a hundred vintage photographs. Through June 7. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

BENNO FRIEDMAN / MARGARETTA K. MITCHELL—Silver prints on which the artist has drawn and painted. / Photogravures of dancers. Through May 22. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE—Photographs detailing upper-middle-class life in France between 1904 and 1980. Through May 10. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

ADÁL ALBERTO MALDONADO—Portraits of twenty-eight Latin-American musicians, among them Rubén Blades, Tito Puente, and Celia Cruz. Through Friday, May 2. (City Hall, Tweed Gallery, 52 Chambers St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ELIOT PORTER / CHARLES HEANEY (1897-1981)—Black-and-white photographs of the Southwest, dating from 1939 to 1965. / Paintings and prints. Through May 31. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

W. EUGENE SMITH (1918-78)—Roughly two hundred prints by this photojournalist, some previously unpublished. Through May 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

HARVEY STEIN—Photographs of contemporary

The Natorious Slipper.

NATORI

From the Natori Collection

at

Bergdorf Goodman

Bloomingdales

Neiman Marcus

Saks Fifth Avenue

and fine lingerie

departments and stores

everywhere.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

artists, including Alex Katz, Colette, and Dan Flavin. Through May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of seventy works by Rodin. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A chronological arrangement of the school of Nuremberg's Gothic and Renaissance works of art, including oversize carved-oak statues of Christ and the Virgin by Veit Stoss, Dürer's sketch for a chandelier in the shape of a dragon and the finished chandelier itself, and brass sculptures by Peter Vischer the Elder. Through June 22. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher. Through May 4. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the garden. Through May 13. A complementary show (ending Saturday, April 26) is at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Naum Gabo, a leader in the Constructivist style in the twenties. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by contemporary abstractionist Jack Youngerman. Both shows through Sunday, April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of some of the works that will go to the new Musée d'Orsay when it opens in Paris later this year as the repository of the Louvre's collections of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, and decorative objects. Through May 5. . . . ¶ Works by some preëminent American watercolorists of the past two centuries—John William Hill, Seth Eastman, Homer, Burchfield, Avery, O'Keeffe, and others. Through May 26. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the life and career of Bronislava Nijinska, a dancer, choreographer, and member of the creative-genius crowd early in this century. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée," in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—The authors of the manuscripts, proofs, first editions, and letters collected by the University of Texas (and being shown here) amount to a *Who's Who* (male version) of the literary world of the past century: Poe, Conrad, Wilde, Faulkner, Kerouac, Beckett. George Eliot is the sole woman represented. Through June 7. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph scores and letters by Gustav Mahler and Franz Liszt are on display. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tues-
days through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sunda
1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave.,
89th St.—This year's juried show inclu
more than two hundred and fifty paintir
drawings, prints, and sculptures by mem
artists (Will Barnet, Nell Blaine, and Rc
marie Beck) and nonmember artists (C
Ashby, Lionel Gilbert, and Elinore Schnu
Through May 4. (Open daily except M
days. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no
mission charge after 5; Wednesdays throu
Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—An exhibit
of Sots Art, shorthand for unofficial works
Russian artists who managed to get out fr
under the thumb of the official Socia
Realism; all but one of the artists live h
now, and all but one (a sculptor) are paint
Through June 12. (Open daily except M
days and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesda
noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, n
to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd
—The Book-of-the-Month Club celebrates
sixty years in business with a parade
memorabilia, books, and photographs of p
ple and events from those years. Throu
Wednesday, April 30. (Open daily, exc
Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.
Contemporary artists Al Loving and H
ardena Pindell are each represented by ei
teen paintings and collages. Through Ju
12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tu
days. Hours: Wednesdays through Frida
10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, a
combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793
"Maya Deren in Context," a four-day p
gram of films by Maya Deren and by some
those whose work she influenced. Thursc
through Sunday, April 24-27. Call T
Kitchen for a full schedule. . . . ¶ Timot
Buckley (dance), Thursday through Sund
May 1-4, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288
Merián Soto and Pepón Osorio (danc
Friday through Sunday, April 25-27, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolit
Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully H
362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424;
Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rair
Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museu
Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Ka
mann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexingt
Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merl
Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 1
W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-off
numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 23,
8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Gail Dub
baum, Betsy Norden, Douglas Ahlstedt, a
Vernon Hartman; conducted by James Levi
. . . ¶ Thursday, April 24, at 8: "Cavalle
Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Gior
Lamberti, and Richard J. Clark; and "I
gliacci," with Mariana Nicolesco, James M
Cracken, and George Fortune. Garcia Nav
ro conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday, April 25,
8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeanne
Pilou, Vladimir Popov, and Ryan Edwar
James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at
"L'Italiana in Algeri," with Gail Dubinbau
Betsy Norden, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Vern
Hartman; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturda
April 26, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Aprile M
lo, Giovanna Casolla, Giuliano Ciannella, a
Leo Nucci; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Mond
April 28, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," wi
Martina Arroyo, Giorgio Lamberti, and Ric
ard J. Clark; and "Pagliacci," with Maria
Nicolesco, James McCracken, and Geor
Fortune. Garcia Navarro conducting bo
. . . ¶ Tuesday, April 29, at 8: "Carmen," wi
Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Vladin
Popov, and Ryan Edwards; James Levi
. . . ¶ Wednesday, April 30, at 8: "L'Italia
in Algeri," with Gail Dubinbaum, Betsy N
den, Ernesto Palacio, and Vernon Hartma
James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 1, at
"Cavalleria Rusticana," with Nicc

orange, Giorgio Lamberti, and Richard J. lark; and "Pagliacci," with Mariana Nicoesco, James McCracken, and George Forune. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . Friday, May 2, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace umbry, Jeannette Pilou, Vladimir Popov, nd Ryan Edwards; James Levine. (A nonubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, ay 3, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with artina Arroyo, Giorgio Lamberti, and Richrd J. Clark; and "Pagliacci," with Mariana icolesco, James McCracken, and George ortune. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . Saturday, May 3, at 8: "L'Italiana in Aleri," with Gail Dubinbaum, Betsy Norden, rnesto Palacio, and Vernon Hartman; James evine. (A nonsubscription performance.)

EYARD OPERA SHOP—Final performances of Una Cosa Rara," a 1786 opera with a score y Martin y Soler and a libretto by Lorenzo a Ponte. James Kurtz is the conductor and oseph LoSchiavo is the director. (309 E. 26th t. 683-0696. Friday and Saturday, April 25-6, at 7:30; Sunday, April 27, at 3; and Vednesday, April 30, and Saturday, May 3, t 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

W YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, ubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, April 4, at 8; Friday, April 25, at 2; and Saturlay, April 26, at 8: A varied program, with hilip Myers, horn; Paul Neubauer, viola; enée Siebert, flute; and Philip Smith, trumet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 29, at 8: A program o benefit the Philharmonic's Pension Fund, vith Montserrat Caballé, soprano, and Itzhak erlman and Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Thurslay through Saturday, May 1-3, at 8: A rogram of music by Vivaldi, Mozart, choenberg, and Tchaikovsky, with Alfred rendel, piano, and Mindy Kaufman, piccolo.

KOLA ŠUBIĆ ZRINSKI"—Ivan Cerovac conducting the Philharmonia Hungarica in a concert ersion (in Croatian) of the opera by Ivan ajc. With Barbara Hofstetter and Ozana arrington, sopranos; Dietrich Schneider, enor; Werner Geilsdorfer, baritone; and eter Gehring, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. riday, April 25, at 7:30.)

ARIAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF MUNICH—Colin avis conducting two programs. (Avery Fishr Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 3, and Monday, pril 28, at 8.)

NNES COLLEGE ORCHESTRA—Yakov Kreizberg onducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 5th St. Thursday, April 24, at 8. No tickets ecessary.)

NHATTAN PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA—Scott ergeson conducting. (Borden Auditorium, anhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont ve., at 122nd St. Friday, April 25, at 8. No ickets necessary.)

SEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC'S GRANDE BANDE—rederick Renz conducting. (Alice Tully all. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

ERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—John Mauceri onducting a program that includes the remière of the complete version of David el Tredici's "Child Alice," with Tracy Dahl nd Dawn Upshaw, sopranos, and Victoria ivengood, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. unday, April 27, at 3.) . . . ¶ Peter Tiboris irecting a Kodaly-Nielsen-Chopin program, vith Dimitris Sgouros, piano; Eileen McDaniels, soprano; Lisa Miller, mezzo-soprano; effrey Mosher, tenor; Keith Lynch, baritone; tephan Kirchgraber, bass; and a four-hunred-member chorus, combined from members of seven choral programs from across the United States. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, pril 30, at 8.)

ILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Richard Kapp conducting the last in a series f concerts, this one with Michala Petri, ecorder. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, April 29, at 8.)

NHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—David Gilbert onducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan chool of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, April 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ZARTEAN PLAYERS CLASSICAL PERIOD ORCHESTRA—Steven Lubin conducting and acting as fortepiano soloist. With Eric Hoeprich, clarinet. Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, May 2, at 8.)

OOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Mozart program, with Mark Peskanov, violin; Lani Misenas-Padua and Diana Walker, sopranos; Douglas Perry, tenor; and

In what Scottish game is smoothness the prerequisite of victory?

Those of you who all too quickly said, "Golf, of course," go directly to the bar and say something more intelligent: "The Famous Grouse, please."

We don't run these costly messages to tout that *other* game. Ours is the blending of Scotch whisky. Notably, Scotland's own favorite and champion, the aforementioned Famous Grouse.

What's that? You have yet to meet this bird? Better to sclaff on the first tee than confess such a failing. Race out instanter and hunt up a bottle.

Then, over a glass, look up *sclaff*.

THE FAMOUS GROUSE®
Scotland sends its best.

Remember special occasions by sending a gift of The Famous Grouse anywhere in the continental U.S. where allowed by state law. Call toll-free **1-800-238-4373.** The Famous Grouse® Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof, © 1986, Imported by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Maurice Edwards, buffo. The final concerts of the regular season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 2.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a Brahms-Beethoven program, with Andrea Matthews, soprano; Kevin McMillan, tenor; and David Ralph, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—With Richard Goode, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 8.)

Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing an all-Mozart program. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. For tickets, call 757-5496.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 9.)

RECITALS

Andrew Bolotowsky and Robert Shaughnessey—Flutist and classical guitarist. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Friday, April 25, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Columbia University Collegium Musicum—A program of eighteenth-century Italian music, with the string players of the Columbia Philharmonia. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Donald Prione—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 5:30.)

Composers' Forum—A program of new American music for brass, percussion, and organ. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, April 26, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Shmuel Ashkenasi and Peter Serkin—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Tribute to Ben Weber—*An all-Weber program* that includes three premières. Ned Rorem will speak. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

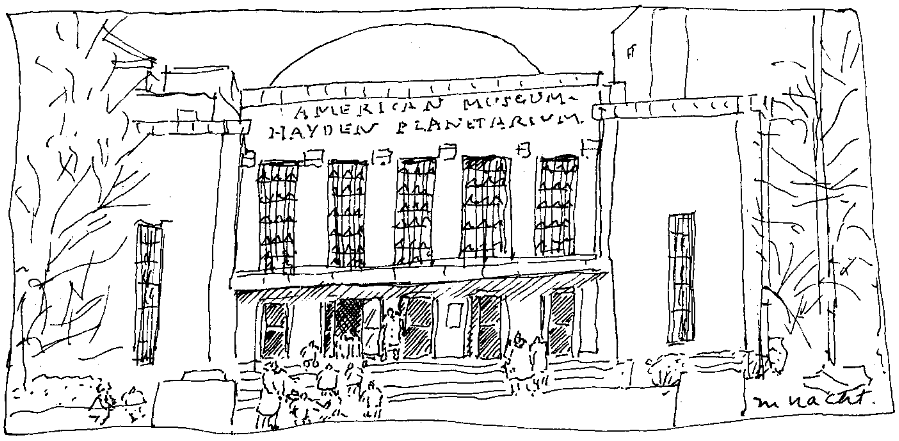
L'Ensemble—Chamber music. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music for a While—With Peter Becker, countertenor/baritone. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Stony Brook Collegium Musicum—Eva Linfield directing. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, with Charles Bressler, tenor; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music at BAM—The Cleveland Quartet and the Meliora Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 27, at 2.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With Menahem Pressler, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, April 27, at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

For the Love of Music—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 3.)

Håkan Hagegård—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 3.)

Michael Blum—Piano. (Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W. 68th St. Sunday, April 27, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Benjamin Matthews—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 8.)

Stony Brook Contemporary Music Ensemble—With Gary Glaze, tenor, and Evan Spritzer, clarinet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, April 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Composers Concordance—New American music, performed by the Arioso Trio, the Soldier Electric String Quartet, and the Vox Nova Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble—Glen Cortese, *David Gilbert, and Claire Heldrich con*ducting two varied programs. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, April 28, at 5:30, and Wednesday, April 30 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Edward Aldwell—Piano, in a Bach-Handel program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, April 28, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of programs, this one with Heinz Holliger, oboe, and Grant Johannessen, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. *Monday and Tuesday, April 28-29,* at 8.)

Da Camera—Chamber music. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, April 28, at 8.)

Queens College Contemporary Players—The last in a series of programs. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, April 28, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The group's thousandth concert, with guest artists and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 7:30. A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ The final concerts of the regular season, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 5.)

Lockenhaus Festival—The last in a series of concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's four-year-old Austrian-based festival. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel and Peter Zazofsky—Piano and violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 2, at

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in an all-Beethov program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Sat day, May 3, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Antologia de la Zarzuela—Presented by Spanish popular-opera company of more th a hundred singers and dancers. (Felt Foru Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wedn day through Friday, April 23-25, at 8; Sat day, April 26, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Ap 27, at 1 and 5.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees Cleveland, Thursday and Friday, April 25, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Ap 26-27, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minneso Tuesday through Thursday, April 29-May at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Texas, Frid May 2, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 3, 1:30.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Na and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturd April 26.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: C nell and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, Ap 26.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesda at 1; through Thursday, May 8. The T Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 26; Prioress, Sunday, April 27; and the F Marcy Handicap, Saturday, May 3. . . . **G den state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknig at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14. T Trenton Handicap, Saturday, April 26. . **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Ke tucky Derby, Saturday, May 3.

Running—The Trevira Ten-Mile Twosome w start at ten-thirty on Saturday, April 26, Central Park near the Tavern on the Gre and finish back at the same place.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursd through Saturday, April 24-26.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbu Nightly at 8; through Monday, June 16. . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through S urday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

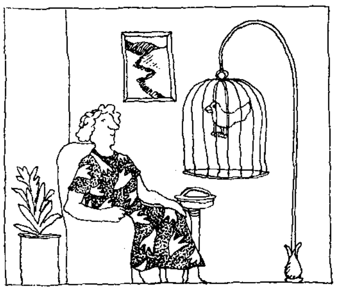
Poetry and Prose Readings—Isaac Bashe Singer reading from his unpublished wor mostly. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64 St. 787-6557. Friday, April 25, at 8.) . ¶ Grace Paley, Bob Shacochis, Max Philli and Charline Spektor reading from their o short stories. (Second Stage, Broadway 76th St. Monday, April 28, at 8. For ticke call 475-5707.) . . . ¶ Peter Davison a Mona Van Duyn reading from their o poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditoriu 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Ap 29, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Ma Tucci, Fritz Weaver, Roscoe Lee Browne, a Robert Drivas reading from the short stor of Italo Calvino, Robert Walser, Dona Barthelme, and Susan Sontag. (Sympho Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-540 Wednesday, April 30, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Jo Larkin and Howard Moss reading from th own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Se ond Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 30, 8. Tickets at the door on the night of t reading.) . . . ¶ M. L. Rosenthal reading fro his own poetry. (Loeb Student Center, Roo 310, Washington Square S. and LaGuard Pl. Thursday, May 1, at 8. No tickets nece sary.)

Great American Quilt Festival—Amish quil Victorian crazy quilts, crib and doll quil award-winning quilts, and a thousand-fo quilted banner called "From Sea to Shini Sea." (New York City Passenger Ship Te minal, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. Thursda April 24, from 10 to 10; Friday, April 2 from 10 to 5; Saturday, April 26, from 10 10; and Sunday, April 27, from 10 to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Satu days, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 26, at Nineteenth-century furniture.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 2 at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead hour.

A GIFT: THE PLEASURE OF READING Fifty-two Times a Year



Mother's Day

Father's Day

Graduation

For the person who reads, the person for whom reading is one of life's joys, what more welcome gift than *The New Yorker*? But what, exactly, is *The New Yorker*? Nobody so far has been able to define it. It is what Duke Ellington used to call "beyond category." It is an odd and special mixture of humor pieces, fiction, reporting, poetry, cartoons, essays, and reviews (books, theatre, films, music, art, dance): all done with style. Taken as a whole, the magazine can be seen as a high-spirited, intelligent running commentary on the main cultural, social, and political events of our time.

The New Yorker provides information that restores intellectual order, and entertainment that restores balance. It is not concerned with following trends or setting them, yet stays a step ahead of the news. It has a clear, steady view of what's going on, and can distinguish between what counts and what doesn't count. It is renowned as a literary magazine, and at the same time it covers the whole world journalistically. Its reporting and its fiction are among the country's finest; its reviews are among the liveliest; its humor pieces and its cartoons are among the funniest. The London *Observer* recently put it this way: "*The New Yorker* must be the best general magazine ever published."

Why, then, try to define it? Why not simply read it and enjoy it? Or give it to others to read and enjoy? Please send us their names on the card or coupon and we'll send them *The New Yorker*, along with a gift card saying it's from you. You will be giving fifty-two weeks of pure pleasure.

THE NEW YORKER
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

1 Year (52 Issues) $32

A $78 newsstand value!

Your Name (please print)
Address Apt. #
City
State Zip
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
☐ Start my own subscription

Gift Recipient's Name (please print)
Address Apt. #
City
State Zip
Gift card to read "From__________________"

Charge my: (Use envelope) ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Acct. No. Exp. Date

Signature

Additional Postage: Canada $12.00 a year; other foreign $20.00 a year.
(Please remit in U.S. funds.) Basic rate 1 yr. $32.

464P4

©1986, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 27: A program of thirty-seven film, video, and made-for-TV documentaries.
April 28-29: Theatre closed.
From April 30: "Funny Dirty Little War" (1983; directed by Hector Olivera; in Spanish).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 24: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.
From April 25: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Violets Are Blue" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 2: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 3: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 27: "F/X" (†).
From April 28: A week-long program of films from the Scandinavian countries.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ran" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly. From April 25: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Just Between Friends" (Allen Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti. From May 2: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
Theatre 2: "Violets Are Blue" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: "Trouble in Mind" (†). From April 25: "Echo Park" (Robert Dornhelm), with Susan Dey and Tom Hulce.
Theatre 2: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.
Theatre 2: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

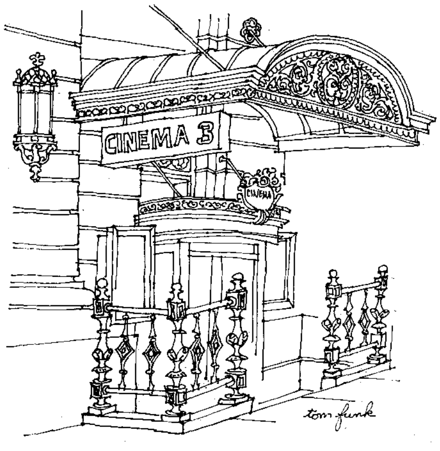
Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 2: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through April 24: "Smooth Talk" (†).
From April 25: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ginger and Fred" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 24: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.
From April 25: "Ryder, P.I."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 2: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 24: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.
From April 25: "Out of Africa" (†).

R. K. O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser). From April 25: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 2: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; *Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in* the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 29: A program of television films directed by Jean-Luc Godard—April 23: Parts 1, 2, and 3 of "Six Fois Deux" (1976; a French film, with English voice-over). April 24: Parts 4, 5, and 6 of "Six Fois Deux." April 25-28: All twelve parts of "France/Tour/Détour/Deux/Enfants" (1978; in French). April 29: "Soft and Hard" (1985; in French) and "Scénario du Film Passion" (1982; in French). From April 30: "Routine Pleasures" (Jean-Pierre Gorin).
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood; and "The Magnificent Seven" (1960; John Sturges), with Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, and Steve McQueen. April 25-27: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Michiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura. April 28-29: "No Regrets for Our Youth" (1946; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Susumu Fujita; and "One Wonderful Sunday" (1947; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). April 30-May 1: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. From May 2: "High and Low" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: "Broken Rainbow" (Victoria Mudd), a documentary. From April 25: "Smooth Talk" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary; and "The Man Who Envied Women" (Yvonne Rainer). From April 25: "28 Up" and "Broken Rainbow."

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys). From April 25: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).
Theatre 2: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
Theatre 2: Through May 1: "F/X" (†). From May 2: "Dark of the Night" (Gaylene Preston).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 24: "Turtle Diary" (†). From April 25: "The Imagemaker" (Hal Weiner), with Michael Nouri.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and (evenings only) "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From April 25: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty;" and (evenings only) "The Quiet Earth" (Geoff Murphy), with Bruno Lawrence.
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser). From April 25: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.
Theatre 3: Through April 24: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti. From April 25: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 1: A program of nine new Spanish films.
From May 2: "Femmes de Personne" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Marthe Keller, Philippe Léotard, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Absolute Beginners" (Julien Temple), with Ed O'Connell, Patsy Kensit, and David Bowie.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 24: "The Quiet Earth" (Geoff Murphy), with Bruno Lawrence.
From April 25: "Mr. Love" (Roy Battersby), with Barry Jackson.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 24: "F/X" (†).
From April 25: "Home of the Brave" (Laurie Anderson), with Anderson.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Violets Are Blue" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Lucas" (David Seltzer).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "Turtle Diary" (†). From April 25: "Smooth Talk" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Quilombo" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From May 2: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tracks in the Snow" (Orlow *Seunke; in Dutch*).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fast Talking" (Ken Cameron).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "On Valentine's Day" (Ken Harrison), with William Converse-Roberts and Hallie Foote.
Theatre 2: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 3: "Ginger and Fred" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 6: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly. April 25-30: "Low Blow." From May 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (Richard Pryor), with Pryor.
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine. From April 25: "The Imagemaker" (Hal Weiner), with Michael Nouri.
Theatre 3: Through May 1: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. From May 2: "Cut and Run."
Theatre 4: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 24: "Just Between Friends" (directed by Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti. From April 25: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 6: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Pretty in Pink" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 4: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 2: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (No performances Wednesday, April 23, and Tuesday, April 29.)

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly. From April 25: "Spasms."
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine. From April 25: "The Imagemaker" (Hal Weiner), with Michael Nouri.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).
Theatre 2: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: "P.O.W. The Escape" (Gideon Amir), with David Carradine. From April 25: "Low Blow."
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "Basic Training" (Andrew Sugerman). From April 25: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 24: "Repulsion" (1965; directed by Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
April 25-26: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).
April 27: "Elvira Madigan" (1967; Bo Widerberg; in Swedish), with Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark; and "Face to Face" (1976; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
April 28-29: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (†); and "Exhibition" (1975; Jean-François Davy), a documentary.
April 30-May 1: "Morgan!" (1966; Karel Reisz), with David Warner, Vanessa Redgrave, and Robert Stephens; and "Georgy Girl" (1966; Silvio Narizzano), with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling.
May 2-3: "Blade Runner" (†); and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

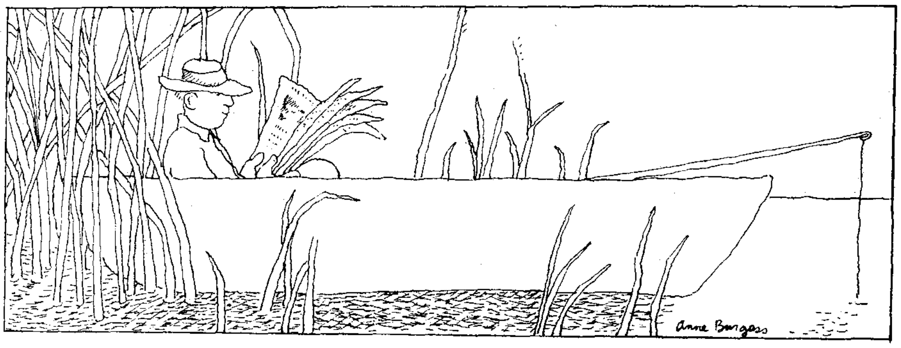
Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through April 26: A program of animated short films.
From April 27: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 23: "Footloose" (1984; Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer; and "Flashdance" (1983; Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
April 24-26: "Words and Music" (1948; Norman Taurog), with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney; and "Broadway Melody of 1940" (Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy.
April 27-28: "The Hollywood Revue" (†); and "Dames" (1934; Ray Enright), with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, and Joan Blondell.
April 29-30: "Lili" (†) and "Tonight and Every Night" (†).
May 1: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "The Cotton Club" (†).
May 2-3: "Silk Stockings" (†) and "Les Girls" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 23: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (1967; David Swift), with Robert Morse, Michele Lee, and Rudy Vallée; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.
April 24: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928; Carl Dreyer; a French film with an English narration), with Maria Falconetti and Antonin Artaud; and "Page of Madness" (1926; Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film with a musical soundtrack).
April 25-26: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.
April 27: "Sheer Madness" (1985; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Angela Winkler; and "Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Jutte Lampe and Gudrun Gabriel.
April 28: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart; and "They Drive by Night" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart.
April 29: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster; and "Crime of Passion" (1957; Gerd Oswald), with Barbara Stanwyck, Sterling Hayden, and Raymond Burr.
April 30: "Intruder in the Dust" (1949; Clarence Brown), with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Juano Hernández; and "The Reivers" (†).
May 1: "Phantom of the Moulin Rouge" (1924; René Clair; a French silent film); and "Imaginary Voyage" (1926; René Clair; a French silent film).
May 2: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
May 3: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman, and Anne Louise Lambert; and "Wetherby" (1985; David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through April 24: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Night Is My Kingdom" (1951; Georges Lacombe; in French), with Jean Gabin.
April 25-26: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
April 27: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).
April 28: "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "The Spanish Earth" (1937; Joris Ivens), a documentary film of the Spanish Civil War.
April 29: "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson; and "Love Affair: or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator" (1968; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslavian film).
April 30: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton; and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey, Cedric Hardwicke, and Ralph Richardson.
May 1: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.; and "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German).
May 2-3: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 23: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
April 24: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.
April 25-26: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.
April 27: "The Red House" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.
April 28: "Le Jour se Lève" ("Daybreak;"



1939; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, and Michel Simon.

April 29: "The Black Rose" (1950; Henry Hathaway), with Tyrone Power and Orson Welles; and "The Son of Monte Cristo" (†).

April 30: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche.

May 1: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, and Marie Dressler; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Fredric March.

May 2-3: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Through April 30: Theatre closed. . . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30 and 6: "Westfront 1918" (1930; directed by G. W. Pabst; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 2 at 2:30: "My Name Is Ivan" (1962; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 2 at 6: "The Mirror" (1975; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 3 at 2: "Solaris" (1972; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 3 at 5: "Nostalghia" (1983; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian, with English subtitles).

Theatre 2: April 24 at 3 and 6:30: "Masters of Disaster" (1985; Sonya Friedman), "Frederick Douglass, An American Life" (1985; William Greaves), and "Booker T. Washington, The Life and the Legacy" (1982; William Greaves), all documentaries. . . . ¶ April 25 at 3: "Stereo" (1969; David Cronenberg); and "La Jetée" (1963; Chris Marker). . . . ¶ April 25 at 6:30 and April 26 at 2:30: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm. . . . ¶ April 26 at 5:30: "Born i Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden). . . . ¶ Apri 27 at 2:30: "Just Imagine" (1930; Davi Butler), with El Brendel. . . . ¶ April 27 a 5:30: *"Things to Come"* (1936; Willia Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey Cedric Hardwicke, and Ralph Richardson . . . ¶ April 29 at 3: "Born in Flames." . . ¶ April 29 at 6:30: "Just Imagine." . . ¶ May 1 at 3 and 6:30: "Stubborn Hope, Story of a South African Exile" (1985 Peggy Stern) and "Two Rivers" (1985 Mark Newman), both documentaries. . . ¶ May 2 at 3 and 6:30: "The Amish: Not t Be Modern" (1985; Victoria Larimore an Michael Taylor), a documentary. . . ¶ May 3 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Made in China" (1985; Lisa Hsia) and "All Under Heaven Life in a Chinese Village" (1985; Carm Hinton and Richard Gordon), both documentaries.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St (570-0537)—"Kirribilli Wharf" (1976; Bil Fontana), an audio installation. Continuou showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesday through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary, but you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants," the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers, if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James, Joanna Cassidy, Daryl Hannah, and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young and William Sanderson. (Cinema Village; May 2-3.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Theatres.)

The Cotton Club (1984)—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. From the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Richard Gere, Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, and Gwen Verdon. (1/7/85) (Regency; May 1.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Manhattan, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through April 24, evening performances only. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; starting April 25.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through April 24. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through April 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 1.)

Ginger and Fred—The title of this Fellini movie is alluring, but the picture isn't about those two tapping, twirling icons. It's about two mediocre dancers (played by Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni)—small-timers, curiosities—who, in the nineteen-forties, entertained Italian vaudeville audiences by imitating the Astaire-Rogers numbers. Now they are being reunited, in Rome, for an appearance on a Christmas TV Special. Thi situation (which is reminiscent of Neil Simon' "The Sunshine Boys") serves as a pretext fo Fellini to vent his disgust at TV. H "flashes" his spoofs of TV programs and commercials as if they were obscene images, an he means them to be obscene. They're image of piggy abundance—oral and infantile. Bu Fellini has no zest to energize these skits, o the rest of the material, either. This is a cranky, wobbling movie. Fellini appears to b condemning TV for being a green slime that' absorbing everything, and denouncing it, too for passing him by. The film treats Masina' character with an element of condescension and Mastroianni is playing the Maestro' view of himself as an aging, crumbling towe of a man—a drunken bum. With Franc Fabrizi as host for the Special and Frederick Lebedur as the old admiral. The score, by Nicola Piovani, has a lovely finesse; the script is by Fellini, Tonino Guerra, and Tullio Pinelli. In Italian. (4/21/86) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Les Girls (1957)—George Cukor directed this backstage-story musical (it's about a lawsuit over a former showgirl's memoirs), but, with one exception, nobody connected with it was really at his best. Even the Cole Porter score is weak, and the whole show is overproduced. The exception is the tall, blithe, and beautiful comedienne Kay Kendall, who does a funny, drunk "La Habanera" and has a number with Gene Kelly in which she seems to be outdancing him and having an easy, amused time of it. Her role isn't large enough, though. The cast includes Patrick MacNee and that bane of fifties movie musicals—the movie executives' idea of "adorable"—Mitzi Gaynor. (Regency; May 2-3.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

The Hollywood Revue (1929)—M-G-M put this lavish revue together (it originally had Technicolor sequences) and threw in their biggest stars. Conrad Nagel and Jack Benny are the masters of ceremony; Joan Crawford

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

sings; Marie Dressler and Polly Moran do a skit; Marion Davies sings and taps; Norma Shearer and John Gilbert do a flapper "Romeo and Juliet;" and so on and on. The quality is extremely variable, but the film contains so much of the history of popular theatre that it's invaluable. Charles Reisner directed. (Regency; April 27-28.)

Am Curious—Yellow (1967)—In her search for political commitment, the angry young heroine, Lena Nyman, goes around as an inquiring reporter questioning people about nonviolence, the labor movement, socialism, and so on. The picture improves when sex and politics mix; there are some free—and very funny—sequences of simulated copulation. The film caused a great stir here because the U.S. Customs Office seized the first print that the distributor imported; by the time the ban was lifted, people expected something really sizzling. Written and directed by Vilgot Sjöman, who also appears as the director. With Anders Ek and Holger Löwenadler, and also Martin Luther King, Jr., Olof Palme, and Yevgeni Yevtushenko. (The second part of Sjöman's material was released as "I Am Curious—Blue.") In Swedish. (Cinema Village; April 28-29.)

Ili (1953)—Mel Ferrer smiles his narcissistic, masochistic smiles as the crippled puppeteer who can speak his love to the sixteen-year-old orphan girl Lili (Leslie Caron) only through his marionettes. Caron is much too good for him, but the movie doesn't know it. With Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kasznar. Charles Walters choreographed and directed, from Helen Deutsch's script, based on a Paul Gallico novel. (Regency; April 29-30.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Criterion Theatres; starting April 25.)

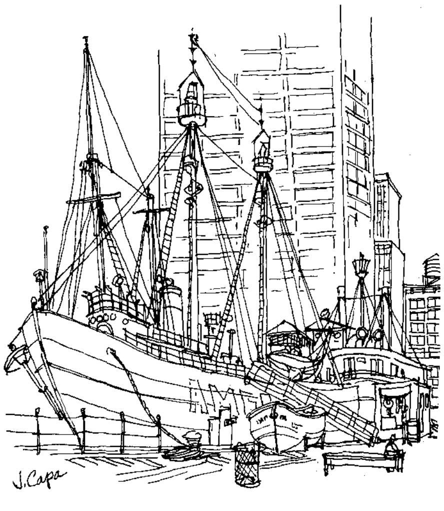
Pretty in Pink—The spoiled-rotten richies are mean to Andie (Molly Ringwald), a poor-girl high-school senior who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on the wrong side of the tracks. But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed with quiet good taste, she's proudly conventional. And so she wins both a college scholarship and the rich boy of her dreams. This picture isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, it might have been made by little guys from Mars. With the winsome comedienne Annie Potts as Andie's closest friend, Andrew McCarthy, Jon Cryer, Harry Dean Stanton, and James Spader. Directed by Howard Deutch. (4/7/86) (Embassy.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting May 2.)

The Reivers (1969)—Nostalgic, affectionate Southern Americana out of Faulkner; the style is a little too beguiling, but it's an awfully pleasant comedy anyway. In the central story, black Ned McCaslin (Rupert Crosse) and white Boon (Steve McQueen) and another McCaslin, twelve-year-old Lucius (Mitch Vogel), steal a gleaming new 1905 Winton Flyer—a dream of a car—for a trip from Jefferson, Mississippi, to Memphis, the nearest sin city. Crosse's Ned, who has a snaggletoothed grin, is supremely likable; he seems to skip through life without a care—he's like a living, walking sense of humor. McQueen is ingratiating and Sharon Farrell plays his harlot bride-to-be with a nice pungency. When the director, Mark Rydell, isn't sure how to do things, he overdoes them; at times the picture seems to be rogue Disney. But the script, by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., has great charm, though the narration, by Burgess Meredith, in a jocular-avuncular style, is dismaying. With Ruth White, Juano Hernández, and Will Geer. (Thalia; April 30.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. The movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—A paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, and Jules Munshin. (Regency; May 2-3.)



Smooth Talk—It has lovely touches in its first half, when the director, Joyce Chopra, shows us the restless and narcissistic fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), who acts seductive and teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. Tom Cole, who wrote the script, expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," has a fine ear for teen-age talk. But the movie's texture is thin from the start, and the second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a young girl's sex-and-horror fantasy. Unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy resolution. With Sarah Inglis, Margaret Welch, Mary Kay Place, and Treat Williams. (3/24/86) (68th St. Playhouse; through April 24. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza; starting April 25.)

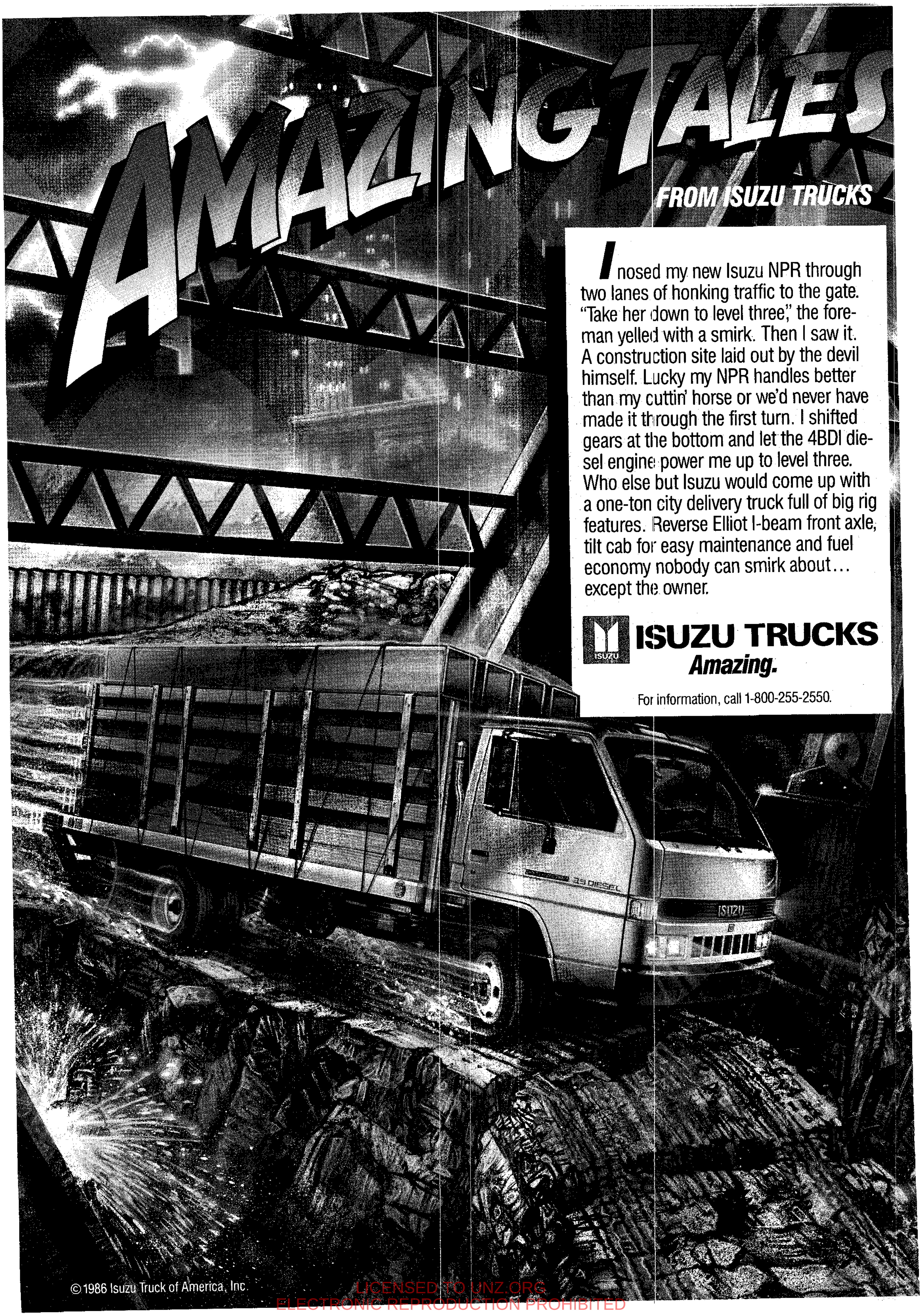
The Son of Monte Cristo (1940)—The plight of the Balkan Grand Duchess (Joan Bennett), with the swordplay by Louis (crooked smile) Hayward and George Sanders. Rowland V. Lee directed the traffic in the secret passageways. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 29.)

Tonight and Every Night (1945)—Elaborate, dull Columbia musical starring Rita Hayworth, smiling about nothing, and with Marc Platt, Janet Blair, and Lee Bowman. Directed by Victor Saville; mediocre score by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Regency; April 29-30.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Trouble in Mind—The gifted writer-director Alan Rudolph has got the film-noir bug, and the picture is a pile of poetic mush set in some doom-laden, vaguely universal city of the past and/or the future. (It was shot mostly in Seattle.) As Hawk, Kris Kristofferson is supposed to be the gallant Bogart hero living in an evil semi-fascist era. Rudolph probably aimed to create a glamorous, funky trance-world, but his control fails him; the scenes often start with a shimmer that makes you feel hopeful, but they become stagnant, and you have no way of knowing how to interpret this flossy hipster-philosopher babble that the characters speak. With Joe Morton, Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lori Singer. (4/7/86) (Cinema I; through April 24.)

Turtle Diary—Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley play the two Londoners who separately develop the fantasy of liberating the three giant turtles from the Aquarium at the London Zoo and taking them back to the sea. John Irvin directed this low-key, fastidious version of the 1975 Russell Hoban novel, from a script by Harold Pinter. Jackson and Kingsley manage to give the middle of the movie—the weekend drive to the coast with the turtles—a balmy comic spirit of adventure. But the story has been given the same maudlin orchestration as in the novel; it's full of sad and lonely people reaching out. The awful artfulness of this stuff! With Michael Gambon, Jeroen Krabbé, and Harriet Walter. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza; through April 24.)



I nosed my new Isuzu NPR through two lanes of honking traffic to the gate. "Take her down to level three," the foreman yelled with a smirk. Then I saw it. A construction site laid out by the devil himself. Lucky my NPR handles better than my cuttin' horse or we'd never have made it through the first turn. I shifted gears at the bottom and let the 4BDI diesel engine power me up to level three. Who else but Isuzu would come up with a one-ton city delivery truck full of big rig features. Reverse Elliot I-beam front axle, tilt cab for easy maintenance and fuel economy nobody can smirk about… except the owner.

ISUZU TRUCKS
Amazing.

For information, call 1-800-255-2550.

©1986 Isuzu Truck of America, Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

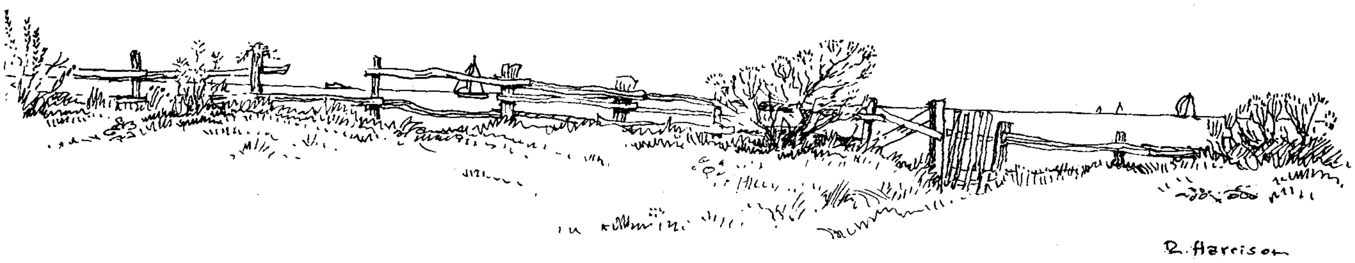
"WE'RE in a war," Robert H. Michel, the House Republican leader, declared, speakng of the recent bombing raid on ibya, and, the way things are going, e seems to be right. It's a very eculiar sort of war, however, resemling none that the United States has ver waged before, and the differences re crucial. They begin with the naure of terrorism—the phenomenon hat the United States seeks to oppose y its new policy of retaliation. The ims and strategies of the terrorist are uite unlike those of the conventional oldier. A conventional war is fought o achieve certain definite aims—to efend one's country, or to take over omeone else's—and the adversary's nilitary forces are seen as the chief obtacle in the way. The conventional oldier therefore directs his blows at hose forces, and, when they are emoved—literally swept out of the vay—moves to achieve the aims of the var effort. From this simple procedure here follow certain possible "rules" of var: that the proper object of military ction is the military forces of the ther side, not its civilian population, nd that the end being sought should e worth the price that is paid. Someimes these rules are observed and ometimes not; the point is that they lerive naturally and logically from the rocedures of conventional war, and re at least theoretically consistent vith it. The terrorist, on the other hand, can never embrace these "rules" of war—not even theoretically—because they would exclude his basic strategy, which is to attack civilians. Finding himself in most cases hopelessly outmatched in conventional military strength, the terrorist circumvents the military forces of the opponent and directly attacks the opponent's society—a more readily available target. His aim is not the physical one of sweeping the enemy forces out of the way but the psychological one of frightening and demoralizing—of *terrorizing*—the opposition so thoroughly that it gives up and alters its policy even while its military forces remain undefeated and intact.

Terrorist attacks place any country against which they are directed in a cruel dilemma. The terrorist, feeling no need to concentrate his attacks on military targets, presents no military target to be attacked in response. Having killed civilians, he melts back into the civilian population, dangling before the government and the people of the country that has been victimized the temptation to attack him there, and so to disregard in their turn the danger to innocent life. He thus beckons an entire nation down a path of horror—this time not as victim but as perpetrator. When President Reagan ordered the attack on Libya, he succumbed to this temptation. After the attack, when it became known that an adopted daughter of Colonel Muammar Qaddafi had been killed and two of his sons injured, the Administration succumbed further: instead of expressing regret for these consequences, the President's aides publicly embraced them, and sought to turn them to American advantage. For example, one aide said that the purpose of the raid had been to send Qaddafi "a clear signal," and, while denying that Qaddafi had been "the target," went on to say, "We were showing him that we could get people close to him and this is the price he's going to have to pay for continued terrorism, and that's why members of his family were hurt during this thing." Terrorists had sent the United States a "message" written in the blood of innocent Americans killed at airports and at a discothèque; now we were sending Colonel Qaddafi a "message" written in the blood of his children. Less than a year ago, President Reagan was asked why he had not ordered retaliation after a terrorist attack, and he answered that in some circumstances retaliation could be "a terrorist act in itself and the killing and victimizing of innocent people." It was wisdom that he apparently forgot when he ordered the planes over Libya.

• •

Books

THE Book-of-the-Month Club, which has contrived to sell four hundred and forty million books during the past sixty years with the help of more than a few inspired marketing techniques—in its embryonic phase, the club offered as premiums books

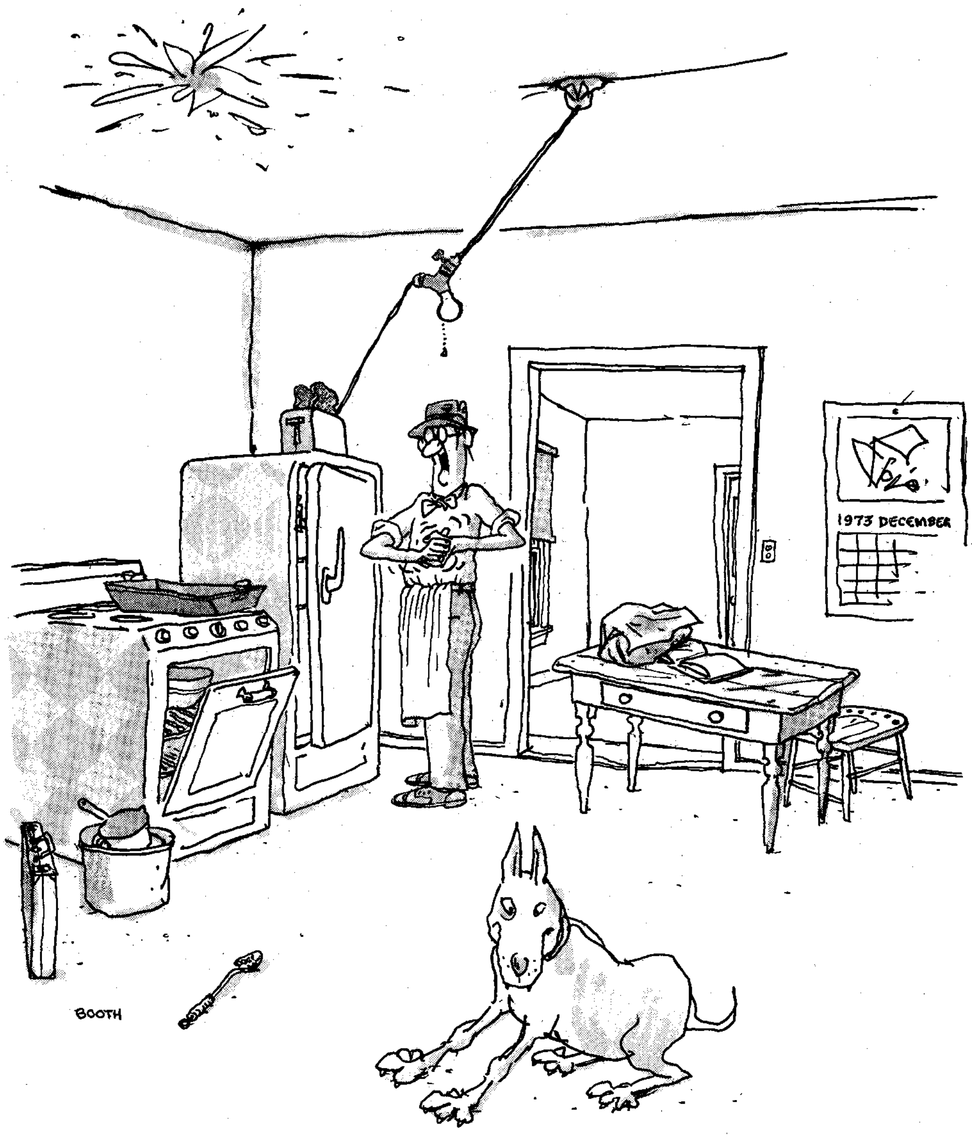


that came inside boxes of chocolates—has installed an inspired exhibit on the first floor of the New York Public Library. The exhibit—fourteen display cases filled with books and social artifacts—clearly conveys the message that books are basic and indispensable to our culture and that everything within our culture eventually finds its way into books. Among the artifacts on view are a baseball card of Babe Ruth; a reproduction of *Variety's* front-page announcement of the 1929 stock-market crash ("WALL ST. LAYS AN EGG"); an excerpt from the Hays Office's Motion Picture Production Code of 1934 listing words and phrases unfit for movie dialogue ("alleycat," "bat," "broad," "chippie," and "cocotte" when they were applied to a woman; "God," "Lord," "Jesus," and "Christ" unless they were used reverently; "louse," "lousy," "nance," "nerts," and the sound of a Bronx cheer, without exception); a model of a Breuer chair; a copy of the January 29, 1934, issue of *Time*, with James Joyce on the cover; copies of the first issues of *Playboy*, *Life*, *Sports Illustrated*, the *Village Voice*, *The Paris Review*, *The New York Review of Books*, *Rolling Stone*, *Ms.*, and *TV Guide;* photographs of King Kong, Billie Holiday, Charles Lindbergh, Margaret Mead, Martha Graham, Paul Scofield, Elvis Presley, Natalia Makarova, and Carroll O'Connor (playing Archie Bunker); the first Monopoly set; the prototype of Scrabble; a model of the Unisphere at the 1964 World's Fair; scripts from "The Cosby Show" and "Hill Street Blues;" and a top hat and a pair of shoes from the finale of "A Chorus Line."

All this is intermingled, of course, with books, in their original hardcover editions: "Show Boat," "Life with Father," "Death in the Afternoon," "Animal Farm," "The Long Good-bye," "The Lonely Crowd," "The Common Sense Book of Baby an Child Care," "The Power of Positiv Thinking," "Intruder in the Dust, "The Plague," "The Feminine Mystique," "One Flew Over the Cuckoo' Nest," one of the eleven volumes c "The Story of Civilization," "Goodbye, Columbus," "The Rise and Fa of the Third Reich," "One Hundred Years of Solitude," "Th Naked Ape," "Future Shock,' "Dispatches," "Gödel, Escher Bach," "The Complete Book of Running," "World of Our Fathers, "Ragtime," "All the President' Men"—a condensation of six decades of Book-of-the-Month Clu (and cultural) history, from "Loll Willowes" to "Lake Wobegon Days. A text that accompanies the exhibi includes one particularly upliftin piece of information; namely, tha there are forty thousand post offices i the United States, and the Book-of-the-Month Club, in the course o delivering those four hundred an forty million books, has used them all

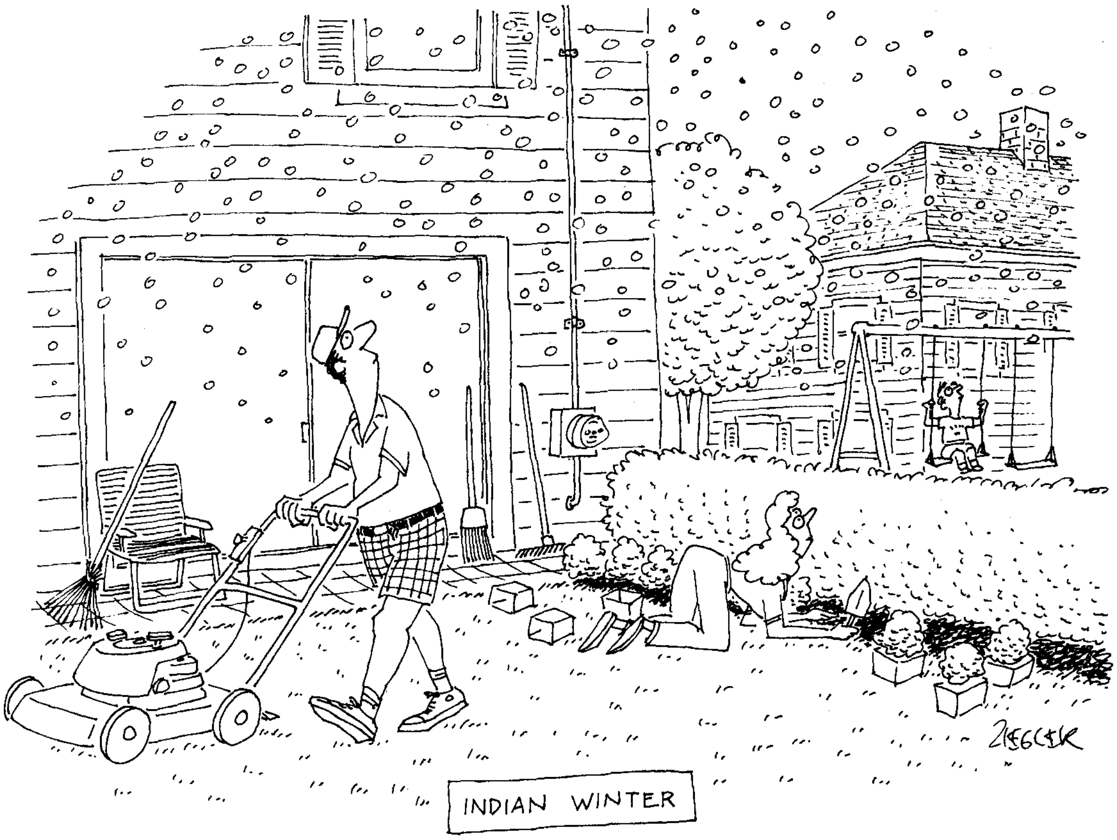
•

THE thought that there are fev parts of the world which book cannot penetrate gives comfort, and i was with us the other day when w dropped by the newest bookstore in th city, University Press Books/Nev York, on Fourteenth Street just eas of Fifth Avenue. Perhaps more tha any other east-west thoroughfare i Manhattan, Fourteenth Street resist gentrification. It is territory tha should not be ignored if you are looking for furniture stores that specializ in "Easy Credit" and "Free Layaway' and sell not only sofas and chairs bu also porcelain collies and whippets. N self-respecting retail store along Fourteenth Street neglects to have "Discount" or "Bargain" or "Pay-Less' or "Wholesale" or "Hollywood" o "Crazy" in its name. One stor between Fifth and Sixth Avenues ha both an American Express decal and "Cash Only" sign in its window. O Fourteenth Street between Fourth an Ninth Avenues, you can buy booste cables, hot plates, ant-and-roach killer fire extinguishers, watches, clock radios, toys that are guaranteed not t break until you take them out of th box, octopus-in-hot-tomato-sauce Off-Track Betting tickets, shoes fo five dollars, shirts for three dollars dresses for four dollars, dust ruffles fo a dollar, green pills and red pills an yellow pills without a prescription and gold and silver. Until a couple o



"Gigot de sept heures."

weeks ago, however, you could not conveniently buy a copy of, say, "Huckleberry Finn."



The centennial ediion of "Huckleberry Finn" that is for sale at University Press Books/New York was pubished by the University of California Press. Indeed, every single volume in the store—and there are fifteen thousand—has been pubished by a university press. The store, which s operated under the aegis of the New School for Social Research (with seed capital provided by the J. M. Kaplan Fund, a private foundation), is clean and well lighted and, at the moment, undersubscribed. Life on Fourteenth Street flows right past the store's picture windows, as if all those pedestrians had thus far muddled through and could somehow continue to muddle through without a copy of "Cannibalism and the Common Law" (University of Chicago Press) or "Musical Life in Biedermeier Vienna" (Cambridge University Press) or "The Defense of Community in Peru's Central Highlands" (Princeton University Press) or "Early Vermont Wall Paintings" (University Press of New England) or "Greek Footwear and the Dating of Sculpture" (University of Wisconsin Press, which employs someone in its publicity department who composed jacket-flap copy that says, "Katherine Dohan Morrow's study represents the first comprehensive guide to the history of ancient Greek footwear and the chronology of its development") or "Decoys and Decoy Carvers of Illinois" (Northern Illinois University Press) or "The Biology of Ground-Dwelling Squirrels" (University of Nebraska Press) or the eleven-volume "Dictionary of Canadian Biography" (University of Toronto Press). There are shelves devoted to anthropology, archeology, classical studies, American history, European history, Canadian history, linguistics, philosophy, religion, economics, psychology, sociology, law, urban studies, women's studies, reference, literature, literary criticism, poetry, poetry criticism, theatre, applied science, and zoology. Plenty of this is literally weighty material. Among the books on European history we found a copy of "The Younger Pitt," by John Ehrman (Stanford University Press), which is six hundred and eighty-nine pages long—a lot of pages, although not as many as Robert Latham delivers in "The Shorter Pepys" (University of California Press). That has a thousand and ninety-six, despite having been winnowed from the longer Pepys. On one of the music shelves we found a copy of "A Catalogue of Pre-Revival Appalachian Dulcimers," by L. Allen Smith (University of Missouri Press). Next to it stood a copy of "Songs of the Cowboys," compiled by N. Howard (Jack) Thorp (University of Nebraska Press). Among the masterpieces unearthed by N. Howard (Jack) Thorp is a song titled "The Cowboy's Life," one verse of which goes:

> The bawl of a steer
> To a cowboy's ear
> Is music of sweetest strain;
> And the yelping notes
> Of the gray coyotes
> To him are a glad refrain.

After reading that and a few other verses, we admired Finn Gad's "The History of Greenland—Volume I: Earliest Times to 1700" (McGill-Queen's University Press), which begins, "Wave after wave and breaker after breaker wash the wind-swept rocks, the foam is torn into flakes that lash the glaciated promontories, the sea surges over the ice-grooved, striated forelands to be arrested in a frenzy of boiling surf at the foot of the majestic, precipitous bluffs." This was the most rococo lead sentence we came across, but it is not the most challenging sentence on the premises. That distinction must belong to the following passage, from page 423 of J. Hillis Miller's "The Linguistic Moment" (Princeton University Press), in a chapter titled "Postface": "This brings my trajectory back, by a noncircular circle or nonspiraling spiral, to my beginning, to the preface and to the questions of exemplarity and sequential coherence raised there."

There's plenty more at University Press Books/New York where that came from. If a copy of a certain university-press title happens not to be available—because it has been sold or has never been in stock—a member of the staff will gladly order it for you. Even if University Press Books/New York waits a while before offering customers crazy wholesale discount bargains or boxes of chocolates, Fourteenth Street seems just the right address for a business establishment with so catholic an inventory. Books, after all, like porcelain collies and octopus-in-hot-tomato-sauce and booster cables, exist to be wondered at and savored and relied upon in emergencies.

More Kim Williams

LATE last summer, we picked chokecherries in Missoula, Montana, with our friend Kim Williams, the writer, naturalist, and National Public Radio commentator. It was raining: cars went by with their wipers on the fast speed, worms crawled across sidewalks, streams echoed down storm drains, and from corrugated roofs water fell like lines on lined paper. “This isn't fun, this is harvesting,” Kim Williams said. “At this time of year, I have to go harvesting whether I want to or not. If I don't pick these, I'll walk by this yard later on and they will just be lying on the ground. I'm supposed to be finishing my book—it's going to be called ‘Kim Williams' Book of Uncommon Sense: A Practical Guide with 10 Rules for Nearly Everything’—and my editor at HP Books, in Tucson, told me he wants the final chapters by the end of next week. I told him, ‘I'll try, but I've got all this fruit sitting on my conscience.’ ”

Chokecherries are mostly pit. A gallon of chokecherries makes about two pints of a jelly with a taste as specific as an address. All over this big bush, leaves were bouncing as raindrops hit. Kim Williams buttoned the handle of her bucket through the top buttonhole of her pants and picked with both hands.

“Some of the things I write in my book I've been thinking for sixty-one years,” she said. “Sometimes these thoughts are just four lines in the middle of the page. I don't know what they are—I guess they might be poems. They look kind of like poems. My editor didn't say anything about them, but he didn't take them out. I used to send my poems to magazines. I don't think any were ever printed. I wrote a poem a long time ago an
submitted it to *The New Yorker.*
don't remember it anymore, but
know it was about drinking, and i
rhymed ‘gin’ and ‘is in’ and ‘society
and ‘sobriety.’ They sent it back to m
with a note that said ‘Thanks
Sorry.’ Once, I wrote a novel, whic
William Kittredge, a professor o
English at the University of Montana
said had a great first line. When h
sees me around town, he says, ‘There’
that Kim Williams, with that grea
first line.’ The line is ‘On July 7
1944, I took a train from Hudson
New York, to Los Angeles, with tw
suitcases and two thousand servicemen.’ I sent that novel to Doubleday
and they lost it. Thank goodness,
had a carbon. Once, I took a creative
writing course at the university fro
the poet Richard Hugo. He was a goo
poet. He always gave me an A. H
used to write on my poems, ‘This almost works.’ ”

“We haven't decided. At the moment, Stuart is researching Kennebunkport.”

We reached high on the bush fo
a bunch of chokecherries, and a col
trickle found a route down the insid
of our arm.

“I guess it sounds kind of crazy
neglecting a book that could mayb
make me a lot of money just for tw
dollars' worth of chokecherry jelly,”
Kim Williams said. “Every year, August is that way. One year, I decided
wasn't going to do any harvesting o
any canning. But while my cannin
jars were empty they were attractin
fruit. I said, ‘I'm not going to do it.
But finally I gave in. When fall wa
over, the jars were sitting just lik
always, fat and full and plump on th
pantry shelf. So far this summer, I'v
canned applesauce, from what yo
might call alley apples that fall fro
trees all over town, and six quarts o
chokecherry juice, two quarts of elderberry juice, seven jars of Oregon-grape jelly, twenty quarts of apricots
five quarts of rhubarb preserves, an
two quarts of canned peaches; I'v
frozen three gallons of huckleberries
I've dried huckleberries and serviceberries in my oven; I've drie
ten pounds of plums into prunes
I've made buffalo-berry jelly (it'
a beautiful amber color, and it's s
good with meat); I've dried rose hips
Many times, I'm canning at midnight
One year, when my husband, Mel
and I were driving to a picnic a
Georgetown Lake, I yelled, ‘Stop th
car! Stop the car!’ Mel had no ide
what was the matter. There by th
road was a big field full of lamb's-

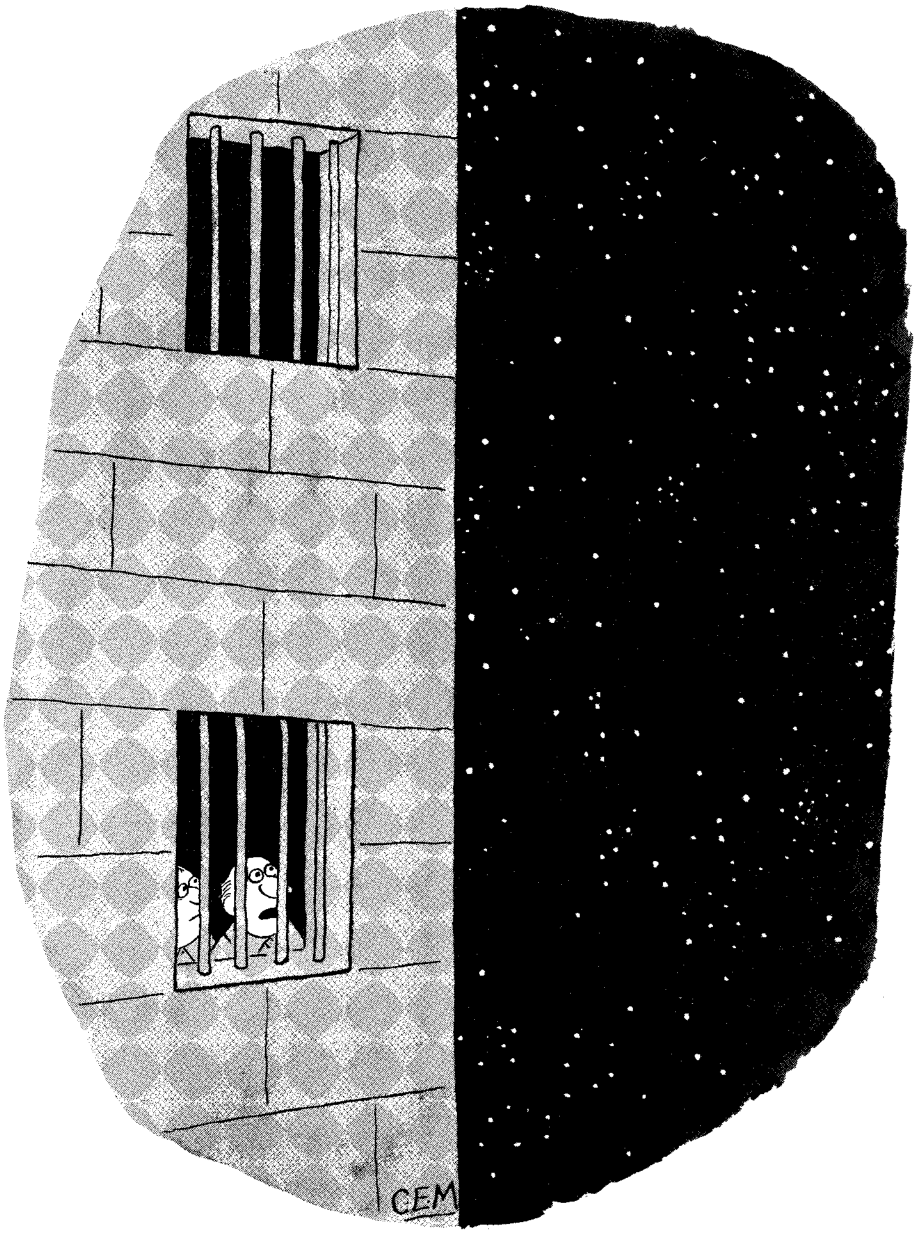
arter. It's also called goosefoot—'s kind of like a wild spinach. You n eat it boiled or like creamed spinh or make a soup with it or put it in quiche. We harvested a big cardard box of it and took it home, and en I went through the plants one by e to make sure we didn't have any isonous plants, like water hemlock, d then Mel washed it all to get rid the sand, and then we blanched it in iling water, drained it, put it in iceld water to cool, packaged it in doule plastic bags, and put it in the eezer. In the end, I had forty packges of lamb's-quarter. Can you nagine—forty packages of a *weed*?"

She laughed. Her glasses were gged. On her hatbrim, drops of rain id back and forth like beads on an acus.

•

KIM WILLIAMS finished her book. It's out now, and recently she ew to town to talk about it on radio nd television. We met her at her otel, on West Sixty-first Street, alked downtown with her, and then ent with her to see a house she used live in forty years ago, in Brooklyn. he was wearing a white knit hat, a ellow windbreaker, blue slacks, and omfortable tan bowling shoes she had ought for twenty-five cents at a rumage sale.

In the lobby of her hotel, she said: I walked on Eighth Avenue yesteray. My God! There are knots of peole standing around. You could see ne person pushing another, one peron helping another. In Montana, imless death walks mainly in bars. n Eighth Avenue, you could see imless death walking right there in he rain."



"Well, that's that. When's the next comet?"

In Central Park, amid joggers: "I hink we women are being conned ith all this 'thin' business. Why do e all have to be so thin, like those omen on the soap operas—nothing ut a bag of bones with a wig? Thin is he modern version of barefoot and regnant. How can women fight the ood fight when we're all thin?"

In the lobby of the Trump Tower: I think someday all the rich people re going to take our resources and go ive in a big, warm dome high above s somewhere. The rest of us will be eft scrambling down here below. So e better learn how to get along with ess, and how to get along with ach other."

In Washington Square Park, near the statue of Garibaldi: "Is this where people used to stand and holler, back in the sixties? Do people do that anymore? Probably not."

On the subway, heading for Brooklyn: "In my book I tell people, 'Doubt everything.' People don't seem to doubt anymore. They aren't skeptical. I tell people they should learn to cook—'I can't cook' is lamebrain."

At the corner of Eighteenth and McDonald Avenues, in Borough Park, while water dripped from the elevated tracks up above, and men walked by in long coats and fur hats the size of wedding cakes, and a girl in blue pants with a black design took a boy in white shoes by the chin and kissed him, and a man at a pay phone said "Pyotr! Pyotr!," and kids in green baseball jackets crossed the street going west, and seagulls crossed the sky going east: "I'm beginning to smell it. It still smells like home."

Kim Williams found her old house, at 12 Lawrence Avenue, and she went around to the side, went around to the back where the garden used to be, walked up the front walk, climbed the front steps, tapped a fingernail on the aluminum siding, and then went to the sidewalk and put her hands in her back pockets and just looked. From a second-floor balcony, four little girls in pleated skirts and white blouses looked back at her. The biggest girl slowly tore off and ate strips from a dark-red square of fruit leather.

A HOUSE OF WOMEN

ON the train from London, Joseph sat in a compartment across from two young women. The women were blond, one with straight hair and the other frizzy, and both wore loose black dresses, with red and yellow embroidery on the bodices which seemed to Joseph a little Oriental. Their clothes looked soft from being worn a lot.

On the knees of the woman by the window, the one with frizzy hair, was a little boy. He was about five, with pale, smooth skin and pale blond hair. In the lobe of an ear was a silver earring. He stared out the window as the women talked, his eyes flicking back and forth as they went from a passing field to a horse to a hill. He said, quietly, "I like being on the train."

The woman with the straight hair said, "Do you?"

He nodded.

She leaned toward the woman holding him and passed a hand over his face, which was smudged with dirt. "You're a right mess," she said.

He wrinkled his nose.

"Are we going to go through a tunnel?" he asked. His earring shone in the watery light.

The woman with the straight hair said to the other, "I suppose the bathroom will be free this evening. You're going out. Trudy and Melissa are going out. I think Pamela is going out, too." She stretched. "What bliss, to have the bathroom all to ourselves. Won't that be lovely, Chepster?"

His forehead to the glass, the little boy was trying to see if the train was approaching a tunnel. Joseph wished there were one ahead, though he knew there wasn't. The little boy didn't respond to the woman.

"Chepster," she said.

He looked round slowly.

"Won't it be lovely to have the bathroom to ourselves?" she said.

He nodded. Then he asked, "Will we go through a tunnel, Mummy?"

"Close your eyes," she said, "and that will be like going through a tunnel."

He closed his eyes and laughed. "That's a pretend tunnel."

She pulled him toward her and turned him so that his face was pressed into her bosom, which, Joseph saw, was bra-less beneath the loose cloth of her bodice. She kissed his nape and laughed. Both women laughed. When his mother let go, he sat up on the lap of his mother's friend to stare again, silently, out the window.

His mother's friend said, "I wish I weren't going out tonight but staying in. It's nice to stay in with Chepster."

He smiled a little.

Joseph had never heard the name Chepster before, and he wondered if it was an invented name. He imagined that this little boy lived in a commune of women who, having invented new lives for themselves, had all together decided, when one of them became pregnant and gave birth to a son, to give the boy a name they'd thought up, so that he would confirm, in a way, the newness of their own lives. Joseph thought he could see the house of the women and the boy, an old stone building, perhaps an old rectory, just by the churchyard, with fields beyond. The garden would be overgrown, and the window and door casings would be rotting. The kitchen would be the place where they all really lived, and everything, apples, cups, underclothes thrown about, would be covered with cat hairs, and the air would always be moist from the steam of a boiling kettle. And the boy, Chepster, would be among women, in their late twenties and early thirties, who themselves would fill the air of the whole house, even its cold bedrooms, with moist warmth.

Chepster's mummy sometimes liked to have the bathroom, to have the house, free for just the two of them, but he wasn't sure that *he* liked it. When he was in the bath, he liked to have women come into the bathroom to comb their hair or brush their teeth, to wash their faces before putting kohl on their eyes, or to sit on the toilet, their revealed thighs white and soft, all the while chatting with him. Before going out, they'd put a hand into the tub water to splash him.

ANNUALS
HERBS
PERENNIALS
SHRUBS

Joseph kept glancing up from his book to try to take him in, this litt boy intent on the moving train, to tal in what he, at his age, knew abo women which Joseph didn't know.

The train slowed down.

Rocking on the knees of the woma with the frizzy hair, the boy sai "Don't stop, don't stop." He was tr ing, urging it with his body, to kee the train going. "Don't stop," he sai again and again. "Don't stop."

"I wish *you'd* stop," the woman h was sitting on said.

The train was rolling. "Don stop," Chepster said, and he thrust h body forward. When, beside an ol warehouse, the train stopped, Chepste fell back against the woman, who pu her arms around him.

For a moment, Joseph and Chepste looked at one another. Joseph smile but the boy didn't. It was as though h hadn't really seen Joseph, a man, an his eyes turned to the window. H remained in the woman's arms afte the train started again.

AT the Chippenham train statio Joseph found Adele, whom h called his lady friend, waiting for hi Her large-knit jumper was soft whe he held her to kiss her, and her mout felt cool and fresh. Most of her hai was in a coiled braid, but a lot fle loosely about her head.

He said, "I almost missed the trai How would I have let you know? W really should get a telephone in th house."

"No," she said. "I don't want one. She kissed him again. "I'd have simpl waited for the next train."

She drove the old car.

"You've been all right?" he asked.

"I've been very happy."

"Doing what?"

She took her left hand from th steering wheel and held it before him turning it from the palm and fingertip with fine black lines over to roug knuckles and short fingernails wit dirt under them.

"Of course," he said. "The garden."

"You'll be very pleased when yo see it."

"I'm longing to see it."

The car slowed down going up hill. The narrow road was sunk between banks, and the banks were covered with ivy vines. On the other sid of the hill, overlooking a small valley was their cottage, where Adele ha been for the past week. She'd taken week of her holiday time to plant th garden.

Joseph said, “I ouldn’t mind giving p my job in London d spending all my life orking in the garen.”

“I wish we could,” e said, “both of us.”

“And what would we ve on? Your Jerusalem rtichokes?”

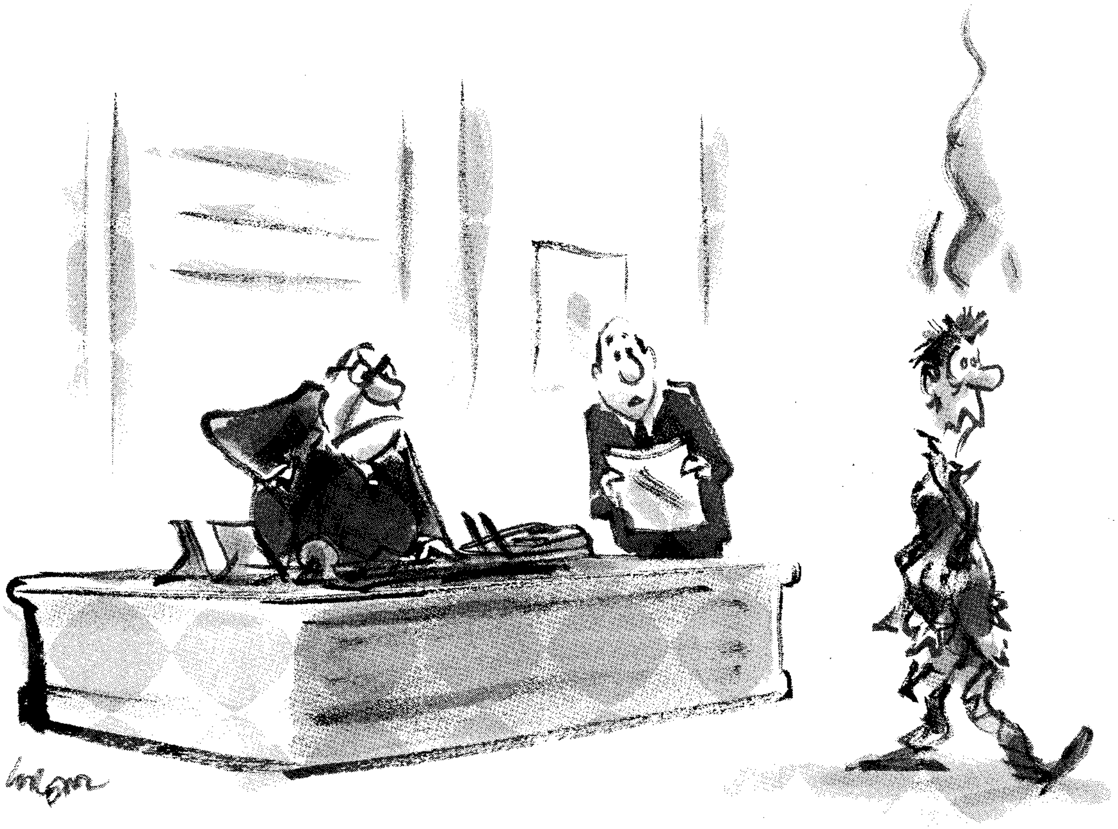
She laughed. “You ight like to know that ’m planting potatoes nd carrots.”

“That’s reassuring.”

“If we let our flat London, we’d have nough to live on here.”

She was driving over dirt road, with waterlled ditches on either ide, and great, bare ees along the ditches, heir trunks and ranches pale green ith moss.

He didn’t answer her ut, in silence, watched he cottage appear to nlarge as she drove own the lane, the car urching in the holes.



“Perhaps, sir, your rhetoric was a little too harsh.”

The simple, gray stone cottage, with front door and a window on either ide, was set into the slope of the ill. Above the hill, the sky was eepening to gray. Joseph sighed hen Adele shut the engine off, and hey sat for a while in the car before he house.

Adele said, “I really do wish we ould live here.”

Again, he didn’t answer, but opened he car door.

She showed him the garden, a large, eat square patch of black earth crissrossed with white string in a field of eeds, and while he looked at it he aw, from the corner of an eye, that Adele was looking at his face, which e made sure expressed amazement nd joy. Then they went into the ouse. Off the narrow passage with ooden walls were only two rooms, ne to the left, one to the right: the edroom and the kitchen. Adele stayed lose to Joseph, always, he saw, atching his face as he stepped into a oom, so he kept his eyebrows raised, is mouth open, in an expression of ontinuing joy. There was a jug of ranches with red berries on the bedoom windowsill, and new, white curains. Spread on the bed were Adele’s ightgown and dressing gown. Her gardening clothes were hanging on pegs on the wall. Dropped on the floor by the bed was a stocking. In the kitchen, the rag rug she’d brought from London was between the old sofa and the fireplace. Deeper into the room was the long deal table with high-backed chairs pushed in about it which they’d bought with the cottage, and on the table a white bowl of apples and oranges. The floor was stone flags. There were new things to be amazed by: the mirror and the tin tea caddy that Adele said she’d bought at a jumble sale in Chippenham. Why, Joseph wondered, did he study more closely the rack of Adele’s tights drying before the fireplace in the kitchen, or the book she’d left on the seat of an overstuffed chair?

“You weren’t lonely by yourself?” he asked.

“Should I have been, without you here?”

He smiled. “No.”

“Sometimes I was, a little, in the evenings. But just when I’d tell myself that I should enjoy my free time and read, Mr. Harding would knock on the door. I’d ask him to make a fire, please; then he’d take out the bottle of whiskey, and he’d tell me all about sheep. He told me that one spring the wind was so high the lambs were blown away from the ewes. That’s a story I’m not entirely sure I believe.”

She was at the sink, filling the kettle.

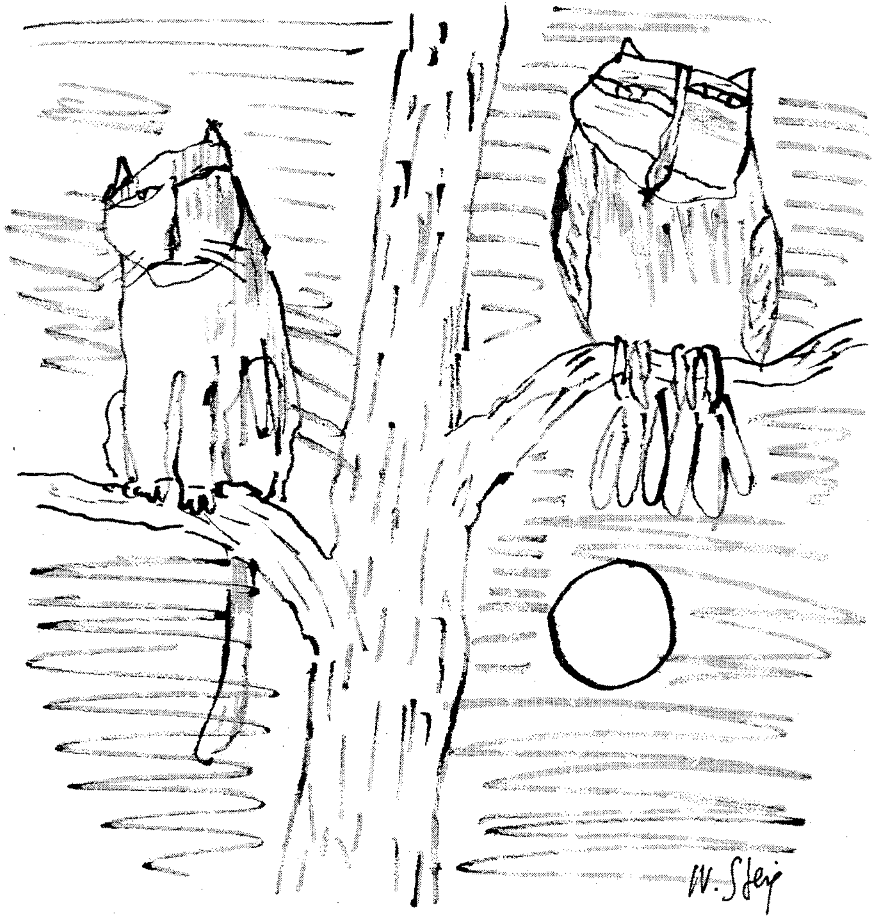
Joseph took off his overcoat, threw it on the sofa, and picked up the book from the cushion of the overstuffed chair so he could sit. He stretched out his legs and let his head loll.

“You do want tea?” Adele asked.

“Oh, yes, please.” He wasn’t looking at her. “Tell me more about your week alone in the country.”

He felt she was still alone and enjoying being alone, because he hadn’t quite yet become a part of her life here, not as he was a part of her life in their small flat in London or in the publishing house where they worked. Alone, she’d made the garden and the house hers, and, now that he was there, maybe that special excitement he felt come off her as she talked about Mr. Harding’s offer of a lamb would fade, and, though he didn’t know how, it was his presence in the house which would make it fade.

She put the tray of tea things on the low table before the sofa. Then she picked up his overcoat and went out into the passage to hang it there. When she came back, he said,



Owl and Pussycat

• •

"Thank you for doing that for me."

She poured out the tea and gave him a mug.

"Would you like a lamb?" he asked.

Laughing, she said, "Me?"

"Yes."

"I suspect Mr. Harding was joking."

"Would you really like to live here all the time?"

She frowned a little over her steaming cup. "Yes, of course I would."

"You should do it."

She frowned more.

"Honestly," he said. "I'm being entirely honest."

"That I should live here?"

"I'd continue to work. I could make enough money for us both."

"I'd stay here while you stayed in London?"

"I'd come for weekends."

"Are you joking?"

"You could make the house exactly as you'd like it, with all your things. And if we ever have a baby, he'd live here with you."

"Would that please you?"

"If you lived here with a baby, I'd put in the deepest, widest bath, and you'd fill it with hot water for the two of you."

"I don't mind not having a bath."

He said, looking about, "It is lovely here." His voice was low.

"You're sleepy?" she asked.

"No."

"You are a little."

"Just a little."

She said, "Speaking of baths—" She bit her lower lip. "It's terrible to admit, but I haven't bathed in a week."

"We really should have a bathroom."

"Honestly, I don't mind. I could have done it by splashing myself with saucepans of water, but I think it's rather fun, our method of bathing, so I waited for you to help."

"Of course I'll help."

"Before it's too dark."

He stood. "Shall I put the biggest pot on the cooker?"

"The biggest pot and the kettle," she said. "I must wash my hair as well."

He was tired, and wanted only to sit and drink his tea and talk, but he would help her. While he filled the pot and kettle with water and put them on the cooker, she went into the bedroom. She came back wearing her dressing gown, and barefoot; her hair was sti coiled.

A towel was spread on a chair ju by the back door. When the water i the big pot was warm, Adele opene the back door, flung off her dressin gown, and, carrying a bar of soap an a washcloth, stepped naked out amon the trees behind the house, followe quickly by Joseph with the pot and saucepan, and while Adele washe with frantic movements her unde arms, her breasts, her thighs and between her legs, Joseph poured saucepan after saucepan of warm, sluicin water over her. In the chill air, he wet, beautiful body steamed among th trees. Then she ran into the hous grabbed the warm towel, and wrappe herself in it. Joseph helped to dry he by rubbing the towel against her bac and shoulders as she used the corne to dry her breasts and thighs. Whe she threw the towel from her, her bod shone. She put on the dressing gow

Undone, her hair hung to he shoulders. She leaned over the kitche sink for Joseph to pour water over he head from the kettle, then pour on th shampoo, which she, using the tips o her fingers, raised into a lather. Th window above the sink misted. As h poured over the rinsing water, i seemed to him to become her hai dark and flowing about the contours o her skull, which he imagined he coul see, white where the hair separated a the spot where he poured. The imag of her hair as fluid draining away an leaving her white skull did not repe him but made him want to get close to her, as with the kind of love arouse by nothing more than the apprehension of someone else's mortality. Bu there was something more: the sens that he had somehow caused her mortality, that if it weren't for her love fo him she would never die. Helping he wash her hair made him impatient and he realized he didn't really lik doing for others what he thought the should do for themselves. But helpin her was a gesture of patient appreciation for what she had done for him She could have chosen, could choose to love other men, or no men, and i was perhaps in the possibility of tha freedom that he imagined she could b immortal. She had given that up fo him. As he poured the tepid wate onto her head, the hair streame smoothly about her moving fingers over her forehead and cheeks, an down into the sink, where the long ends flowed along the enamel bottom

—DAVID PLANT

WHOEVER WAS USING THIS BED

THE call comes in the middle of the night, three in the morning, and it nearly scares us to death.

"Answer it, answer it!" my wife cries. "My God, who is it? Answer it!"

I can't find the light, but I get to the other room, where the phone is, and pick it up after the fourth ring.

"Is Bud there?" this woman says, very drunk.

"Jesus, you have the wrong number," I say, and hang up.

I turn the light on, and go into the bathroom, and that's when I hear the phone start again.

"Answer that!" my wife screams from the bedroom. "What in God's name do they want, Jack? I can't take any more."

I hurry out of the bathroom and pick up the phone.

"Bud?" the woman says. "What are you doing, Bud?"

I say, "Look here. You have a wrong number. Don't ever call this number again."

"I have to talk to Bud," she says.

I hang up, wait until it rings again, and then I take the receiver and lay it on the table beside the phone. But I hear the woman's voice say, "Bud, talk to me, please." I leave the receiver on its side on the table, turn off the light, and close the door to the room.

In the bedroom I find the lamp on and my wife, Iris, sitting against the headboard with her knees drawn up under the covers. She has a pillow behind her back, and she's more on my side than her own side. The covers are up around her shoulders. The blankets and the sheet have been pulled out from the foot of the bed. If we want to go back to sleep—I want to go back to sleep, anyway—we may have to start from scratch and do this bed over again.

"What the hell was that all about?" Iris says. "We should have unplugged the phone. I guess we forgot. Try forgetting one night to unplug the phone and see what happens. I don't believe it."

After Iris and I started living together, my former wife, or else one of my kids, used to call up when we were asleep and want to harangue us. They kept doing it even after Iris and I were married. So we started unplugging our phone before we went to bed. We unplugged the phone every night of the year, just about. It was a habit. This time I slipped up, that's all.

"Some woman wanting *Bud*," I say. I'm standing there in my pajamas, wanting to get into bed, but I can't. "She was drunk. Move over, honey. I took the phone off the hook."

"She can't call again?"

"No," I say. "Why don't you move over a little and give me some of those covers?"

She takes her pillow and puts it on the far side of the bed, against the headboard, scoots over, and then she leans back once more. She doesn't look sleepy. She looks fully awake. I get into bed and take some covers. But the covers don't feel right. I don't have any sheet; all I have is blanket. I look down and see my feet sticking out. I turn onto my side, facing her, and bring my legs up so that my feet are under the blanket. We should make up the bed again. I ought to suggest that. But I'm thinking, too, that if we kill the light now, this minute, we might be able to go right back to sleep.

"How about you turning off your light, honey?" I say, as nice as I can.

"Let's have a cigarette first," she says. "Then we'll go to sleep. Get us the cigarettes and the ashtray, why don't you? We'll have a cigarette."

"Let's go to sleep," I say. "Look at what time it is." The clock radio is right there beside the bed. Anyone can see it says three-thirty.

"Come on," Iris says. "I need a cigarette after all that."

I get out of bed for the cigarettes and ashtray. I have to go into the room where the phone is, but I don't touch the phone. I don't even want to look at the phone, but I do, of course. The receiver is still on its side on the table.

I crawl back in bed and put the ashtray on the quilt between us. I light a cigarette, give it to her, and then light one for myself.

She tries to remember the dream she was having when the phone rang. "I can just about remember it, but I can't remember exactly. Something about, about—no, I don't know what it was about now. I can't be sure. I can't remember it," she says finally. "God damn that woman and her phone call. '*Bud*,' " she says. "I'd like to punch her." She puts out her cigarette and immediately lights another, blows smoke, and lets her eyes take in the chest of drawers and the window curtains. Her hair is undone and around her shoulders. She uses the ashtray and then stares over the foot of the bed, trying to remember.

But, really, I don't care what she's dreamed. I want to go back to sleep is all. I finish my cigarette and put it out and wait for her to finish. I lie still and don't say anything.

Iris is like my former wife in that when she sleeps she sometimes has violent dreams. She thrashes around in bed during the night and wakes in the morning drenched with sweat, the nightgown sticking to her body. And, like my former wife, she wants to tell me her dreams in great detail and speculate as to what this stands for or that portends. My former wife used to kick the covers off in the night and cry out in her sleep, as if someone were laying hands on her. Once, in a particularly violent dream, she hit me on the ear with her fist. I was in a dreamless sleep, but I struck out in the dark and hit her on the forehead. Then we began yelling. We both yelled and yelled. We'd hurt each other, but we were mainly scared. We had no idea what had happened until I turned the lamp on; then we sorted it out. Afterward, we joked about it—fistfighting in our sleep. But then so much else began to happen that was far more serious we tended to forget about that night. We never mentioned it again, even when we teased each other.

Once I woke up in the night to hear Iris grinding her teeth in her sleep. It was such a peculiar thing to have going on right next to my ear that it woke me up. I gave her a little shake, and she stopped. The next morning she told me she'd had a very bad dream, but that's all she'd tell me about it. I didn't press her for details. I guess I really didn't want to know what could have been so bad that she didn't want to say. When I told her she'd been grinding her teeth in her sleep, she frowned and said she was going to have to do something about that. The next night she brought home something called a Niteguard—something she was supposed to wear in her mouth while she slept. She had to do something, she said. She couldn't afford to keep grinding her teeth; pretty soon she wouldn't have any. So she wore this protective device in her mouth for a week or so, and then she stopped wearing it. She said it was uncomfortable and, anyway, it was not very cosmetic. Who'd want to kiss a woman wearing a thing like that in her mouth, she said. She had something there, of course.

Another time I woke up because she was stroking my face and calling me Carl. I took her hand and squeezed her fingers. "What is it?" I said. "What is it, sweetheart?" But instead of answering she simply squeezed back, sighed, and then lay still again. The next morning, when I asked her what she'd dreamed the night before, she claimed not to have had any dreams.

"So who's Carl?" I said. "Who is this Carl you were talking about in your sleep?" She blushed and said she didn't know anybody named Carl and never had.

The lamp is still on and, because I don't know what else to think about, I think about that phone being off the hook. I ought to hang it up and unplug the cord. Then we have to think about sleep.

"I'll go take care of that phone," I say. "Then let's go to sleep."

Iris uses the ashtray and says, "Make sure it's unplugged this time."

I get up again and go to the other room, open the door, and turn on the light. The receiver is still on its side on the table. I bring it to my ear, expecting to hear the dial tone. But I don't hear anything, not even the tone.

On an impulse, I say something. "Hello," I say.

"Oh, Bud, it's you," the woman says.

I HANG up the phone and bend over and unplug it from the wall before it can ring again. This is a new one on me. This deal is a mystery, this woman and her Bud person. I don't know how to tell Iris about this new development, because it'll just lead to more discussion and further speculation. I decide not to say anything for now. Maybe I'll say something over breakfast.

Back in the bedroom I see she is smoking another cigarette. I see, too, that it's nearly four in the morning. I'm starting to worry. When it's four o'clock it'll soon be five o'clock, and then it will be six, then six-thirty, then time to get up for work. I lie back down, close my eyes, and decide I'll count to sixty, slowly, before I say anything else about the light.

"I'm starting to remember," Iris says. "It's coming back to me. You want to hear it, Jack?"

I stop counting, open my eyes, sit up. The bedroom is filled with smoke. I light one up, too. Why not? The hell with it.

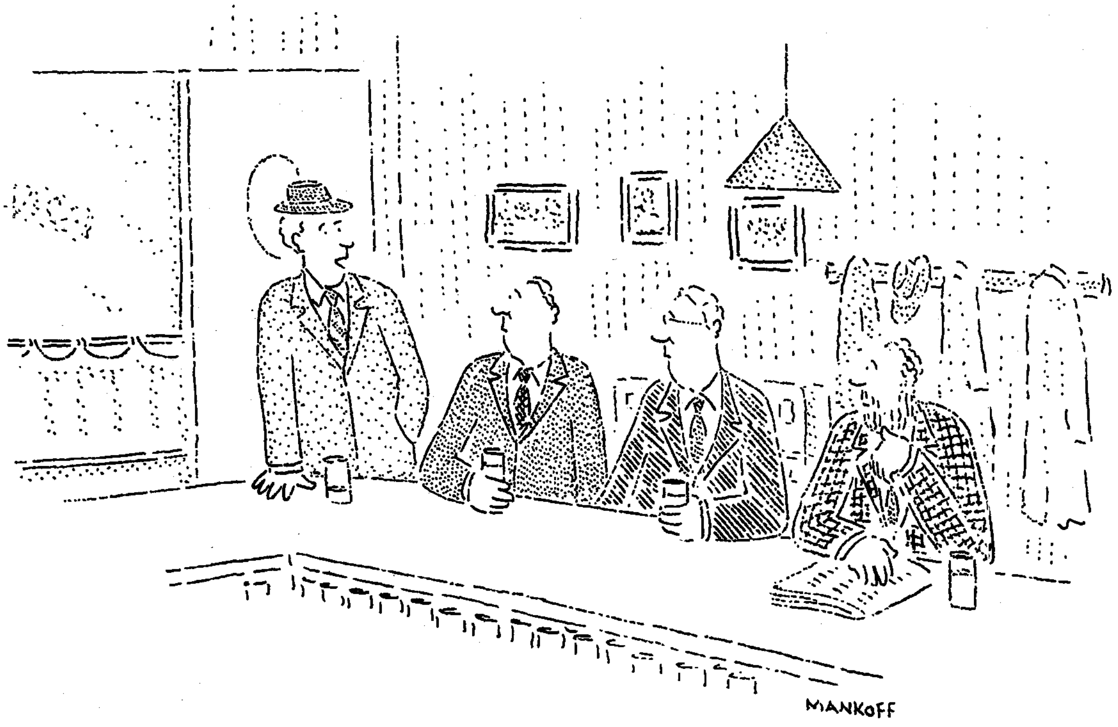
She says, "There was a party going on in my dream."

"Where was I when this was going on?" Usually, for whatever reason, I don't figure in her dreams. It irritates me a little, but I don't let on. My feet are uncovered again. I pull them under the covers, raise myself up on my elbow, and use the ashtray. "Is this another dream that I'm not in? It's O.K., if that's the case." I pull on the cigarette, hold the smoke, let it out.

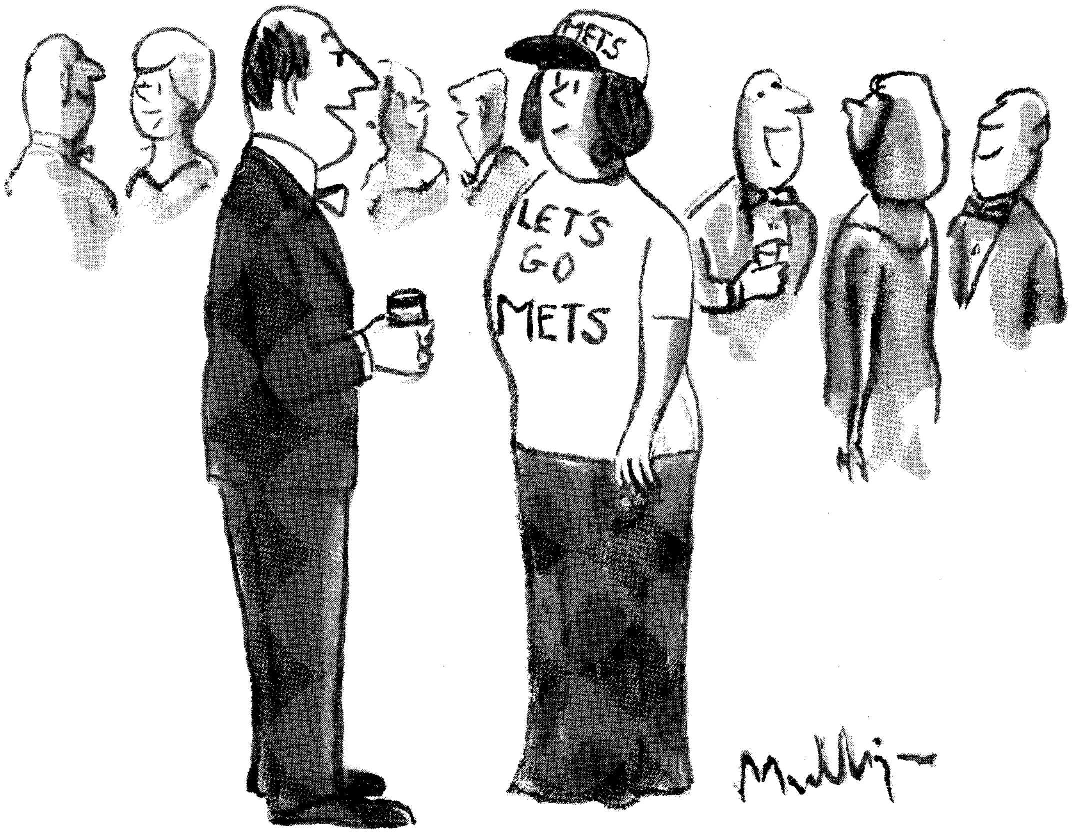
"Honey, you weren't in the dream," Iris says. "I'm sorry, but you weren't. You weren't anywhere around. I *missed* you, though. I did miss you, I'm sure of it. It was like I knew you were somewhere nearby, but you weren't there where I needed you. You know how I get into those anxiety states sometimes? If we go someplace together where there's a group of people and we get separated and I can't find you? It was a little like that. You were there, I think, but I couldn't find you."

"Go ahead and tell me about the dream," I say.

She rearranges the covers around her waist and legs and reaches for a cigarette. I hold the lighter for her. Then she goes on to describe this party where all that was being served was beer. "I don't even like beer," she says. But she drank a large quantity anyway, and just when she went to leave—to go home, she says—this little dog took hold of the hem of her dress and made her stay.



"Gotta go, guys. I've had about all the male bonding I can take for today."



"How long have you been a Mets fan?"

She laughs, and I laugh ight along with her, even hough, when I look at he clock, I see the hands re close to saying four-hirty.

There was some kind of nusic being played in her ream—a piano, maybe, or lse it was an accordion, vho knows? Dreams are hat way sometimes, she ays. Anyway, she vaguely emembers her former husand putting in an appearnce. He might have been he one serving the beer. 'eople were drinking beer rom a keg, using plasic cups. She thought she night even have danced vith him.

"Why are you telling ne this?"

She says, "It was a lream, honey."

"I don't think I like it, nowing you're supposed to e here beside me all night ut instead you're dreamng about strange dogs, arties, and ex-husbands. I lon't like you dancing vith him. What the hell is this? What f I told you I dreamed I danced the iight away with Carol? Would you ike it?"

"It's just a dream, right?" she says. 'Don't get weird on me. I won't say ny more. I see I can't. I can see it sn't a good idea." She brings her ingers to her lips slowly, the way she loes sometimes when she's thinking. Her face shows how hard she's conentrating; little lines appear on her orehead. "I'm sorry that you weren't n the dream. But if I told you othervise I'd be lying to you, right?"

I nod. I touch her arm to show her t's O.K., I don't really mind. And I lon't, I guess. "What happened then, ioney? Finish telling the dream," I ay. "And maybe we can go to sleep hen." I guess I wanted to know the iext thing. The last I'd heard, she'd een dancing with Jerry. If there was nore, I needed to hear it.

She plumps up the pillow behind her ack and says, "That's all I can renember. I can't remember any more ibout it. That was when the goddam phone rang."

"Bud," I say. I can see smoke drifting in the light under the lamp, and smoke hangs in the air in the room. "Maybe we should open a window," I say.

"That's a good idea," she says. "Let some of this smoke out. It can't be any good for us."

"Hell no, it isn't," I say.

I get up again and go to the window and raise it a few inches. I can feel the cool air that comes in and from a distance I hear a truck gearing down as it starts up the grade that will take it to the pass and on over into the next state.

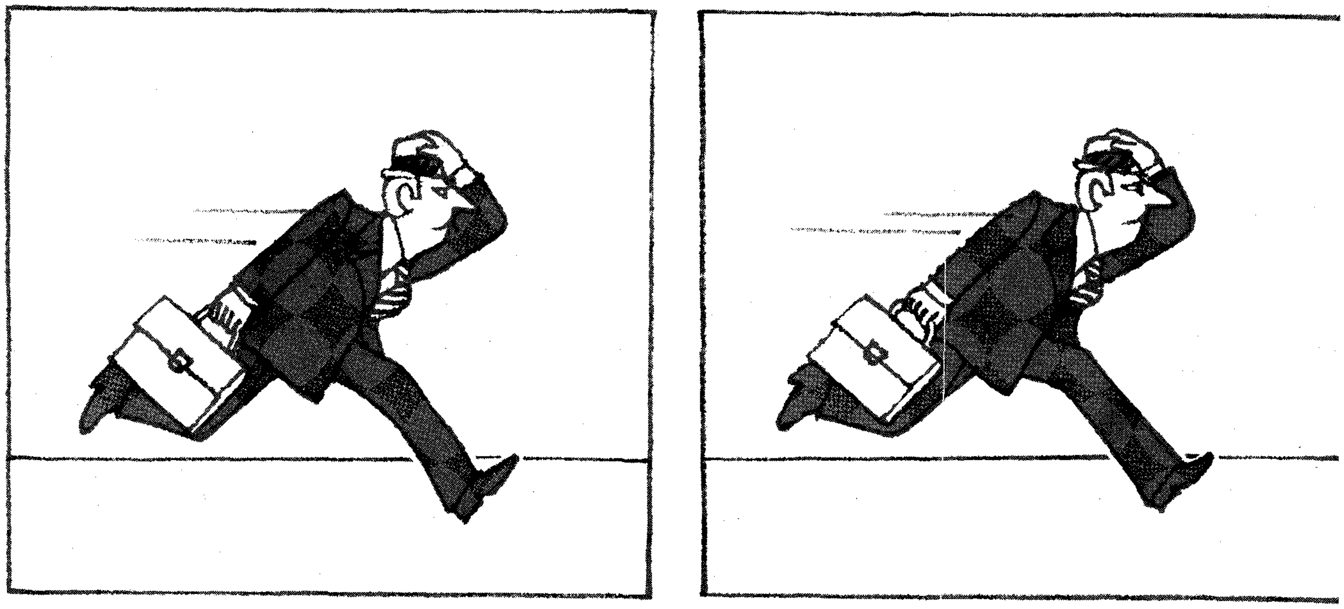
"I guess pretty soon we're going to be the last smokers left in America," she says. "Seriously, we should think about quitting." She says this as she puts her cigarette out and reaches for the pack next to the ashtray.

"It's open season on smokers," I say.

I get back in the bed. The covers are turned every which way, and it's five o'clock in the morning. I don't think we're going to sleep any more tonight. But so what if we don't? Is there a law on the books? Is something bad going to happen to us if we don't?

She takes some of her hair between her fingers. Then she pushes it behind her ear, looks at me, and says, "Lately I've been feeling this vein in my forehead. It *pulses* sometimes. It throbs. Do you know what I'm talking about? I don't know if you've ever had anything like that. I hate to think about it, but probably one of these days I'll have a stroke or something. Isn't that how they happen? A vein in your head bursts? That's probably what'll happen to me, eventually. My mother, my grandmother, and one of my aunts died of stroke. There's a history of stroke in my family. It can run in the family, you know. It's hereditary, just like heart disease, or being too fat, or whatever. Anyway," she says, "something's going to happen to me someday, right? So maybe that's what it'll be—a stroke. Maybe that's how I'll go. That's what it feels like it could be the beginning of. First it pulses a little, like it wants my attention, and then it starts to throb. Throb, throb, throb. It scares me silly," she says. "I want us to give up these goddam cigarettes before it's too late." She looks at what's left of her cigarette, mashes it into the ashtray, and tries to fan the smoke away.

I'm on my back, studying the ceil-



ing, thinking that this is the kind of talk that could only take place at five in the morning. I feel I ought to say something. "I get winded easy," I say. "I found myself out of breath when I ran in there to answer the phone."

"That could have been because of anxiety," Iris says. "Who needs it, anyway! The *idea* of somebody calling at this hour! I could tear that woman limb from limb."

I pull myself up in the bed and lean back against the headboard. I put the pillow behind my back and try to get comfortable, same as Iris. "I'll tell you something I haven't told you," I say. "Once in a while my heart palpitates. It's like it goes crazy." She's watching me closely, listening for whatever it is I'm going to say next. "Sometimes it feels like it's going to jump out of my chest. I don't know what the hell causes it."

"Why didn't you tell me?" she says. She takes my hand and holds it. She squeezes my hand. "You never said anything, honey. Listen, I don't know what I'd *do* if something ever happened to you. I'd fold up. How often does it happen? That's scary, you know." She's still holding my hand. But her fingers slide to my wrist, where my pulse is. She goes on holding my wrist like this.

"I never told you because I didn't want to scare you," I say. "But it happens sometimes. It happened as recently as a week ago. I don't have to be doing anything in particular when it happens, either. I can be sitting in a chair with the paper. Or else driving the car, or pushing a grocery basket. It doesn't matter if I'm exerting myself or not. It just starts—boom, boom, boom. Like that. I'm surprised people can't hear it. It's that loud, I think. *I* can hear it, anyway, and I don't mind telling you it scares me," I say. "So if emphysema doesn't get me, or lung cancer, or maybe a stroke like what you're talking about, then it's going to be a heart attack probably."

I reach for the cigarettes. I give her one. We're through with sleep for the night. Did we sleep? For a minute, I can't remember.

"Who knows what we'll die of?" Iris says. "It could be anything. If we live long enough, maybe it'll be kidney failure, or something like that. A friend of mine at work, her father just died of kidney failure. That's what can happen to you sometimes if you're lucky enough to get really old. When your kidneys fail, the body starts filling up with uric acid then. You finally turn a whole different color before you die."

"Great. That sounds wonderful," I say. "Maybe we should get off this subject. How'd we get onto this stuff, anyway?"

She doesn't answer. She leans forward, away from her pillow, arms clasping her legs. She closes her eyes and lays her head on her knees. Then she begins to rock back and forth, slowly. It's as if she were listening to music. But there isn't any music. None that I can hear, anyway.

"You know what I'd like?" she says. She stops moving, opens her eyes, and tilts her head at me. Then she grins, so I'll know she's all right.

"What would you like, honey?" I've got my leg hooked over her leg, at the ankle.

She says, "I'd like some coffee that's what. I could go for a nice strong cup of black coffee. We're awake, aren't we? Who's going back to sleep? Let's have some coffee."

"We drink too much coffee," I say. "All that coffee isn't good for us, either. I'm not saying we shouldn't have any, I'm just saying we drink too much of it. It's just an observation," I add. "Actually, I could drink some coffee myself."

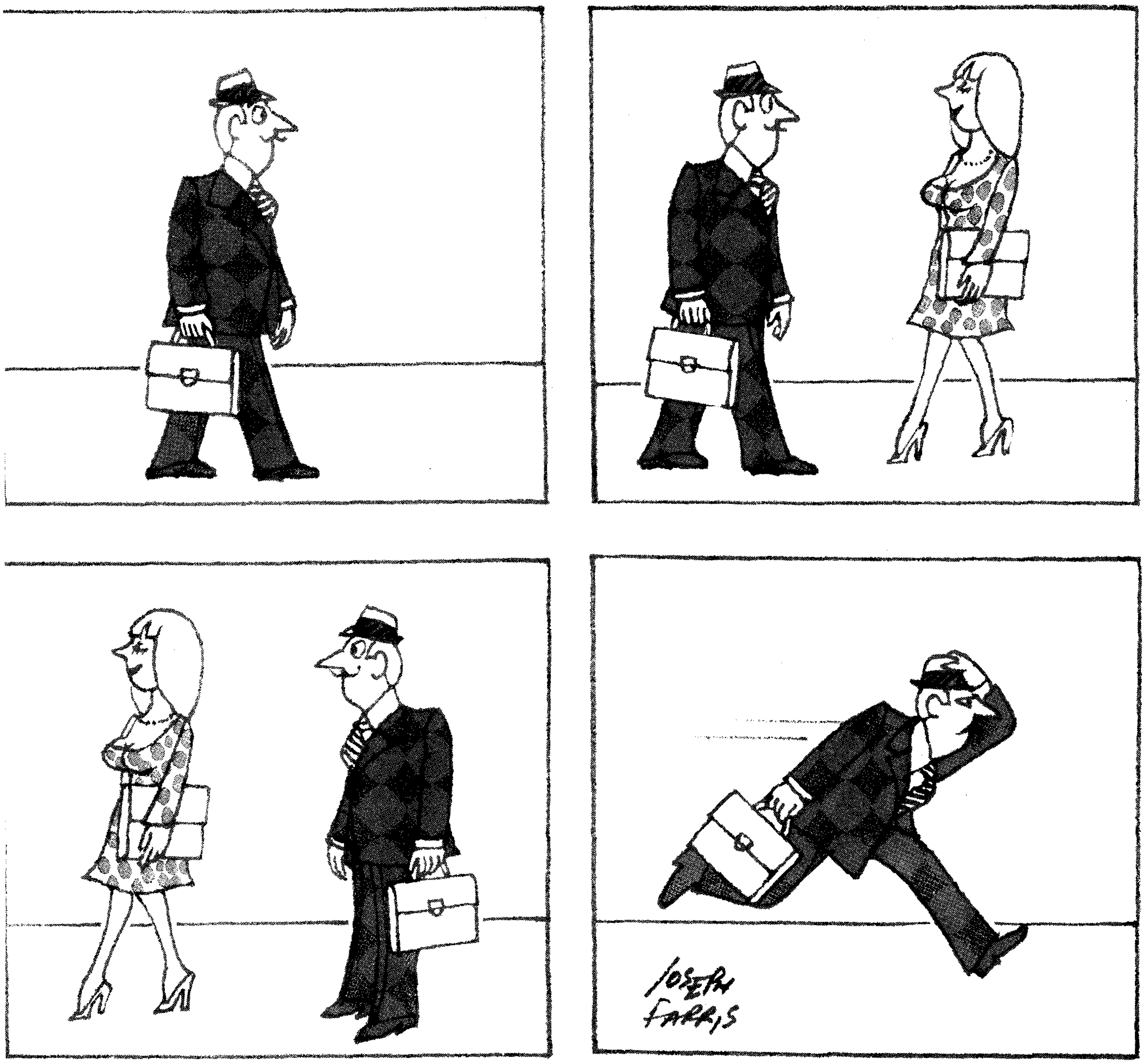
"Good," she says.

But neither of us makes a move.

SHE shakes out her hair and then lights another cigarette. Smoke drifts slowly in the room. Some of it drifts toward the open window. A little rain begins to fall on the patio outside the window. The alarm comes on, and I reach over and shut it off. Then I take the pillow and put it under my head again. I lie back and stare at the ceiling some more. "What happened to that bright idea we had about a girl who could bring us our coffee in bed?" I say.

"I wish *somebody* would bring us coffee," she says. "A girl or a boy, one or the other. I could really go for some coffee right now."

She moves the ashtray to the nightstand, and I think she's going to get up. Somebody has to get up and start the coffee and put a can of frozen juice in the blender. One of us has to make a move. But what she does instead is slide down in the bed until she's sitting somewhere in the middle. The covers are all over the place. She picks at something on the quilt, and then rubs her palm across whatever it is before she looks up. "Did you see in the paper



• •

where that guy took a shotgun into an intensive-care unit and made the nurses take his father off the life-support machine? Did you read about that?" Iris says.

"I saw something about it on the news," I say. "But mostly they were talking about this nurse who unplugged six or eight people from their machines. At this point they don't know exactly how many she unplugged. She started off by unplugging her mother, and then she went on from there. It was like a spree, I guess. She said she thought she was doing everybody a favor. She said she hoped somebody'd do it for *her*, if they cared about her."

Iris decides to move on down to the foot of the bed. She positions herself so that she is facing me. Her legs are still under the covers. She puts her legs between my legs and says, "What about that quadriplegic woman on the news who says she wants to die, wants to starve herself to death? Now she's suing her doctor and the hospital because they insist on force-feeding her to keep her alive. Can you believe it? It's insane. They strap her down three times a day so they can run this tube into her throat. They feed her breakfast, lunch, and dinner that way. And they keep her plugged into this machine, too, because her lungs don't want to work on their own. It said in the paper that she's *begging* them to unplug her, or else to just let her starve to death. She's having to plead with them to let her die, but they won't listen. She said she started out wanting to die with some dignity. Now she's just mad and looking to sue everybody. Isn't that amazing? Isn't that one for the books?" she says. "I have these headaches sometimes," she says. "Maybe it has something to do with the vein. Maybe not. Maybe they're not related. But I don't tell you when my head hurts, because I don't want to worry you."

"What are you talking about?" I say. "Look at me. Iris? I have a right to know. I'm your husband, in case you've forgotten. If something's wrong with you, I should know about it."

"But what could you *do*? You'd just worry." She bumps my leg with her leg, then bumps it again. "Right? You'd tell me to take some aspirin. I know you."

I look toward the window, where

it's beginning to get light. I can feel a damp breeze from the window. It's stopped raining now, but it's one of those mornings where it could begin to pour. I look at her again. "To tell you the truth, Iris, I get sharp pains in my side from time to time." But the moment I say the words I'm sorry. She'll be concerned, and want to talk about it. We ought to be thinking of showers; we should be sitting down to breakfast.

"Which side?" she says.

"Right side."

"It could be your appendix," she says. "Something fairly simple like that."

I shrug. "Who knows? I don't know. All I know is it happens. Every so often, for just a minute or two, I feel something sharp down there. Very sharp. At first I thought it might be a pulled muscle. Which side's your gallbladder on, by the way? Is it the left or right side? Maybe it's my gallbladder. Or else maybe a gall*stone*, whatever the hell that is."

"It's not really a stone," she says. "A gallstone is like a little granule, or something like that. It's about as big as the tip of a pencil. No, wait, that might be a *kidney* stone I'm talking about. I guess I don't know anything about it." She shakes her head.

"What's the difference between kidney stone and gallstone?" I say. "Christ, we don't even know which side of the body they're on. You don't know, and I don't know. That's how much we know together. A total of nothing. But I read somewhere that you can pass a kidney stone, if that's what this is, and usually it won't kill you. Painful, yes. I don't know what they say about a gallstone."

"I like that 'usually,' " she says.

"I know," I say. "Listen, we'd better get up. It's getting really late. It's seven o'clock."

"I know," she says. "O.K." But she continues to sit there. Then she says, "My grandma had arthritis so bad toward the end she couldn't get around by herself, or even move her fingers. She had to sit in a chair and wear these mittens all day. Finally, she couldn't even hold a cup of cocoa. That's how bad her arthritis was. Then she had her stroke. And my *grandpa*," she says. "He went into a nursing home not long after Grandma died. It was either that or else somebody had to come in and be with him around the clock, and nobody could do that. Nobody had the money for twenty-four-hour-a-day care, either. So he goes into the nursing home. But he began to deteriorate fast in there. One time, after he'd been in that place for a while, my mom went to visit him and then she came home and said something. I'll never forget what she said." She looks at me as if I'm never going to forget it, either. And I'm not. "She said, 'My dad doesn't recognize me anymore. He doesn't even know who I am. My dad has become a vegetable.' That was my mom who said that."

She leans over and covers her face with her hands and begins to cry. I move down there to the foot of the bed and sit beside her. I take her hand and hold it in my lap. I put my arm around her. We're sitting together looking at the headboard and at the nightstand. The clock's there, too, and beside the clock a few magazines and a paper-

• •

UNWILLING SUSPENSION

The cab should take off at this point
climbing straight over the river like a gull.
You can get so far but no nearer.
The island may be mirage or projection:
its towers remain on the horizon,
the work of an ambitious child with scissors.
The bridges haven't been built or they are
pitifully few. The roadway moans.

This is not The Good Place
and it assuredly is. In the evening
the sun makes it a glory,
and deep in fissures, under fire escapes,
are people who go hungry,
and they seem to complain so little
they might be saints who had chosen
this way. Why have you come here?
It will not bring comfort—
if you want that, look somewhere else,
in the pages of an album or the far reaches of a park.

With oaths and hand gestures
the route changes; we shift north,
passing between subsiding warehouses,
under obscure constructions of rusted girders,
discovering isolated houses with floral balconies,
carved doorframes. For some time we watch
elevators rising and falling in a distant building.

There needs to be a new religion of the city,
a Bible only of long-lined psalms
for long-lined buildings and their lights.

People sleep on the vents.
At night, fireflies buzz the towers.
But we aren't getting any nearer,
and how can I tell you how it feels
to spend an hour advancing by inches toward
something resembling a faded theatrical curtain?

How can I tell you? The legends accumulate
like wealth or grain at the edge of a famine.
You will never be bored and you will never
conclude your investigations since the crime
has no culprit, or too many to fill the old courthouse.

The cab stalls on the far bank, its headlights ablaze.
I couldn't photograph any of this for you.
I couldn't show its reflection in a windshield.
I could tell you about the rain—it is not raining.

—John Ash

$300,000,000,000, INC.
CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS
D. Fradon

ack. We're sitting on the part of the ed where we keep our feet when we leep. It looks like whoever was using iis bed left in a hurry. I know I won't ver look at this bed again without emembering it like this. We're into omething now, but I don't know hat, exactly.

“I don't want anything like that to ver happen to me,” she says. “Or to ou, either.” She wipes her face with a orner of the blanket and takes a deep reath, which comes out as a sob. “I'm orry. I just can't help it,” she says.

“It won't happen to us. It won't,” I ay. “Don't worry about any of it,).K.? We're fine, Iris, and we're go-ng to stay fine. In any case, that ime's a long time off. Hey, I love you. Ve love each other, don't we? That's he important thing. That's what ounts. Don't worry, honey.”

“I want you to promise me some-hing,” she says. She takes her hand ack. She moves my arm away from ier shoulder. “I want you to promise ne you'll pull the plug on me, if and vhen it's ever necessary. If it ever omes to that, I mean. Do you hear vhat I'm saying? I'm serious about his, Jack. I want you to pull the plug n me if you ever have to. Will you romise?”

I don't say anything right away. What am I supposed to say? They haven't written the book on this one yet. I need a minute to think. I know it won't cost me anything to tell her I'll do whatever she wants. It's just words, right? Words are easy. But there's more to it than this; she wants an honest response from me. And I don't know what I feel about it yet. I shouldn't be hasty. I can't say something without thinking about what I'm saying, about consequences, about what she's going to feel when I say it—whatever it is I say.

I'm still thinking about it when she says, “What about you?”

“What about me what?”

“Do you want to be unplugged if it comes to that? God forbid it ever does, of course,” she says. “But I should have some kind of idea, you know—some word from *you* now—about what you want me to do if worst comes to worst.” She's looking at me closely, waiting for me to say. She wants something she can file away to use later, if and when she ever has to. Sure. O.K. Easy enough for me to say, *Unplug me, honey, if you think it's for the best.* But I need to consider this a little more. I haven't even said yet what I will or won't do for *her*. Now I have to think about me and *my* situation. I don't feel I should jump into this. This is nuts. *We're* nuts. But I realize that whatever I say now might come back to me sometime. It's important. This is a life-and-death thing we're talking about here.

She hasn't moved. She's still waiting for her answer. And I can see we're not going anywhere this morning until she has an answer. I think about it some more, and then I say what I mean. “No. Don't unplug me. I don't want to be unplugged. Leave me hooked up just as long as possible. Who's going to object? Are you going to object? Will I be offending anybody? As long as people can stand the sight of me, just so long as they don't start howling, don't unplug anything. Let me keep going, O.K.? Right to the bitter end. Invite my friends in to say goodbye. Don't do anything rash.”

“Be serious,” she says. “This is a very serious matter we're discussing.”

“I am serious. Don't unplug me. It's as simple as that.”

She nods. “O.K., then. I promise you I won't.” She hugs me. She holds me tight for a minute. Then she lets me go. She looks at the clock radio and says, “Jesus, we better get moving.”

SO we get out of bed and start getting dressed. In some ways it's just like any other morning, except we do things faster. We drink coffee and juice and we eat English muffins. We remark on the weather, which is overcast and blustery. We don't talk anymore about plugs, or about sickness and hospitals and stuff like that. I kiss her and leave her on the front porch with her umbrella open, waiting for her ride to work. Then I hurry to my car and get in. In a minute, after I've run the motor, I wave and drive off.

But during the day, at work, I think about some of those things we talked about this morning. I can't help it. For one thing, I'm bone-tired from lack of sleep. I feel vulnerable and prey to any random, gruesome thought. Once, when nobody is around, I put my head on my desk and think I might catch a few minutes' sleep. But when I close my eyes I find myself thinking about it again. In my mind I can see a hospital bed. That's all—just a hospital bed. The bed's in a room, I guess. Then I see an oxygen tent over the bed, and beside the bed some of those screens and some big monitors—the kind they have in movies. I open my eyes and sit up in my chair and light a cigarette. I drink some coffee while I smoke the cigarette. Then I look at the time and get back to work.

At five o'clock, I'm so tired it's all I can do to drive home. It's raining, and I have to be careful driving. Very careful. There's been an accident, too. Someone has rear-ended someone else at a traffic light, but I don't think anyone has been hurt. The cars are still out in the road, and people are standing around in the rain, talking. Still, traffic moves slowly; the police have set out flares.

When I see my wife, I say, "God, what a day. I'm whipped. How are you doing?" We kiss each other. I take off my coat and hang it up. I take the drink Iris gives me. Then, because it's been on my mind, and because I want to clear the deck, so to speak, I say, "All right, if it's what you want to hear, I'll pull the plug for you. If that's what you want me to do, I'll do it. If it will make you happy, here and now, to hear me say so, I'll say it. I'll do it for you. I'll pull the plug, or have it pulled, if I ever think it's necessary. But what I said about my plug still stands. Now I don't want to have t think about this stuff ever again. don't even want to have to *talk* about again. I think we've said all there is t say on the subject. We've exhauste every angle. *I'm* exhausted."

Iris grins. "O.K.," she says. "A least I know now, anyway. I didn before. Maybe I'm crazy, but I fe better somehow, if you want to know I don't want to think about it any more, either. But I'm glad we talked over. I'll never bring it up again, e ther, and that's a promise."

She takes my drink and puts it o the table, next to the phone. She pu her arms around me and holds me an lets her head rest on my shoulder. Bu here's the thing. What I've just said t her, what I've been thinking about o and on all day, well, I feel as if I'v crossed some kind of invisible lin I feel as if I've come to a place I neve thought I'd have to come to. And don't know how I got here. It's strange place. It's a place where a littl harmless dreaming and then som sleepy, early-morning talk has led m into considerations of death and annihilation.

The phone rings. We let go of eac other, and I reach to answer i "Hello," I say.

"Hello, there," the woman say back.

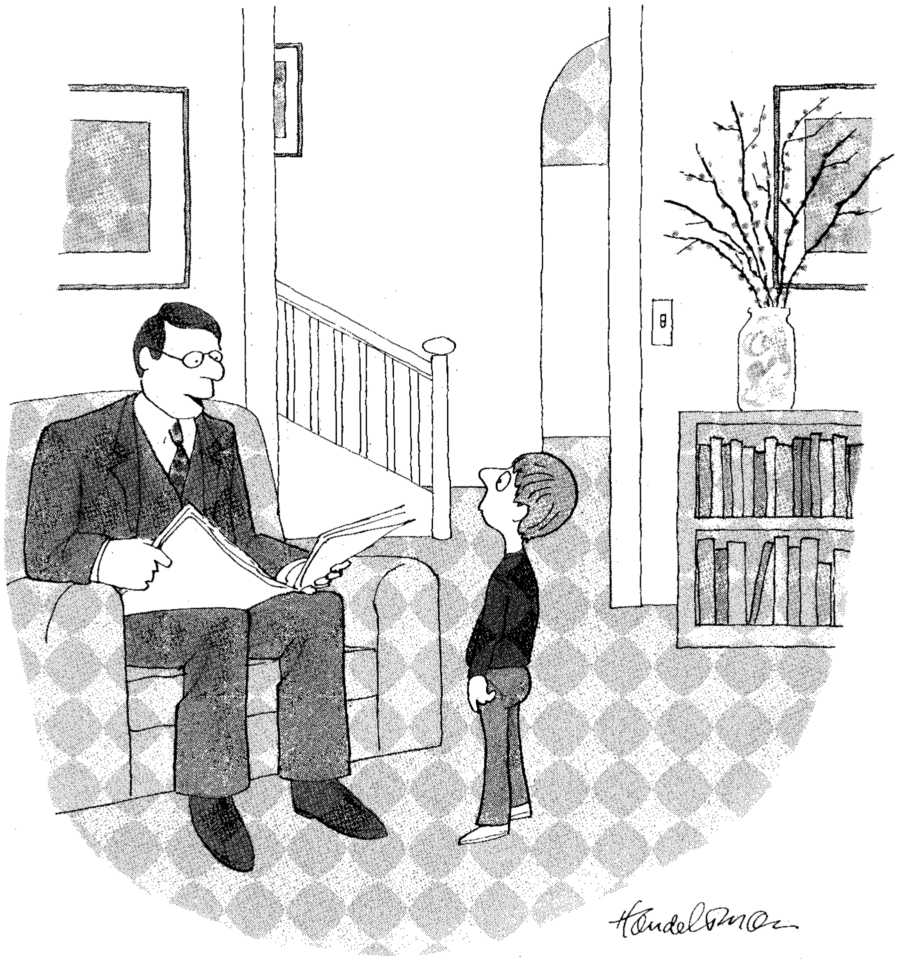
It's the same woman who called th morning, but she isn't drunk now. A least, I don't think she is; she doesn sound drunk. She is speaking quietly reasonably, and she is asking me if can put her in touch with Bud Roberts. She apologizes. She hates to trouble me, she says, but this is an urgen matter. She's sorry for any trouble sh might be giving.

While she talks, I fumble with m cigarettes. I put one in my mouth an use the lighter. Then it's my turn t talk. This is what I say to her: "Bu Roberts doesn't live here. He is not a this number, and I don't expect he eve will be. I will never, never lay eyes o this man you're talking about. Pleas don't ever call here again. Just don't O.K.? Do you hear me? If you're no careful, I'll wring your neck for you."

"The *gall* of that woman," Iri says.

My hands are shaking. I think m voice is doing things. But while I'm trying to tell all this to the woman while I'm trying to make myself understood, my wife moves quickly an bends over, and that's it. The line goe dead, and I can't hear anything.

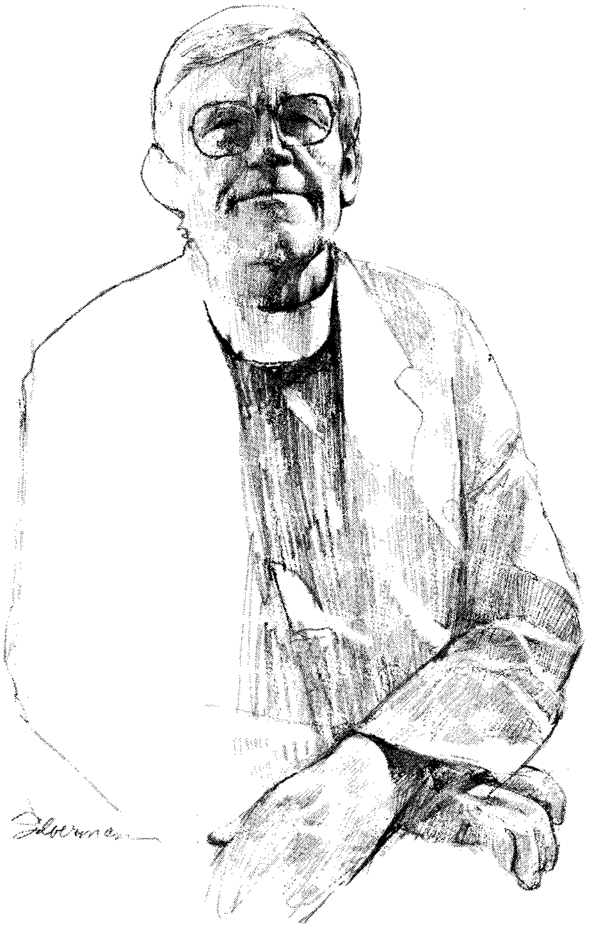
—RAYMOND CARVE



"I'm a social scientist, Michael. That means I can't explain electricity or anything like that, but if you ever want to know about people I'm your man."

PROFILES

STANDING OUT THERE ON THE ISSUES

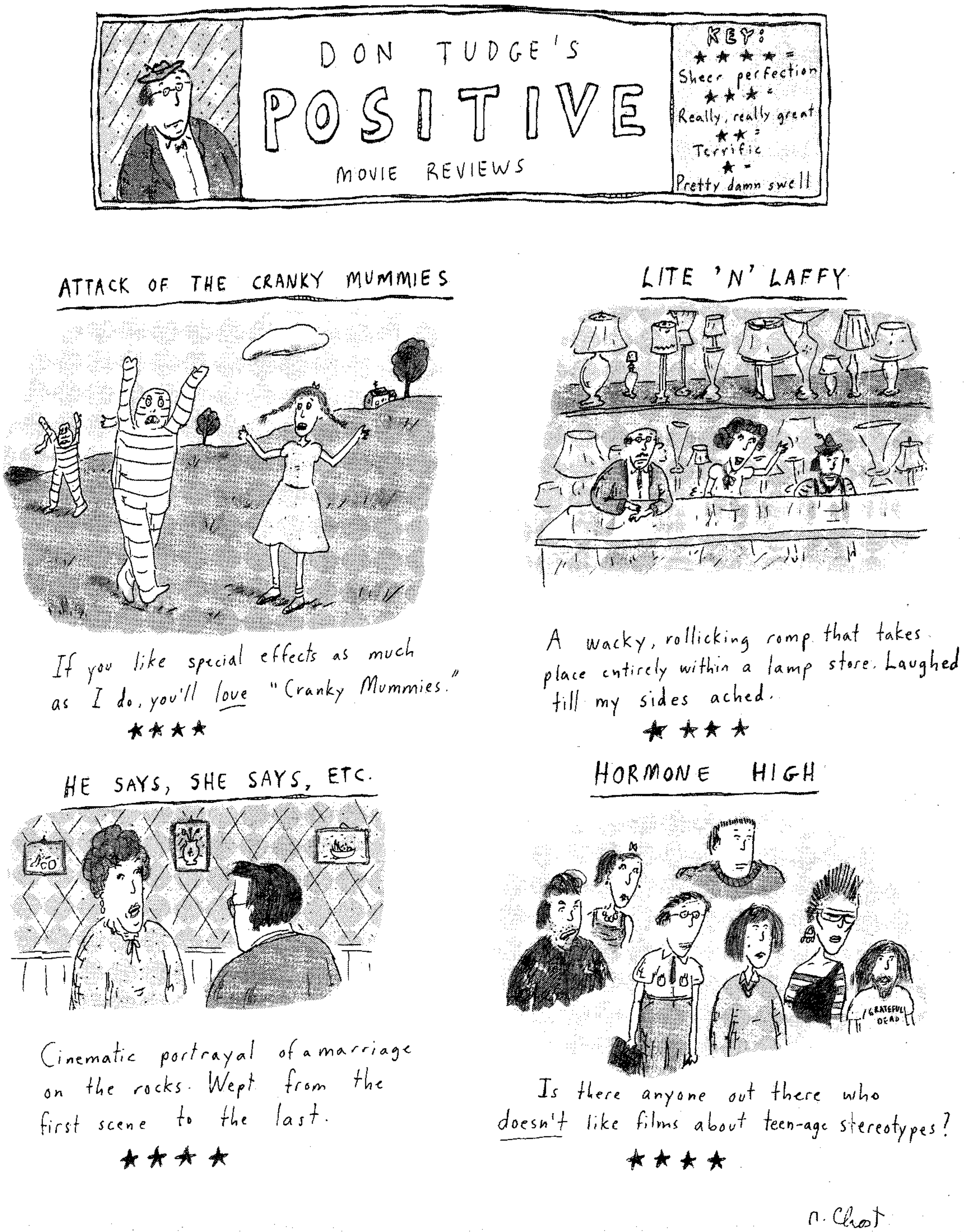


Bishop Paul Moore, Jr.

SOME years ago, I had occasion to attend a conference called by a group of concerned local citizens to discuss the plight of Haitian efugees in New York. The onference, held on the East Side of Manhattan, had started when I arrived; a film on the ubject was being shown, and, n the darkened room, I found a seat in the last row, next to a man in clerical garb. When the film ended and the lights came up, the clergyman leaned over and introduced himself—"My name is Paul Moore"—and volunteered to brief me on what had gone on before I arrived. I was surprised by so cordial, informal, and helpful a welcome from a man of his position, for I quickly recognized his name as that of the Episcopal Bishop of New York—the Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., as he is formally addressed. I was also surprised hat he—the highest-ranking Episcopalian in the Diocese of New York—was attending such a meeting; that he seemed so absorbed by the problem it was called to discuss; and that someone of his conspicuous civic stature was sitting so contentedly at the back of the room while far lesser lights were arranged prominently up front. I noticed, when he got up to say a word on behalf of the refugees, that he was also of uncommon physical stature. At six feet four inches, with graying hair and a craggily patrician middle-aged face, he was easily both the tallest and the most distinguished-looking figure in the room.

He—I gathered much later, when I made his acquaintance again—would have wondered at my surprise. After all, he was just being himself. But I hadn't met a bishop before; and, from the example of the only bishop I'd ever observed, I hadn't thought it possible for someone of Moore's rank to behave so unassumingly. I had grown up on the island of Jamaica when it was still a colony of the British. And in those days the Anglican Bishop of Jamaica was a Cambridge-educated gentleman—William G. Hardie—who kept a cool distance from what he might have called the common life of a predominantly black society. When common folks caught glimpses of the Bishop of Jamaica, it was usually in the island's only daily newspaper, the *Gleaner*—pictures of him chatting with dignitaries of his own standing, or presiding at important civic or religious ceremonies, or at garden parties on gracious suburban lawns, sipping tea with nicely dressed ladies wearing broad-brimmed hats. A meeting on the plight of poor refugees—or the poor of any sort—wasn't something that was likely to find a place on Bishop Hardie's calendar. And if a canon, say, had alerted him to the seriousness of that omission he might have simply designated a mere vicar to attend in his stead. Perhaps only if the Holy Spirit had intervened—to whisper stern orders in the Bishop's ear—would he have gone to such a meeting himself. He would have arrived in his chauffeur-driven Buick (that big automobile was the favored carriage of British officials); he would have been received with the bows and deference due to a person of his office; he would have gone in and blessed the gathering with an opening prayer; and he would have asked to be excused before the urgent proletarian issues were aired. In Manhattan, then, I wasn't at all prepared for an encounter like the one I had with Bishop Moore—a prince of the Church of England in America who turned out for a meeting on the plight of poor black aliens and did so with such a friendly and unpretentious demeanor.

"Scratch an Episcopalian, and you're liable to find most anything," Flannery O'Connor once remarked. Miss O'Connor could hardly have been speaking in praise of Episcopalians. An orthodox, dogmatic, and sharp-tongued Catholic, she must surely have been poking fun at the various forms of Episcopal theology and liturgy—ranging from High Church (largely Catholic in theology and ritual), through Broad Church (moderate in theology and with an eclectic Catholic and non-Catholic ritual), to Low Church (distinctly Protestant and evangelical in theology and style of worship). From her position as a Catholic purist, Miss O'Connor seemed to be asking, What *is* an Episcopalian? The question is answerable, of course, but the answer is too complex, in both historical and theological terms, to be attempted here. In any event, there's a sense—a social sense—in which Miss O'Connor's "You're liable to find most anything" could be cited in defense or commendation of whatever Episcopalians are. It could be used to rebut some of the persistent stereotypes about members of that denomination: that they are an exclusively white Anglo-Saxon Protestant in-group; that they are rich, genteel, and conservative; that they care chiefly about their own; that their church lacks the broad ethnic makeup and the social sympathies that are to be found among, say, the Roman Catholics. Those stereotypes may


DON TUDGE'S
POSITIVE
MOVIE REVIEWS
KEY:
★★★★ = Sheer perfection
★★★ = Really, really great
★★ = Terrific
★ = Pretty damn swell
ATTACK OF THE CRANKY MUMMIES
If you like special effects as much as I do, you'll love "Cranky Mummies."
★★★★
LITE 'N' LAFFY
A wacky, rollicking romp that takes place entirely within a lamp store. Laughed till my sides ached.
★★★★
HE SAYS, SHE SAYS, ETC.
Cinematic portrayal of a marriage on the rocks. Wept from the first scene to the last.
★★★★
HORMONE HIGH
GRATEFUL DEAD
Is there anyone out there who doesn't like films about teen-age stereotypes?
★★★★
R. Chast

have been true at one point—a long time ago. But scratch the Episcopal Church today and you'll be surprised at what you find in the way of ethnic diversity of membership, political and cultural attitudes, and range of social sympathies. And there isn't an Episcopalian in America who better symbolizes that diversity than the Bishop of New York.

That may sound odd, for Paul Moore, Jr., springs from the wealthy and conservative wing of the Episcopal family, yet it is true. If *he* had been scratched—the privileged son and grandson of Episcopal millionaires—while growing up in Convent Station, near Morristown, New Jersey, where he was born in 1919, few would have found anything to suggest that his future lay in the priesthood, of his Church or any other. And hardly anyone would have predicted for him the kind of career he has had as a clergyman. That career has immersed him so deeply in public issues and humane struggles that Moore's critics and admirers—in and out of his Church—have spoken of him in such terms as radical, naïve, idealistic, uncompromising; fool, ass, parlor pink; decent, straightforward; trendy, ultraliberal; honest, compassionate courageous; a soldier o God. Today, a retire Episcopal bishop expresses "surprised recognition of the fact tha the Episcopal Church i still vital enough, an unpredictable enough, t produce a Paul Moore Jr., as Bishop of New York."

Something about th nature and style o Moore's priesthood (h likes to consider himself a parish priest) recall the story of the Reverend Dr. Walter Bowie as maverick a Was aristocrat as any wh has preached in Manhattan. In 1923, Bowie just past forty and still rising star of the clergy arrived from Richmond Virginia, to assume th rectorship of Grac Episcopal Church, o Broadway at Tenth Street. At the start, th union of such a church and such a recto seemed perfect. Grace then a temple of rich and conservative old families, was an élit parish of the New York Diocese. Dr. Bowie wa a Harvard man; he had been rector of the illustrious St. Paul's Church in Richmond, wher Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis once worshipped; and, the son o an impeccably aristocratic Virginia family he came from a section of the country where, in the early sixteen-hundreds, the first roots of Anglicanism in America had been sen down.

But, as Grace Church and Dr Bowie soon discovered, their union was incompatible in one very important matter—that of social outlook After listening to some of Bowie's early sermons—more liberal and socially impious than any ever before delivered under the roof of that edifice—the Grace parishioners came to the unhappy conclusion that they had invited the wrong man to occupy their pulpit. Apparently, in examin-

Leave your heart in Tipperary, but take a memento home with you.

Come to the heart of Ireland, the home of rolling hills and historic riches. Visit landmarks like Cahir Castle in County Tipperary. Then come to our shops, where historic riches of another sort can be found. This is only the beginning of the unexpected pleasures that await you on this historic journey. Read all about them in our 32-page book, "Ireland. The Unexpected Pleasures." For your free copy, send the coupon or call today.

And getting there is a pleasure on Northwest Orient. For low fares and convenient wide-body service to both Dublin and Shannon from across the U.S., call 1-800-447-4747.

Please send me your free book
"Ireland. The Unexpected Pleasures."

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ State ____ Zip ______

Mail to: **Irish Tourist Board**
25-15 50th Street, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
Or call: 1-800-228-5000

NORTHWEST ORIENT

NY NW 46

IRELAND
The unexpected pleasures.

DODGE CARAVAN
5/50 PROTECTION, STANDARD.

UNEQUALED.

GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT...

Just two short years ago, Dodge Caravan carved a brand new niche in the American automotive marketplace. There was nothing quite like it and there still isn't. It's a combination economy car. Luxury car. Family sedan. Station wagon. And van. Evidently, it's just the right combination, because people keep buying them almost as quickly as we can build them.

HAULS PEOPLE. HAULS CARGO. YOU CAN EVEN SLEEP IN IT.

Caravan has an amazing capacity for people and things. It hauls plenty of cargo. (Up to 125 cubic feet.) Or, depending upon the type of seating you choose, up to eight adults. *Comfortably.* And, if you add the converta-bed that sleeps two, you'll find that Caravan can even become your home away from home.

Caravan measures up nicely on the outside, too. It's a mere 5′4″ tall which makes it easy to step in and out of—or to slip into your garage. And Caravan's actually shorter in length than a full-size station wagon. So it's easy to park, maneuver and handle.

THE ONE AND ONLY WITH 5/50 PROTECTION AND FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE.

Although the success of Caravan has prompted others to jump on the "mini-van" bandwagon, there's still nothing quite like it. No other vehicle of its kind offers front-wheel drive to move you easily through mud, snow and rain. And no other vehicle like it offers a standard 5 year/50,000 mile Protection Plan.* Which means Caravan is *still* at the head of its class.

GET YOUR OWN TRANSPORTATION REVOLUTION.

The revolutionary Caravan. Try one on for size....even buy or lease* your very own at your Dodge dealer. It has a capacity to please that remains unequaled...once again for 1986.

Dodge
DIVISION OF
CHRYSLER CORPORATION

**AN AMERICAN
REVOLUTION**

*Whichever comes first. Limited warranty on powertrain and outer body rust-through. Excludes leases. Restrictions apply. See copy at dealer.

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

ng Bowie's credentials for office the Grace vestrymen had looked into everything but his opinions—assuming, erhaps, that no one so well qualified y lineage could ever hold views offenive to people of his own kind. Otherwise, they would surely have learned hat Bowie was a flaming social idealst; that he had advocated woman sufrage and denounced the treatment of lacks as shameful; that he was neither comforter of the rich nor a defender f the profit system. With such attiudes and convictions, Bowie had ineed offended his upper-class parishioers in Richmond. Still, they had put p with his dissidence, for they admired him as a brilliant orator who was an intellectual product of their wn vine and fig tree.

At Grace Church, Bowie soon beame aware of the coolness with which is new parishioners received his libral homilies. He was clearly striking o sparks among them. Yet neither Bowie nor Grace Church took any teps to dissolve their union; in fact, he relationship continued for nearly wo decades. It isn't clear why Dr. Bowie stayed on. Perhaps, being a gentleman, he felt he would have been iolating a code of his social class by ffering his resignation to a vestry of gentlemen. If that was so, then the entiment was mutual. The vestrymen t Grace, rather than fire Dr. Bowie, ecided to live with the mistake they had made in hiring him—on the ground, no doubt, that, whatever his xcesses or shortcomings, he was, after ll, a member of their own class. They nd their fellow-parishioners decided hat they would simply humor the sermons of "poor Dr. Bowie," that on Sundays they would pretend not to hear a liberal word he spoke. That ook some doing, of course, since Bowie was noted not just for the brilliance but also for the sheer loudness of his oratory.

At any rate, the conspiracy of deafness that confronted Dr. Bowie on Sundays resulted in serious consequences for his health: he developed a nervous ailment that diminished his great vocal powers. Its cause was a mystery to almost everyone except the religionists at Grace. Recalling one of their rector's early pronouncements, n which he raised certain questions about the Virgin Birth, they interpreted his weakened voice as a fitting punishment from God. However, when Bowie sought a more reliable opinion—that of the medical profession—his ailment was diagnosed as having stemmed from shock. One commentator later explained, "He had lived in Richmond most of his life . . . and had been an extraordinarily popular member of the community. The sudden, sharp transition to frosty Broadway had been too much for his naturally sensitive nature. He was unnerved by the suspicion that most of the people in front of him firmly believed that God was a banker, an Episcopalian, and a Republican."

Despite ideological resemblances, Bishop Moore's experience as a priest differs in some notable respects from Dr. Bowie's. At the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, on the upper West Side of Manhattan, which is the seat of his bishopric, Moore has been far more liberal in word and deed than Bowie ever was—even if he is not on record as doubting the Virgin Birth. He has not, however, met the near-solid resistance that Bowie met at Grace Church. Moore does have his critics—at the Cathedral and within the New York Diocese—but they have had no noticeable effect on his nerves or his voice. Part of the reason may be that he isn't the histrionic, old-timey orator that Bowie was. He speaks as directly in his sermons as he does in ordinary conversation. "He's totally himself," says a clergyman on the Cathedral staff. "When he's dramatic, he's unconsciously dramatic—only because he's moved, not because he wants to sell the troops. He tends to preach just the way he tends to talk. There's no change in emphasis, no change in accent. The things that burn him up when he's preaching are the things that burn him up in personal conversation. He has no cheap tricks at all."

Though he's charming, gracious, and sensitive, Moore is by no means soft. A determined and resilient fighter, he has waged more social and religious battles—far rougher ones, too—than any that Dr. Bowie knew. Nor is he impressed by the chilliness of wealthy East Coast Episcopalians. He's one of them—was born, raised, and educated among them. He may have abandoned a number of their inherited attitudes and affectations, but he's still able, when it pleases him, or pleases them, to move easily in their company. He can't be intimidated by any East Coast congregation that might believe God is a banker, an

"Now will you stop stating things without fear of contradiction?"

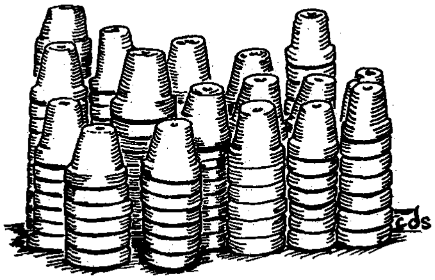
• •

Episcopalian, and a Republican. Members of his family have been involved with banking for generations, and he has studied some of them closely enough to know that God doesn't necessarily appear in the form of wealth. Moore has been an Episcopalian all his life, and he knows the sins and failings of the breed. And if he had ever shared the conviction that *God is a Republican he surely wouldn't* have turned himself into a liberal Democrat.

NON-EPISCOPALIANS still tend to view the Church as a gathering mainly of America's Protestant élite—"the Tory party at prayer," as it has been called. If the view isn't as valid today as it once was, neither is it entirely groundless. Old-family Episcopalians have traditionally regarded themselves as the nation's economic, political, and cultural elect. When William T. Manning, a former Bishop of New York, was asked whether salvation could be found outside the Episcopal Church, he replied, "Perhaps so, but no gentleman would care to avail himself of it." The old patriciate founded such élite prep schools as Groton, Kent, Choate, and St. Paul's, and it was at those and other academies of the ruling class that they educated their children. Their influence at the higher levels of the national government has been disproportionate to their numbers in the population. They have been prominent in the annals of the Presidency, the Senate, and the State Department. They once produced more important industrialists, bankers, and corporate executives than arose from almost any other American group. Episcopalians like the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Morgans, the Hearsts, and the Harrimans—to name just a few—amassed some of the largest fortunes in the nation's history (though not as large as that of the first John D. Rockefeller, who was a Baptist). Even today, it has been estimated that Episcopal executives and entrepreneurs control roughly a third of the corporate wealth of America. Episcopalians, Kit and Frederica Konolige write in their book "The Power of Their Glory," are "outstandingly powerful because they have bred a small, supersuccessful, and superwealthy élite that has become, historically and today, America's aristocracy."

But such aristocrats, though their financial and cultural influence is still considerable, are a minority in the modern Episcopal Church. The Church membership is now largely middle-class, with a sizable representation of the rural and urban poor; and though the membership in rural and suburban areas is largely white, there is a broad ethnic range in the cities. In New York, for instance, Antonio Ramirez is a not atypical Episcopalian: of Cuban descent, he was raised in a poor *section of Manhattan, was educated at* Columbia University, holds Democratic Socialist beliefs, works as a journalist in the trade-union movement, and is a former Catholic. His view of the Episcopal Church is that of a socially conscious middle-class urban intellectual, and he has written, "It is for me a church with room for people who fervently believe some things about God, people, beauty, truth, sin, salvation—and, yes, even social justice—that have nothing to do with the Wall Street worshippers." His Episcopal acquaintances, he says, include people who celebrate the Eucharist in Spanish; people who join public demonstrations "in the service of human equality;" people who—"moved by a call beyond my understanding"—have entered convents or so-called mendicant communities to lead lives of prayer and what they refer to as perfect poverty; and people who distribute gun-control literature in the Catskills, where guns and hunters, according to Ramirez, "reign supreme." He adds, "Somehow, I have yet to meet a Wall Street banker, a corporate executive, or a rich lawyer on the rise in politics."

They do exist, of course. Some worship at places like Trinity Church, on Wall Street, or St. Thomas's and the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth Avenue, congregations that are far richer and more patrician than any that Ramirez frequents. It might even surprise a number of those Wall Street and Fifth Avenue Episcopalians to learn of the social and ethnic diversity within New York's Episcopal family. There are Episcopalians in Chinatown. Black Harlem Episcopalians—members of St. Philip's, St. Martin's, and the Church of the Intercession—make up three of the staunchest parishes in the city. The Church of S Edward the Martyr, in East Harlem is mainly Hispanic. St. Clement's, o West Forty-sixth Street, ministers t actors, and serves, part time, as an O Broadway theatre. St. Peter's, in Chelsea, ministers to a neighborhood wit what has been called a patchwork c town houses, tenements, factories, an *housing projects. The Episcopa* clergy include priests without pulpit who drive taxicabs, serve in restaurants, or supervise apartment building in order to support themselves. A fe Episcopal priests are bankers, legislators, or librarians. There are priest who can find no work at all, and ther are priests who barely survive on wha their parishes pay them. Thousands o the Episcopal laity get by on less tha ten thousand dollars a year. As a result, a number of them are led int common forms of temptation. Som time ago, the trusted and respecte officer of a century-old parish in upstate New York absconded with large amount of the church's treasury leaving his parish to the mercy o God. "We're not a wealthy church but we're not wiped out, either," th rector said, when the larceny was discovered. "I don't know how much i gone," said a parishioner, "but th Lord will provide for us."

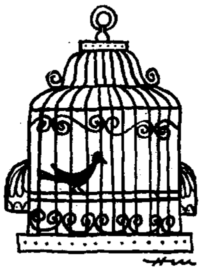


The Episcopal Church, or its libera wing, is now more deeply involved i social action than it was in the day when it was America's Tory party a prayer, even if this development is les than pleasing to the old order of conservatives and traditionalists. "Onl rarely throughout American history," writes Paul Seabury (a descendant o Samuel Seabury, who was the church' first presiding bishop), "were Episcopalians or their institutionalize church to be found at the forefront o great movements and causes, religiou or political." Nor, clearly, is th Church now the racist institution i was in the early years of the nineteenth century, when Trinity Churcl required black members to worship separately. The blacks eventually formed their own congregation, St Philip's, which moved to Harlem i 1911. *And since those days many* concerned members of the white priesthood have worked to push th doors and windows of the Episcopa house open even wider, confronting i with the democracy of social experience and the widespread need from which it had previously averted it eyes. Of the recent fingerprints to b ound on those doors and windows, none are clearer than those of the present Bishop of New York.

DESCRIBING his urban ministry as the "prophetic" sort—"standng out there on the issues"—Paul Moore follows in the tradition, still a minority one, of a progressive Episcopal priesthood. When, in 1972, he ucceeded Horace W. B. Donegan as Bishop of New York, he had been a iberal and human-rights activist for wenty-three years—the entire period of his ministry—and has continued to be. Whether or not Moore's conservaive critics are aware of that long record in public activism, they have someimes used the term "trendy" to describe the readiness with which he inks his ministry and his Church to movements for social change and culural tolerance. The charge was made some years ago, for instance, by Paul Seabury, in a *Harper's* article titled 'Trendier Than Thou." Addressing a Church Club gathering in 1979, not ong after the article appeared, Moore replied, "You can say 'trendier than hou,' but you can also say 'a church that has been alert to the time and place in which it found itself,' to the trend, if you will, of . . . what [people] are feeling, and how to relate the gospel of Christ to them. If that be trendy, praise the Lord."

No one truly familiar with Moore's history or with his character and temperament would dream of calling him trendy. Surely not his brother William. "Right from the start, Paul always said, 'Look, I'm going to be a militant priest,' meaning he was going to be an activist," William Moore recalls. "There was never any doubt in my mind that he was what he was. And he has stayed with that throughout. I think this is how he felt he could best display the courage of his convictions. He didn't want to be a sort of nine-to-five priest. I think he felt that, with his background and education, to be a passive priest would really be a waste of his time, because he already had security and independence. I always felt that he had real conviction, a real calling to do the kind of work he's been doing. I never detected any wavering from that. So it doesn't surprise me a damn bit that he was in Mississippi and in the peace movement."

Nor would Moore be considered trendy by a man like the Reverend Powel Mills Dawley, who in the late nineteen-forties taught him church history at the General Theological Seminary, in the Chelsea area of Manhattan. Dawley has written of his former student, "I am not surprised by the humane and socially conscious priest and bishop Paul has turned out to be. The qualities that motivated these concerns were clearly obvious from the moment he entered the seminary. Age and years of experience since 1949 have only more clearly defined their character and sharpened their impact. Integrity, courage, and sensitivity to the social and pastoral needs of the people among whom he ministered have been his greatest gifts. I suppose that the future histories of the Church will credit Paul with the upswing of the ministry to the people of the inner city. He was not the first Episcopal priest to find his vocation fulfilled in the so-called slums, but he was the first to widen the understanding of the Christian mission from narrow concepts of overseas work or work in rural areas into an organized and structured ministry to the poor, the minorities, and other neglected people of the inner city. Furthermore, he took his family to live next to his church in Jersey City"—a depressed inner-city neighborhood where Moore chose to work soon after his graduation from the seminary—"keeping the door of the rectory open to all comers in need. From 1949 to 1957, he identified himself so successfully with such a ministry that he became an inspiration and an example to dozens of young students who followed in his steps."



IT was unusual for a young Episcopalian of Moore's means and background to identify himself so closely and successfully with a ministry to the poor—to take so strong and steadfast a stand on a range of social issues. After all, he says today, his family "had a great deal of money." For much of his boyhood, he had no knowledge of hardship, and was, he says, "protected even from seeing poverty." It wasn't until the Great Depression that he got his first look at poverty—one day when, in his family's expensive limousine, he found himself being driven past the breadlines of Hoboken. The view from the plush interior of the automobile so embarrassed him that he, as he recalls, "hid on the floor of the car." His family's wealth was an embarrassment that shadowed him for years to come. "I used to really try to conceal the fact that I had money," he says. "Of course, it wasn't mine; it was my family's. On the occasion of my ordination, in Jersey City, my grandmother arrived in a Rolls-Royce, driven by a chauffeur. 'My, that's a wonderful car your grandmother has,' one of the people in the parish said. I stopped him before he could go any further. 'Oh, I think she rented it,' I said. 'That's interesting,' he replied, 'because her chauffeur said he has been with her for thirty years.' So my cover was blown, and I thought no one would ever believe me again. But I can laugh about all that stuff today. I'm no longer embarrassed. I no longer feel self-conscious about the subject of money."

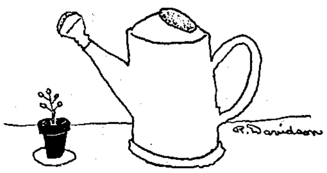
Moore came from money on both sides of his family. His mother, Fanny Hanna—a niece of Mark Hanna, the Ohio Republican politician and industrialist—had a good deal of money herself; and her marriage to Paul Moore, Sr., linked her to a family fortune that was greater than her own. It had been built by her father-in-law, William H. Moore, who—in the words of his grandson the Bishop—was "a sort of mini robber baron, same as J. P. Morgan and that kind." William H. Moore (after whom the Bishop's older brother is named) was born in upstate New York. His parents were of colonial descent. His father, Nathaniel, was a small-town banker, and his mother, Rachel Beckwith, was descended from three generations of Yale men. As young men, William and his brother James moved to Chicago, where, in the eighteen-eighties, they became successful business promoters and speculators, specializing in steel and railroads. The Dictionary of American Biography states:

> They were among the first to recognize the possibilities of industrial mergers in America, and—next to Morgan—perhaps the most important in developing them. . . . [William] went on his way with a complete indifference to public sentiment, and stood out in the first decade of the new century as the foremost and most daring promoter in American business, just as Morgan was the foremost financier. He had behind him the backing of a dozen banks and trust companies, and was the leader of a group that controlled fifteen thousand miles of railroad.

In 1889, William Moore shared with a Y.M.C.A. audience his philosophy concerning the accumulation and uses of wealth. "It would be difficult to find a man who does not wish to possess capital," he said. "Those of you who have it in possession, whether in small or large amounts, can appreciate having a most excellent servant that works for you early and late, pleasant and stormy days alike; is vigorous and active while you sleep, and works when you play; allows you to take recreation and enjoyment, and you do so; and when you meet with misfortune, stands ready to be sacrificed to your benefit to the last farthing. Such a servant oftentimes is capital." As the years passed, his "most excellent servant" grew and grew. He moved from Chicago to Manhattan around the turn of the century, and after he died, in 1923, his son Paul, Sr., succeeded him as a director of a number of family enterprises, including the American Can Company and the National Biscuit Company. Paul, Sr., later became a director of Bankers Trust, and, with his brother, Edward, founded Republic Aviation Corporation.

Though William H. Moore was born neither in poverty nor in obscurity, he could, because of the fortune he acquired on his own, be called a self-made man. So could his grandson the Bishop of New York, whose prominence springs not from inherited wealth and position but from his own labors in a vineyard that is quite different from the one earlier chosen by his family. But the influence of tradition can be secret and indirect. No one can be sure that Paul Moore, Jr., would have found it just as easy to choose the independent and unremunerative career of a priest if his grandfather's money hadn't freed him from financial need. The salary of the Bishop of New York, one of the most important civic offices in the United States, is about fifty thousand dollars a year. Yet he could give it all back to the Church; for he is one of the wealthiest bishops in America. Though he is no longer bothered by this contradiction in his status, he is not unaware of it. He has given a good deal of his money away. But, he says, while he reveres the example of St. Francis of Assisi—who also came from wealth—he's not ready to strip himself of all his inherited raiment and hand it over to the poor. Besides, he's not unneedful of his inherited income; he has nine children—all of them born before his elevation to the bishop's chair—and on the modest stipend of a parish priest he would scarcely have been able to raise and educate them in the way he wished. In any event, his inherited wealth hasn't weakened or compromised the religious and social convictions by which he lives and works.

MOORE's moral and religious conscience is his own, but much of his social style and disposition reflects the influence of his mother. She was involved, he recalls, "in an enormous number of charitable and artistic enterprises." She loved the ballet. She loved Yale and supported its Art Gallery. She planted trees at hospitals in New Jersey and joined visiting nurses on their calls. She felt guilty about having a lot of money and living in a big house. She was unstinting in her expenditures for worthy purposes and causes, and yet "she would also save thread," Moore says. "She plunged into every social challenge that came her way, and I've inherited something of that, for good or ill. I tend to get involved in everything. I'm attracted to almost any enterprise that has some life in it."



The Reverend Edward West, an erudite seventy-six-year-old canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, concurs with that, and goes on to say more. "Paul is very much the son of his mother," West says. "He has tremendous aesthetic taste, and is very strong-minded about it. He's hypersensitive about the use of English. Anything that is not in good English upsets him considerably. His widely reported democracy is probably a misnomer. It isn't that at all. He loves people just as people. A person's background is absolutely meaningless to him. That doesn't mean, however, that he has a common taste. He doesn't have that. He cares terribly about what things are like. He is, in the strict sense of the word, a radical. But that only means that he's terribly conservative—which is what radical means, running by the rules. So he's terribly conservative in things that matter. He has absolutely *no* give about them at all. And the things that make him take stands—things that are frequently unpopular with his own friends, or people with whom he was raised—reflect his conformity to the rules of his ethical influences. That's what makes him take stands. It's not because he likes being off base; he doesn't. He doesn't like being disliked at all. His point is like Martin Luther's point at the Diet of Worms—'Here I stand, I can do no other.' He hasn' the slightest idea of ever doing a thin for the sake of popularity. He hasn' the slightest touch of the demagogue So, in his own religious sense he' extremely conservative. He's a totally convinced Christian, and a highl orthodox one."

SOME of this was already noticeabl while Moore was at St. Paul' School, in Concord, New Hampshire which he attended from 1932 to 1937 According to Bernard McVeigh, classmate at St. Paul's, who is now Trappist monk, at Our Lady o Guadalupe Abbey, in Lafayette, Oregon, Paul was "younger-looking an frailer than most of his confreres physically, and not very athletically inclined." Consequently, he was picke on by the athletic types, who knew that his brother William had bee "a revered jock at school." Thoug younger and slenderer than the bullies Moore stood up resolutely to them and, in doing so, showed "the stron determination—and perhaps a dash o stubbornness—in the face of notabl odds that have characterized his late life," McVeigh points out. Moore ha "a strong sense of loyalty to childhoo friends who, when with him at St Paul's, moved in different, less 'in circles than he did and who were no his intellectual peers," and this loyalty was "intense; in fact, fierce." H "hadn't a cynical bone in his body.' He was blessed with "a delicious sens of the ridiculous, which not only prevented him from taking himself an situations too seriously but also grace him with a marvellous humorou touch." He was "an interesting combination of fearlessness and laid-backness." Underlying that, however, wa a "deep" and "intimate commitmen to Christ and to His Church"— commitment that "entailed much personal suffering," though he kept thi hidden from all but his closest friends He was also fun-loving, and, indeed capable of "outlandish behavior." Bu even before his "conversion experience" (which McVeigh shared, an which led them both to their careers Moore had "strong religious sensibilities, a natural reverence—a sense o the 'numinous,' if you like."

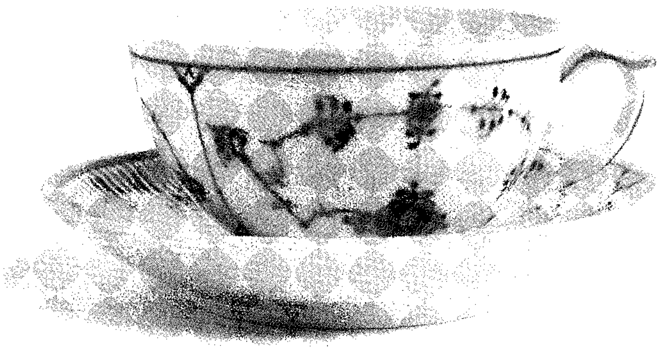
"Conversion experience" is an extremely reticent description of an overpowering religious epiphany—lik that of Saul of Tarsus struck blind or his way to persecute early Christian in Damascus. Many people today—those who are unfamiliar with the coo

MARTEX® LUXOR® PIMA COTTON TOWELS, IN 26 EXTRAORDINARY COLORS. MADE WITH COMBED PIMA, THE FINEST, SOFTEST, MOST LUSTROUS COTTON GROWN IN AMERICA. MATCHING RUGS AVAILABLE IN 100% COTTON, 100% DUPONT® NYLON OR 100% DUPONT® ANTRON® EXTRA-BODY. WESTPOINT PEPPERELL, 1221 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NY, NY 10020, (212) 382-5185.

CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.
West Point Pepperell
cotton

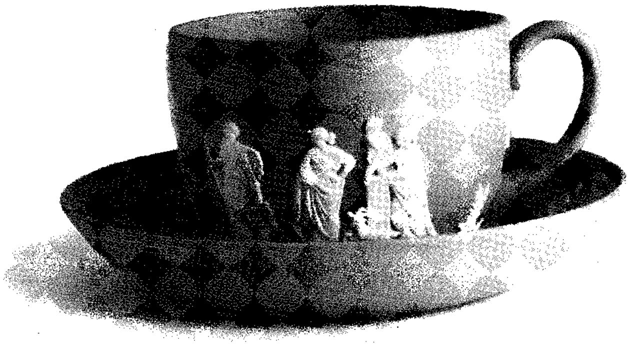
MARTEX 1986
LUXOR *pima*
PURE COTTON

Whatever your cup of

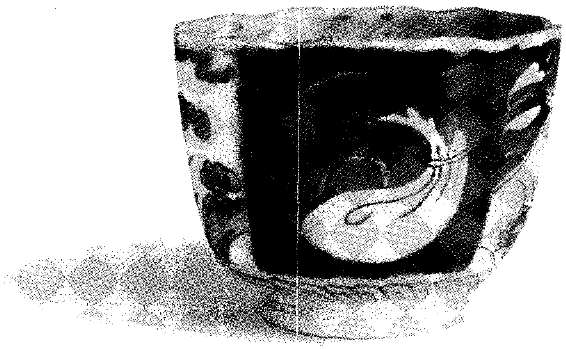


Rose Hip Tea
Copenhagen, Denmark

Black Sea Tea
Istanbul, Turkey



Earl Grey
London, England



Green Tea
Osaka, Japan

Tea Cider
Stuttgart, West Germany

Camomile Tea
Paris, France

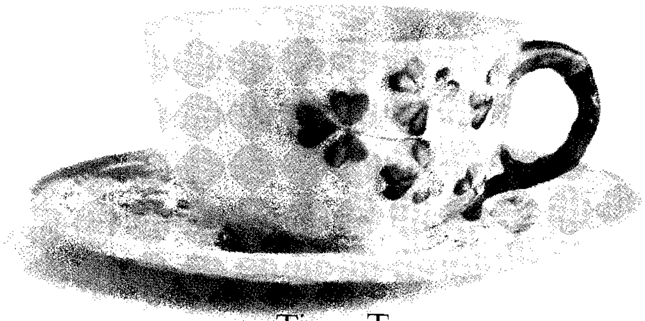
ea, we’ll fly you to it.

© 1986 British Airways

Darjeeling Tea
New Delhi, India

Eyelashes of the Swan Tea
Singapore

Russian Caravan Tea
Moscow, Soviet Union



Tippy Tea
Dublin, Ireland

Pearl Tea
Beijing, China

We fly to 148 cities in 71 countries on six continents.

And while preferences in tea may change from destination to destination, the preference in airlines seems to be universal.

It’s certain that travelers prefer British Airways, because we fly more people to more places than any other airline.

BRITISH AIRWAYS

The world’s favourite airline.®

JEAN LASSALE
s.a. Genève

YOU'LL FIND MORE PARTS IN THE BRACELET OF THIS AWARD-WINNING THALASSA THAN YOU WILL IN A ROLLS-ROYCE® ENGINE.*

You're looking at the bracelet of what is perhaps the most beautiful watch in the world: the award-winning Thalassa. It takes 656 parts to craft each exquisite gold and steel Thalassa bracelet. With fewer parts, perhaps Thalassa might still have won the coveted Laurel d'Or in Monte Carlo as Watch of the Year. And no one would have noticed. But we'd know. And you'd know. And that makes all the difference in the world.

Stanley&Son
THE JEWELRY PEOPLE ON 6TH AVE & 37TH ST.
1006 SIXTH AVE. NYC 10018 • 212-354-6975

The names "Rolls Royce" and "Silver Cloud" are registered trademarks.
*There are 600 major moving internal parts in the engine of a Rolls Royce Silver Cloud.

© 1985, Jean Lassale, Inc.

and undemonstrative language of th upper classes—speak of "getting religion," "finding God," or "being bor again." Moore himself almost alway uses the term "conversion experience to describe the religious emotion—"a emotion of God's presence"—tha overcame him when he made his firs confession at St. Paul's. Slipping, as h sometimes does, into slang, Moore recalls being "spaced out" for severa days after that experience. His "praye life" took on a reality he hadn't fel before. He now wanted to do what h felt would represent obedience t *God's will—and becoming a ministe* he says, "was as far as I could go i all-out commitment." Making th commitment was the easier part. Th hard part was deciding what sort o minister he should become. He wasn' particularly drawn to the conventiona models—preaching boring Sunda sermons and "having tea with nice ol ladies." It was while reflecting upo those dreary options that he discovere the ideological roots of the Anglo Catholic tradition and the kind of engaged social ministry that it produced

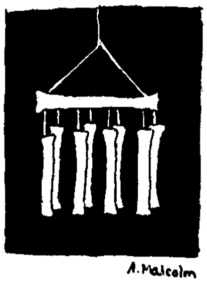
He had begun reading and hearin about the Oxford Movement of th eighteen-thirties and eighteen-forties led by such *Anglican revisionists an* tractarians as Hurrel Froude, Joh Keble, Edward Pusey, and Joh Henry Newman, and he had come t see how those religious intellectual caused the Anglican Church, or a section of it, to rediscover and reëmbrac aspects of its Catholic origin. A Froude had put it, Anglicans wante to be "Catholics without the Popery,' or "Church of England men withou the Protestantism." The controvers split the Church of England into it two principal, coexisting, factions— Evangelical Anglicans, who predate the Oxford Movement, and Anglo Catholics. And it was among the latte that there sprang up an urban priesthood that was more socially active an committed than any the Anglica Church had previously known.

A number of such priests, some o them educated at Oxford, declined th traditional privilege of ministering i comfortable and highly respected Anglican parishes and chose instead t *live and work among the urban poor* particularly in the dockland area o East London. These slum priests, a they were called—men like Fathe Charles Lowder and Father Lincol Wainright—helped to recover fo Anglicanism the Catholic tradition o social service and action. They live ves of poverty, devoting themselves holly to the spiritual and material eeds of the parishes they served. And t a time when the aristocracy of Anlicanism was still arguing over the lace of Catholic ritual in Protestant orship the dockland churches of East ondon, which were readily incorpoating Catholic ritual, were filled to verflowing on Sundays. The Anglians of the slums would probably have ccepted and adjusted to any ritual roposed to them by their Anglo-atholic priests—men who were serving them with a selflessness that was ithout precedent in their religious nd social experience. Here, from a iographical study by the English riter Evelyn Underhill is a description of Father Wainright:

> In 1873, a dapper young clergyman, very orrectly dressed, with well-brushed hat d black kid gloves, arrived at the clergy ouse of St. Peter's, London Docks. Fifty-x years later, on a bed as poor and comrtless as any ascetic could desire, a little d man lay dead in his bare and carpetless om; and in the words of one of his ildren, "Dockland was washed with ars," because this tiny but indomitable gure, shabby, untiring, spendthrift of ve, would not serve them on earth any ore.
>
> ... He served them for over half a cenry, without holidays and always in a overty of life very near their own; for he ad the saint's peculiar inability to keep ything for himself. The blankets from is bed had a way of disappearing; several mes he gave away the shirt he was wearg.... Like St. Francis, he hardly noticed hat he ate or wore. Coarse and ill-cooked od meant nothing to him. He had no idday meal; and supper was frequently ostponed till nearly midnight, because he ad no time for it before.

That was the sort of ministry that nspired Paul Moore, Jr. That was the tandard of service he wished to emuate. "It turned me on," he has said, made me want to get involved in that ind of work." But he was still at St. aul's, was not yet eighteen, and four ears of college, at Yale, still lay ahead f him.

GOING to Yale was a Moore family tradition. One of Paul Moore's ancestors, George Beckwith, ad graduated from Yale in 1766. His nother was fond of the school. His ather and his uncles were Yale men. And his brother William had gone here just ahead of him. Strangely, for omeone who had recently undergone conversion experience, Paul Moore ead neither religion nor religious history at Yale. He majored in English iterature and took supplementary ourses in the classics. Hardly anyone in New Haven could have guessed that he aspired to a career in the priesthood. If his curriculum showed no signs of it, neither did his conduct. Beyond attending Mass with some regularity, he didn't behave like a "Christer"—the term that was then used to describe any young man who took himself too seriously. He still wasn't much of an athlete, and never would be. In his brother's words, "he started to grow rapidly, and his coördination didn't come along as fast as his growth." He was good only at rowing, and he rowed stroke on the Yale freshman crew. Even that, he later said, was "total torture, except for the glorious moments when the boat would fly and eight big men skimmed the river like a butterfly, and we felt the thrill of the shell." When it came to other extracurricular activities, however, he was wilder than one might have expected a budding priest to be. He himself has set down some recollections of these, in a memoir of his time at Yale:



> None of us liked the taste of alcohol. But someone introduced sweet *Cuba libres*, a nauseous concoction of rum and Coca-Cola.... We poured the Bacardi into... cardboard containers and gulped it all down. After two drinks the room was too small to hold us, and six, eight or ten of us would take off for a romp through the campus, shouting up at windows, breaking bottles, wrestling, singing, stopping by other rooms as the party gathered momentum....
>
> Naturally, we grew better and better at drinking. Soon people learned to pass out, get sick, graduate to rye and ginger ale and even get into real trouble....
>
> Still, I must say I enjoyed drinking. The exuberant, hilarious evenings begun in freshman year continued.... Stopped by the police for stealing a parking sign, a Harvard friend who was driving us home from the biannual picnic of a drinking society known as the Haunt Club, drew himself up to his full swaying dignity and said, "You can't arrest us, you peasant, we have been drinking champagne!"
>
> ... My nickname for a brief period was "Paralysis" because of the unfortunate physiological reaction in my legs after the intake of a certain amount of alcohol: they stopped working, and my normal sized colleagues would have to lug all six feet four inches of me home as my long extensions dragged along the sidewalk.

Amid such worldly excesses, only Moore knew how deeply attracted he was to a future life in the priesthood. Indeed, as he notes in his memoir, he was grateful that his early years "as a serious Christian took place in a secular atmosphere and included a full enjoyment of life," for those years strengthened his "deepest conviction about the Church, that it should be set in the midst of the world and not a quiet place set apart."

Just before graduating, in 1941, Moore went home for a weekend and told his parents of his ambition—to enter the General Theological Seminary in Manhattan, and read for the ministry. His mother took the news calmly. She may even have been secretly pleased. However, the senior Paul Moore was anything but gladdened. His older boy, William, had followed in his business footsteps, and he had held similar hopes for the younger. This is how the Bishop now recalls the unpleasant confrontation with his father: "When I told him, with fear and trembling, that I wanted to go into the ministry, he said, 'Oh, I myself had some silly ideas when I was a kid. I thought I might want to be a teacher, ha, ha, ha.' He said, 'Well, if you want to do that later on, why don't you learn how to make some money first, so that you can take care of yourself? Then you can go into the ministry and make it a nice hobby.' And then he said, 'I never really want to talk to you about this again.' I was very fond of my father. He was a man of considerable integrity. But I also had my disagreements with him. He didn't understand what it meant to be a minister. He was a businessman, and he didn't understand that I wanted a life that was more unified than I saw his to be—which had business as one thing and family as another. He didn't understand that I wanted to have a life that was a total vocation. My father's view of a minister was that of a nice little man down at the church, who was there when you needed to get married—a nice little man even though he may have been six feet tall. To him, a nice little man was someone like a chauffeur, or a young lawyer who does scratch work for you—a service-industry sort of a person. And yet he must have been ambivalent. For he also had a great respect for the Reverend Samuel Drury, who was the rector of St. Paul's School. And one of his closest friends at Yale became a Presbyterian minister. Anyway, I didn't discuss the subject with him again until I entered the General Seminary."

That was much later than Moore had planned. The war intervened. Shortly before leaving Yale, he joined the Marine Corps—as did a number of his classmates—and in time sailed to fight the Japanese in the Solomon Islands. Enlisting in such a violent enterprise posed a difficult decision for a young man of his moral feeling and religious aspirations. Torn by "the questionable morality of war," he turned for advice to Father Clark Kennedy, a priest in New Haven, who, as a chaplain in the First World War, had witnessed horrible scenes of battle. "Paul," Kennedy said to him, "war is a most terrible sin. I believe, however, that to allow Hitler to conquer the world is even worse. I remember, when I was in action, seeing the most glorious examples of Christian sacrifice." With that blessing, Moore went off to become one of the heroes of Guadalcanal.

LIKE many old soldiers, Moore dislikes recalling the traumas of combat except when he finds himself among men who suffered those traumas themselves. In 1963, some twenty years after he fought on Guadalcanal, Moore addressed a gathering of Marines at the National Cathedral, in Washington. "It is a difficult thing, a very complex assignment, preaching an honest sermon on an occasion which celebrates not only years of courage, loyalty, and glory but also years of efficient killing and destruction," he said. "I will not go into the memories, which are full of the horror of war—we know these, and each man keeps them always with him till he dies. . . . What about killing? What about the deliberate hardening of mind and spirit—running and screaming on the bayonet course, being taught to hate? . . . These things seemed necessary in order to be a Marine. And the strange thing is that they often went hand in hand with a level of sacrifice and courage I have never seen in civilian life. I say that these things seemed necessary. The hardening process: Could tender American boys have endured without it? When they heard screams in the darkness, when their best buddy was blown to pieces, when even in sleep the nightmare guns were trained at you from the foot of your hospital bed? Does this hardening lessen the guilt of casual killing, the state of mind to which death has ceased to have any real meaning?"

He was, of course, one of those tender American boys, and for him, a priest-to-be, the hardening experience must have been more painful than it was for most. He had barely arrived in the Pacific when he heard that some of his closest friends had been killed. His letters home conveyed the humor and hardships of soldiers at the front, comrades under fire.

DEAR MOTHER AND DAD:

I am forgetting my grammar rapidly, although there is one East Boston lad whose English is even more disreputable than he himself, and whom it is amusing to correct. The main reason is to shut him up . . . because he talks too much, and if you make him speak grammatically he can't talk at all.

DEAR MOTHER AND DAD:

Don't ever let anyone tell you these boys didn't do their bit, even if they all go home now and live off the government the rest of their lives. . . . I've seen a lot since I left you, seen too much and lived too much. I know that a man is a being of the greatest worth. . . . The worth of life, the worth of peace, is now so real and so significant. But over it all is the deep courage of *these men and a charity between them,* between the toughest and the weakest, that at times reaches dimensions of, well, sainthood.

In an unpublished manuscript, Moore later set down these recollections:

It was hard to tell when war started. Perhaps it started when we first realized it was no different than other life, or perhaps it started when we saw the first dead. . . . A little Japanese boy was lying on the side of the trail with a beardless face and small feet. At that time, we were still unhardened, and it struck deep that we had killed. . . .

And so at dawn we set off, passing two of our own dead on the way—"killed by your own bullets." There they were in queer positions, their faces, their young faces, thank God, covered. Until that minute, we did not know. Now all that was left to find out was the strain that only months could bring, and the smell of a used battlefield. . . .

Much thought about food at home; we have been hungry for a week. On the third day, I was sitting in the midst of my platoon . . . when a sniper ran across the field below. We opened fire. It seemed like shooting clay pigeons but there were photographs of his children on him. He smelt violently for two days. My hands aren't bloodless. . . .

Occasionally, the boredom was relieved by an intense struggle to stay awake . . . What is there to do to keep your eyes open? Not too much movement should be made, for any sound is dangerous. Shake your head, slap your face, sit up on something hard. Tie your shoe, untie it, tie i again. . . .

It is also a demanding business to make an effort time and again against death. To have to run out fully exposed to enemy fire five minutes after a harrowing escape that has left you shaken. The eyes of men are turned to their commanding officer in a helpless pleading. They know there is no use in pleading. They will go. They have to go. They say nothing—except with their eyes.

In May, 1943, Moore was awarded the Navy Cross, "for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action." The citation further stated, "During the offensive of the Marines, on November 3, 1942 . . . Lieutenant Moore was commanding a platoon. By his leadership and aggressive charges, the enemy was forced to retreat to the edge of the ocean. Although the enemy was laying a heavy barrage, the Marines forced them back. Throughout the attack Lieutenant Moore led his men intelligently from the line until he was seriously wounded and later found on his back, but continued to give orders until he became unconscious." In June of 1943, he was awarded the Silver Star. That citation said that under heavy machine-gun fire Moore swam across a river and rescued two of his wounded men, "without regard for the dangers to his own life." A month after receiving the Silver Star, he was dispatched to a hospital in New Zealand, and later was sent home on medical furlough. According to one account, "a bullet passed through Lt. Moore's chest, so close to his heart that he would have been killed instantly if the organ had been expanding at the exact second he was hit." No wonder that in his unpublished manuscript Moore also wrote:

A man who has been to war will never be the same, for he has lost the virginity of living around the edges of life, and in the long gray waste of combat has had crushed his belief in smaller things. . . .

It is enough for a man to live cleanly and quietly in peace with a few friends.

He returned from the war—having also won the Purple Heart—"deeply shaken" but "even more certain" of his religious faith.

WHILE Moore was home on sick leave in 1943—and was being acclaimed in the New York metropolitan press as a war hero—he renewed an acquaintance with a twenty-one-year-old student at Barnard named

"Oh, to be in England..."

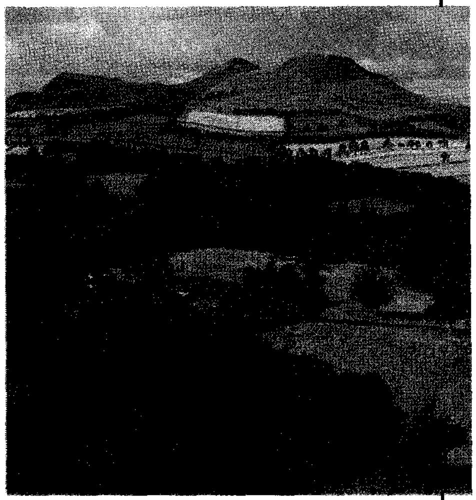
A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE

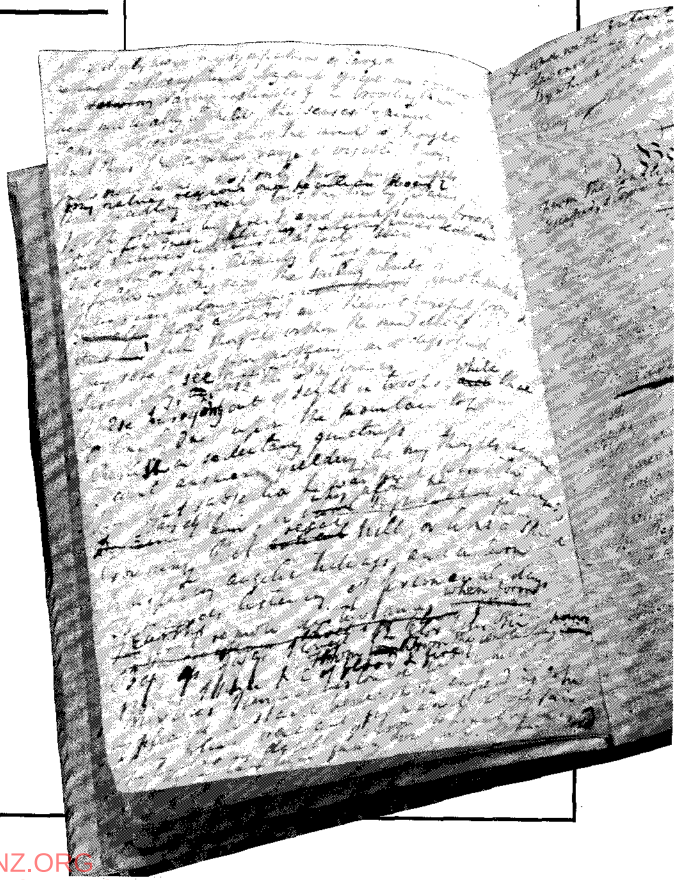
IN 1387 WHEN CHAUCER SENT HIS CHARACTERS OUT FROM THE TABARD INN IN SOUTHEAST LONDON, HE UNWITTINGLY SET IN MOTION ANOTHER KIND OF QUEST: THE LITERARY PILGRIMAGE. EVER SINCE, READERS, THOSE DEDICATED FELLOW TRAVELLERS, HAVE JOURNEYED TO THE ORIGINAL SITES OF INSPIRATION: KEATS' GARDEN IN HAMPSTEAD, DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE OFF FLEET STREET, BYRON'S ROOMS AT CAMBRIDGE.

England is, above all, a writer's kingdom; its geography literary. Stratford *is* Shakespeare; Wales, Dylan Thomas; Scotland, Burns and Scott. In no other nation are cities spoken of in the literary possessive: Orwell's Wigan Pier, Lawrence's Nottingham, Dickens' London. If we know a place, it's often first from an author—the Lyme Regis of Jane Austen and John Fowles—or by a memorable character—Oxford seen through the eyes of Evelyn Waugh's Sebastian Flyte in *Brideshead Revisited*.

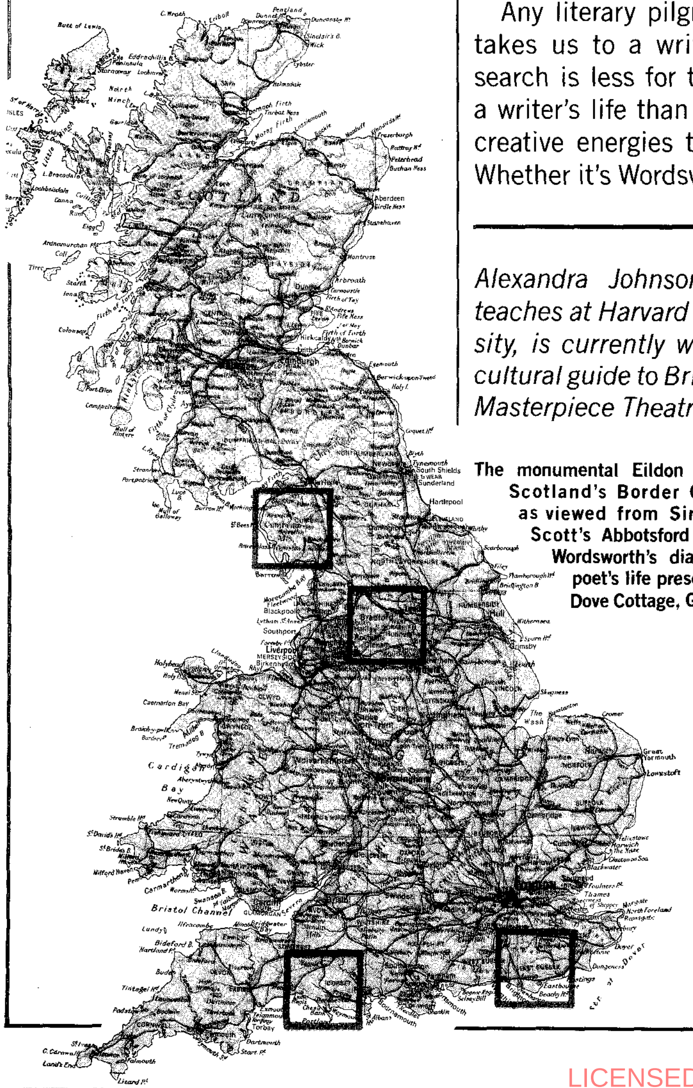
Any literary pilgrimage inevitably takes us to a writer's home. The search is less for the particulars of a writer's life than a glimpse at the creative energies that sustained it. Whether it's Wordsworth's stone cottage in Grasmere or Scott's manor at Abbotsford, what fascinates us is how, within this most common of contexts, genius bloomed. The following writers and their world offer such a glimpse.

Alexandra Johnson, who teaches at Harvard University, is currently writing a cultural guide to Britain for Masterpiece Theatre.

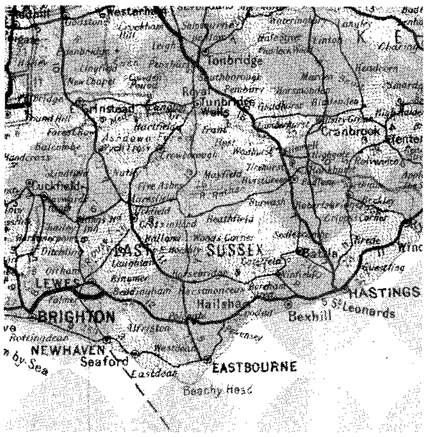




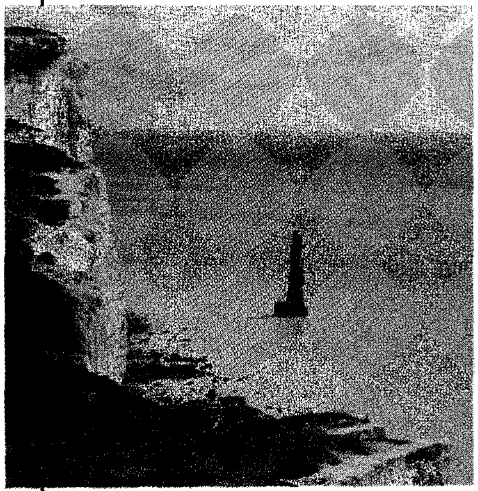
The monumental Eildon Hills of Scotland's Border Country, as viewed from Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford (above); Wordsworth's diaries: the poet's life preserved, in Dove Cottage, Grasmere (right).



Woolf's 'Bloomsbury': South Downs of Sussex



> *"WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE COMING HOME THROUGH FIRLE WOODS, DUSTY AND HOT, WITH MY NOSE TURNED HOME, EVERY MUSCLE TIRED AND THE BRAIN...SO SANE AND COOL AND RIPE FOR THE MORROW'S TASK."* Virginia Woolf, *Journal*. London, 1921


The lighthouse at Beachy Head: an isolated beacon against the rugged East Sussex coastline.

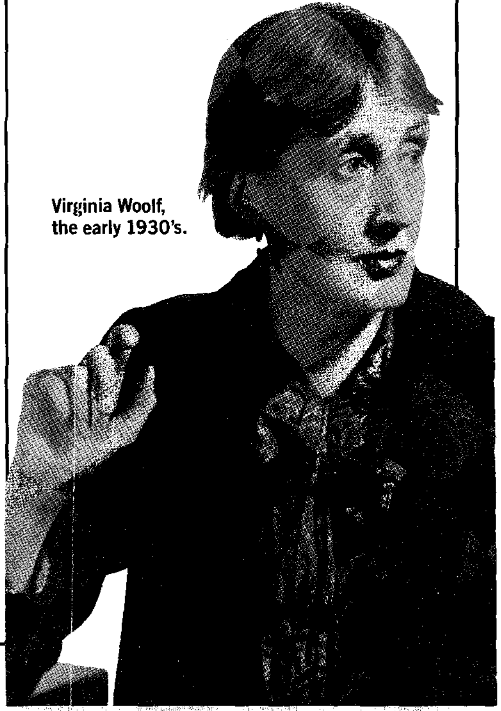
On June 27, 1919, cycling against a strong wind, Virginia Woolf pressed south from the town of Lewes to Rodmell, a village nestled in the heart of the South Downs. The novelist was on an idiotic mission. Having impetuously bought a house in Lewes itself, she was now, three weeks later, looking at another. On the four-mile journey to Monk's House, Woolf rehearsed arguments against its purchase. It was, she knew, "an unpretending house, long and low, a house of many doors," one of "little ceremony or precision."

Cycling into Rodmell, she pedaled down Mill Lane, a narrow curve lane bordered on each side by tiny brick cottages. The feel was Sussex itself: lush gardens, low flint walls, soaring elms. At the bottom of the lane on the right stood Monk's House, a two-storied weatherboarded house, flanked by Rodmell Church. It was less the house than the three-quarter-acre garden abutting a wild orchard that seized her imagination. Already, as she would write in her journal, she "could fancy a very pleasant walk in the orchard...with the grey extinguisher of the church steeple pointing my boundary."

It was the cascading openness of the property that finally sold her. Set on a spur, the garden sloped into the orchard which, in turn, opened out to the Ouse Valley, a fertile plain cut deep by watermeadows. In the next 20 years, she would walk every square mile of these fields, using her afternoon walks to muse about the morning's writing. Life away from London would unleash a rush of creativity. Here she would produce seven novels, among them her masterpieces, *To the Lighthouse* and *The Waves*, as well as a biography and several collections of criticism. Yet on that June day Woolf surveyed what drew her most: the South Downs, those whalebacked hills that rise and fall along the spine of Sussex. They would be to Virginia Woolf what the Yorkshire Moors were to Emily Brontë: the agent that stirred the very wellsprings of the creative self.

On July 1, after reneging on the Lewes house, Leonard and Virginia Woolf bought Monk's House in auction for £700. "That will be our address for ever and ever," she wrote shortly thereafter. And for the duration of their lifetimes, until it passed to the National Trust in 1969, it was. Monk's House, like their former home in nearby Firle, was far more than a country house the Woolfs used to relieve the pressure of their London lives. It was Bloomsbury's most famous rural address. Weekends at Monk's House were intellectual marathons where guests sharpened ideas with Yeats or Bertrand Russell, where T.S. Eliot napped, E.M. Forster sulked, Lytton Strachey lounged, and Woolf herself, like some ferocious swan, bowled with her nephews.

For Woolf, Sussex was less a place than a way of life. Those who romanticize her breakdowns—Woolf as the doomed high priestess


Virginia Woolf, the early 1930's.

Vision.

Seeing clearly is the first step towards acting decisively.

Justerini and Brooks demonstrated this when they custom blended J&B Scotch nearly a century ago. They clearly saw that only the highest level of smoothness and refinement would satisfy the sophisticated palates of their aristocratic clients.

The result is a complex blend of some forty whiskies, including some of the world's finest single malts. A blend whose heart is "married" in oak casks longer than other Scotch whiskies.

A uniquely smooth and refined taste.

J&B. The Scotch of rare character blended with vision.

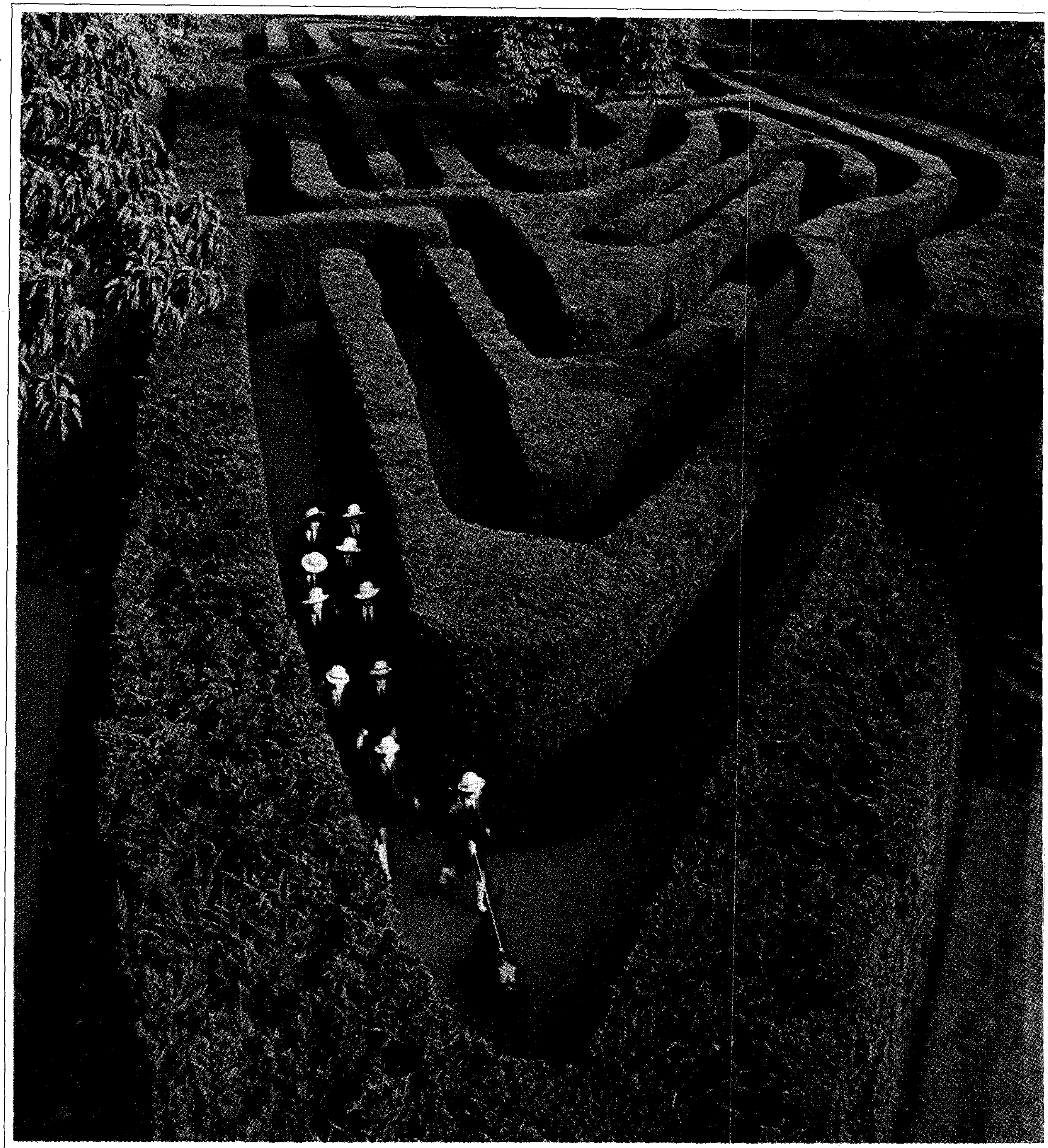
J&B
RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
JUSTERINI & BROOKS LTD
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

Scotch of Rare Character.

To send a gift of J&B anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky, © 1986 The Paddington Corp., NJ

Lose yourself in a



B · R · I · T · A · I · N

We speak your language

English garden.

TWA Getaway® Vacations make touring Britain easy and affordable.

Although most people can find their way out in fifteen minutes, the maze at Hampton Court can still make you feel a bit hedged in. If so, get the attention of the maze keeper, who'll be perched atop a tall ladder. He'll be glad to help.

Built in 1690, Hampton Court maze is the oldest, although by no means the longest, maze in Britain. That distinction belongs to the maze at Longleat House whose path winds for a mile and a half over and under six bridges. And thanks to its diabolical designer, there are several identical benches placed on identical curves to further confuse you.

To the English, gardens are more than just a hobby. From flower boxes to great estates you'll find them sprouting everywhere.

You'll also find warm and friendly people who speak your language. And the best way to meet them and see all the amazing sights of Britain is on a Getaway Vacation with TWA.

TWA's "London Theatre and Countryside."

Tour historic London: Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, and more. Then you're free to explore the shops and pubs (see box), the museums and, of course, the theatre – you get tickets to 2 hit shows.

Next it's off to the storybook English countryside. From Windsor Castle and Oxford, to the thatched roofs and rambling lanes of the Cotswolds. Even Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-upon-Avon. 10 days, with first class hotels and all breakfasts, are just $498 to $648.

TWA's Super Saver London. 8 days from $198.

TWA's Super Saver Vacations are known for great value. See London for a pittance with "The Londoner." It includes a half-day tour of Piccadilly Circus, Whitehall and more. For the balance of the week, discover London on your own. Shop for antiques on Portobello Road. Watch the Changing of the Guard, or cruise down the Regent's Canal. (For hundreds of other ideas send for your TWA "Getaway Britain" and the colorful "Britain For All Seasons" brochures.)

This Super Saver Vacation includes Continental breakfasts daily, hotels with private bath or shower, and tickets to 2 West End shows. 8 days are just $198 to $295.

All TWA Getaway Vacations are per person, double occupancy, not including airfare.

Great Values in England.

Tea and scones at Fortnum & Mason's Fountain	$2.75
Ploughman's lunch	$1.75
Wedgwood "Wild Strawberry" 5-piece place setting	$44.80
Open to View Ticket to 500 castles and palaces	$23.00

Prices based on rate of exchange at time of printing.

TWA Getaway Vacations. The #1 vacation program to Europe.

Not only does TWA fly more people across the Atlantic, TWA Getaway Vacations are America's favorite way to see Europe. To Britain alone, there are 45 vacations to choose from.

So send in the coupon, then see your travel agent. Or call TWA at 1-800-GETAWAY.

By the way, to solve the maze at Hampton Court, just keep your hand on the hedge – either to the right or the left – and you're sure to end up where you started.

Please send me your free
Britain For All Seasons
and TWA Getaway Britain.

British Tourist Authority
P.O. Box #7715, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
or P.O. Box # 7055, No. Hollywood, CA 91609

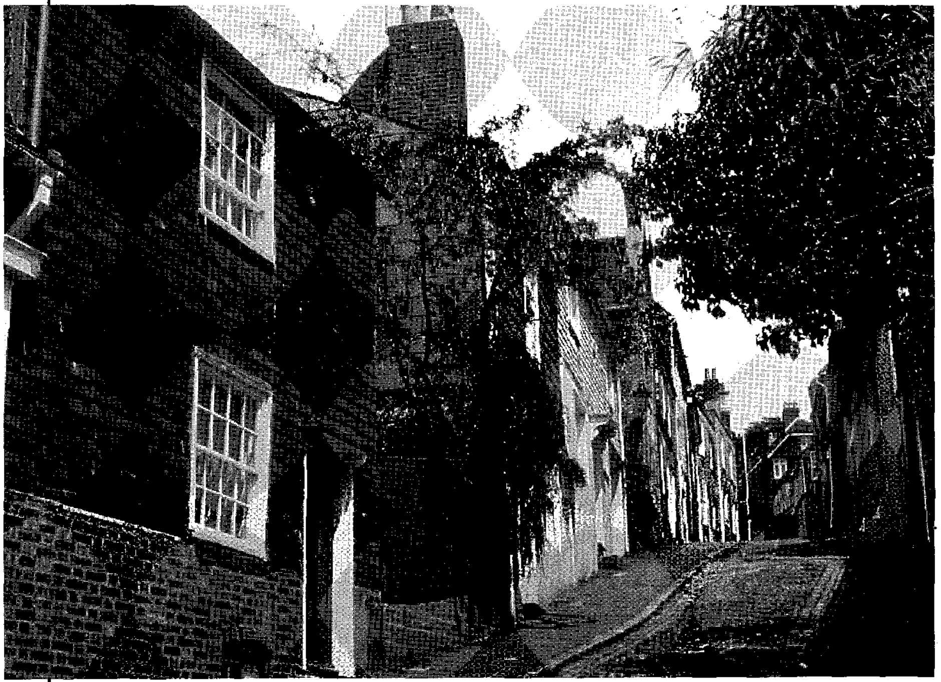
Name________________________________

Address______________________________

City________________State________Zip________

TWA GETAWAY® VACATIONS
LEADING THE WAY.℠

TWA-NY 4-86



Lewes, Sussex: a focal point in Woolf's enchanted rural 'Bloomsbury'.

of modern literature—confront here a different but equally real Virginia Woolf, one who took a robust delight in daily life. At Monk's House we find a Woolf who baked bread, put up marmalade, bowled 1,200 games of bowls in five years, tacked curtains *and* wrote.

"Our daily life," Leonard Woolf noted in his autobiography, "was probably nearer that of Chaucer's than of modern man." The allusion was literal, not literary, for in 1919 the house had no gas, electricity or water. Wind rattled the walls; the brick floors pooled damp. Over the next decade, the house approached comfort: electricity was installed in 1931, telephone (385 Lewes) in 1932 and water in 1934.

Today Monk's House looks much as it did during the Woolfs' tenure. One wonders what Woolf, herself a dedicated pilgrim to writers' homes, would think of her home so lovingly preserved down to penny stamps and spools of thread. It's as if the couple are just out for the moment. Seeing his desk chair angled toward the garden, one's sure that Leonard's out swatting a wasp from the pear tree.

Entering by the side garden door, one steps into the low oak-beamed room that until 1929 served as the sitting room. No room suggests Bloomsbury's febrile energies, its capacity for self-reference, more than this one. A collective effort, the sitting room boasts a tile-topped table by Duncan Grant, needlepoint cushions by his daughter, Angelica, and paintings by Roger Fry and Vanessa Bell. Monk's House decor can be best described as playful nightmare. With its lampshades splashed blue and purple, its upholstery giddy with bubbles, the sitting room resembles an adult playhouse. The rest of the house—the stark dining room, the utilitarian kitchen, Woolf's upstairs bedroom—is sparsely decorated with painted and tiled furniture from the Omega Workshops.

Passing out into the garden, past the two bronze busts of the Woolfs, it's easy to imagine Bloomsbury scenes: Virginia with a broad-brimmed hat shading her angular beauty; Leonard with his pet marmoset perched on his shoulder; Vanessa Bell sketching; Roger Fry reading; and beyond them in the distance, Mt. Caburn. Of her pleasure in this milieu, Woolf wrote, "Why not stay here forever and ever enjoying this immortal rhythm, in which both eye and soul are at rest?"

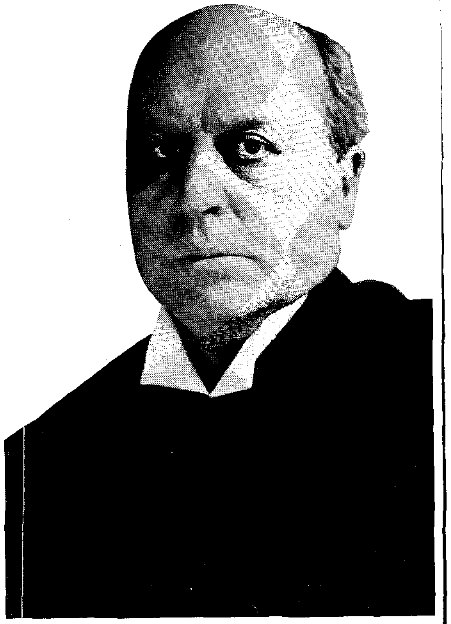
Other writer's homes in Sussex:

Lamb House, Rye. Henry James' Georgian home where he lived between 1887 and 1916. In the "little old cobblestoned, grassgrown, red-roofed" coastal town he immortalized in *English Hours*, James produced his masterpieces: *The Wings of the Dove, The Golden Bowl, The Ambassadors*. A National Trust Property, open March–September, Mondays and Wednesdays.

Batemans, near Burwash. Rudyard Kipling's home between 1902–36. A National Trust Property, the house contains an impressive Kipling collection, including his study and writing materials.

Blake's Cottage, Felpham. Just behind the Thatch Inn, William Blake's residence between 1800–04.

Henry James, who conveyed the remote charm of Rye and surrounding Sussex in *English Hours*.



SUPEREUROPE

SUPERLINER QE2 ONE WAY. SUPERSONIC CONCORDE THE OTHER, ONLY $699 MORE.

Cunard now makes it possible, actually irresistible, to combine the two ultimate transatlantic travel experiences of the 1980's in one glorious adventure.

From April through October, you have dozens of opportunities to book QE2 to or from Europe and soar at twice the speed of sound the other way on British Airways Concorde.

QE2: 5 days of 5-Plus Star luxury.

Fielding's Worldwide Cruises awards QE2 its highest possible ratings—5-Plus Stars and 5 Stars. Your five days aboard this City at Sea could well be the most memorable of your entire European vacation. Everything for your comfort and fun travels right along with you.

Superlative dining. Live it up with attentive service, large attractive staterooms, nightclubs, casino, disco, the spectacular Indoor/Outdoor Center, the unique "Golden Door Spa at Sea,"® saunas, whirlpools, a nursery with nannies, a hands-on computer center, and much more.

Low-cost Concorde or no-cost British Airways economy airfare.

Specially reserved Concorde flights are yours between London and New York, Miami, Washington for a mere $699 extra (that's about 75% off!). Or, you may choose a free BA economy-class flight between London and 57 cities. (You can also upgrade just by paying the difference.) And Cunard offers savings in Europe at hotels, on cruises and land tours, even the Orient Express.

If not now, when? QE2 rates range from $1,350 to $7,195. Call your travel agent or mail coupon.

Rates are per person, double occupancy. BA economy ticket based on rates as of 8/21/85; length-of-stay restrictions apply. Cunard may cancel Concorde program without prior notice. QE2 registered in Great Britain.

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2
Last of the Great Superliners

CUNARD, Box 999, Farmingdale,
NY 11737
Please rush me information on QE2's SuperEurope. (Q780)

NAME

ADDRESS, APT. NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

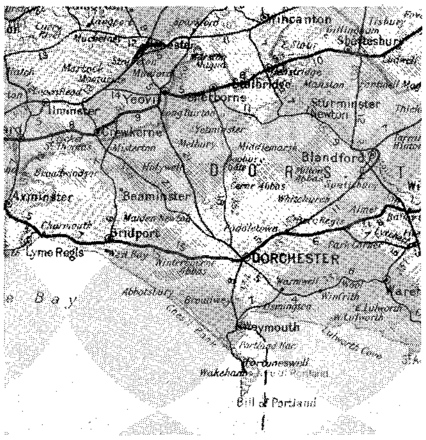
MY TRAVEL AGENT

© CUNARD 1986
E01118

CUNARD

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 • SAGAFJORD • VISTAFJORD • CUNARD COUNTESS • CUNARD PRINCESS

Hardy's 'Wessex': Daily Rituals of Dorset Life



> "IT WAS THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE, AND THE SHEEP-SHEARING SEASON CULMINATED, THE LANDSCAPE EVEN TO THE LEANEST PASTURE, BEING ALL HEALTH AND COLOUR. EVERY GREEN WAS YOUNG, EVERY PORE WAS OPEN, AND EVERY STALK WAS SWOLLEN WITH RACING CURRENTS OF JUICE."
>
> *Far from the Madding Crowd* by Thomas Hardy

Like the Brontës' moors or Wordsworth's lakes, Thomas Hardy's Wessex is a literary landscape that transcends the novels it inspired. It is Wessex, not Tess or Jude Fawley, that is Hardy's greatest character; its moods and destiny celebrated in novel after novel.

Wessex, specifically South Wessex, is Hardy's fictionalized name for his native Dorset. While in the novels Wessex spans much of England's southwestern corridor—stretching from Hampshire to southern Devon—its heart is Dorset, the setting of Hardy's finest novels: *The Mayor of Casterbridge, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Far from the Madding Crowd,* and *The Return of the Native.* Thinly disguising local names, Hardy's Wessex is studded with easily recognizable topographical references. Sherborne becomes Sherton Abbas in *Tess;* Shaftesbury—Shafton in *Jude the Obscure;* Dorchester—Casterbridge in *The Mayor of Casterbridge.*

South Wessex's larger perimeters range from the Frome Valley (Vale of the Great Dairies in *Tess*) to Blackmoor Vale (Vale of the Little Dairies in *The Woodlanders*). Any Hardy pilgrimage then encompasses the breadth of Dorset itself: its market and coastal towns; the wet woodlands to the west; the chalk downs to the east; the heather-carpeted heaths to the south; the farmland to the north. Hardy captured it all. His are, above all, novels of place. His prose, some of the richest in English, details wind shifts, soil mix, hill contour, wood outcrop.

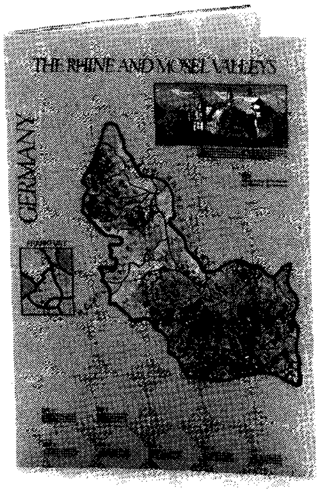
Thomas Hardy, whose Wessex settings were his native Dorset immortalized.

Hardy is to the 19th-century novel what Constable is to its art: an artist with a miniaturist's eye for the intricacies of daily rural English life. For Hardy, man and nature met in the unifying rhythms of work. His novels are rich evocations of process: cider-making in *The Woodlanders,* sheep-shearing in *Far from the Madding Crowd,* milking scenes in *Tess.* Nature takes on a luxuriant specificity. Consider, for instance, this passage from *The Woodlanders.* "In the poorest spots the hedges were bowed with haws and blackberries; acorns cracked underfoot, and the burst husks of chestnuts lay exposing their auburn contents as if arranged by anxious sellers in a fruitmarket." Like Constable, Hardy rendered studies of skies, cloud formations, the incident of light refracting off pastureland.

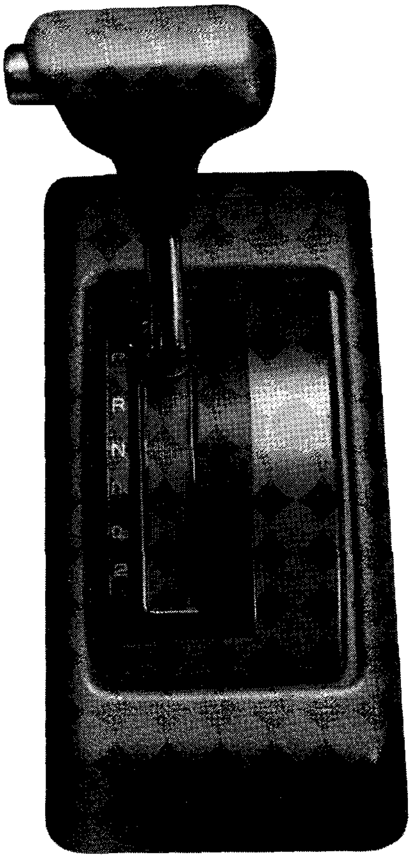
Pastoral Dorset is a world Hardy knew intimately. Born in Higher Bockhampton in 1840 and educated

A pastoral life of sheep shearing, captured in Far from the Madding Crowd.

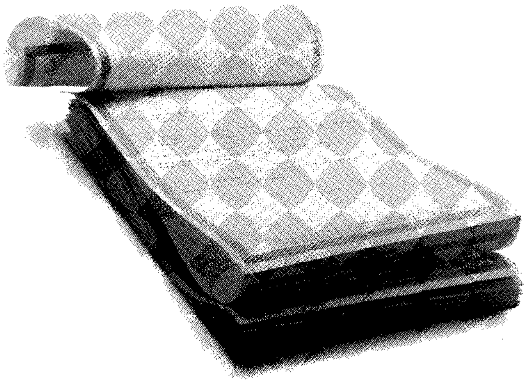
Hertz has extras that'll make you feel comfortable driving in Europe.



Hertz European Driving Tours, the booklet that helps you plan your trip before you leave.



More automatics than ever before, even in small cars.



Computerized Driving Directions to help you get exactly where you want to go.

We've made getting around Europe by car easier. By giving you less to worry about.

Weekly Rate For A Manual Shift, Economy-size Car
Based On A 7 Day Minimum Rental

Country	U.S. Dollar Equivalents*	Guaranteed European Currency Rates
Belgium	$102 a week	5250 Francs
France	$159 a week	1225 Francs
Germany	$132 a week	336 Marks
Spain	$106 a week	16,450 Pesetas
Portugal	$88 a week	14,000 Escudos

*Based on exchange rates as of 12/3/85.
Seasonal surcharges may apply in some countries.

You can plan your trip in advance with our Affordable Europe planning kit. And once you get there, our Computerized Driving Directions won't let you get lost—unless you want to.

If you want automatic transmission, it's available in most countries. In all car sizes.

And unlimited mileage—and guaranteed drop-offs all over Europe—let you watch the scenery, instead of the odometer.

For more information, send in the coupon. Then relax. After all, isn't that what you're going to Europe for in the first place?

AFFORDABLE EUROPE

Send to: Folder Fulfillment Center, P.O. Box 2695, Smithtown, NY 11787.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City______________ State_____ Zip_______

You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.™

Hertz

Hertz rents Fords and other fine cars.

EMNKE28

*Some restrictions apply. Car must be reserved in the U.S. at least seven days in advance or a higher weekly or daily rate will apply. Rates guaranteed in local currency through October 31, 1986. Approximate dollar equivalents are for guidance only, are based on exchange rates as of December 3, 1985 and will fluctuate with exchange rates. Refueling service charge, taxes, optional CDW, PAI and drop-off charges where applicable not included. Hertz standard age, credit and driver qualifications apply. Reservations of first night's lodging must be made in the U.S. Quality of service and facilities of participating hotels are not the responsibility of Hertz. Holiday or seasonal surcharges will apply. Rates are non-discountable.

® REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © HERTZ SYSTEM INC. 1986

Garden Tours of England Scotland and Ireland

1986/1987

"For Gardeners and Writers"

English Literary Landscapes
Lost Irish Demesnes
Cotswolds and Cambridge
Castles and Gardens of Scotland

Serendipity Garden Tours, Inc.
3-D4 Channing Circle
Cambridge, MA 02138
(617) 354-1879

CUSTOM BRITISH TAILORING AND SHIRTMAKING

Regular US visits for over 50 years

Wells of Mayfair

47 Maddox Street
London W1R 0EQ
011.441.629 1466.

Brian Lishak will be pleased to meet you in one of the venues below to show you the finest range of top quality materials, tailoring and shirts.

Please telephone him for an appointment.

BOSTON 617.536.5700 Ritz Carlton
May 7–8 0900—1800hrs
May 9 0900—1200hrs

GATES MILLS 216.423.4414 Chagrin Valley Hunt Club
May 10 0900—1800hrs
May 11 0900—1200hrs

NEW YORK 212.686.1600 Doral Tuscany
May 12–16 0900—1800hrs
May 17 0900—1200hrs

CHICAGO 312.280.2222 Park Hyatt
May 19 0900—1800hrs
May 20 0900—1200hrs

SAN FRANCISCO 415.772.5000 Fairmont Tower
May 21–22 0900—1800hrs
May 23 0900—1200hrs

London's most elegant shop— Britain's most elegant clothes

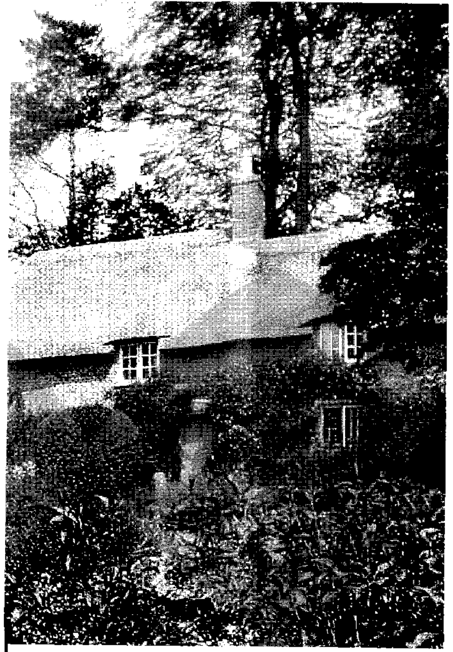
in nearby Dorchester, at 16 he was articled to John Hicks, a local architect. After a period of years in London, Hardy returned to Dorset, settling permanently in Dorchester. He lived in Max Gate, his house off the Wareham Road, from 1885 until his death in 1928. Although his ashes were placed in Westminster Abbey, his heart is buried in the tiny family cemetery at Stinsford.

Even as he wrote, Dorset's ancient regime was changing. Roof-thatchers, hagglers, and yeomen were being supplanted by "a modern Wessex of railways, the penny post, moving and reaping machines." In his novels, Hardy explored this clash between tradition and innovation, playing it out against the backdrop of Dorset's landscape. In Hardy, unlike Wordsworth, nature is capable of furious bleakness: winds scouring Egdon Heath, snows blanketing farmland. Yet any journey to Hardy country inevitably entails the Dorset of Hardy's poetry. The "wind-warped upland thorn" that graces the coastline. Grouse, bracken, and broom still abound; and, sailing high above them, "the dewfell hawk, silent as an eyelid's blink."

Dorchester is the obvious starting place for a Hardy tour. One hardly needs his statue off Westgate to be reminded of his presence. Hardy is everywhere. At nearby South Street, we see number 39 where he apprenticed as an architect. Across the street is the house (now a Barclay's bank) that served as the model for Henchard's residence in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. Just up on High East Street is The King's Arms Hotel where Henchard's doomed wife, Susan, spies him through the window. M.R. Skilling and the Thomas Hardy Society have issued a series of pamphlets and maps that detail Hardy and his fictional world of Wessex. A helpful preview to such a walking tour is a trip to the Dorset County Museum on High West Street. It devotes an entire floor to Hardy's world, including a replication of his Max Gate study.

Hardy's Cottage, three miles northeast of Dorchester in the village of Higher Bockhampton, is the same "small low cottage with a thatched pyramidal roof" that readers know from *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Now a National Trust property, the seven-room cottage built in 1800 by

Hardy's walking stick, in the Dorset County Museum: a travelling companion and witness to the literary landscapes of his many novels.



The thatched-roof cottage of Hardy's youth, in Higher Bockhampton.

Hardy's great-grandfather is where the young Hardy began writing. Abutting the cottage is Egdon Heath, the name Hardy used to describe the heathland between Dorchester and Wareham. Fictional site of *The Return of the Native,* it also serves as a pastoral contrast to the brooding isolation of Rainbarrows, a prehistoric burial mound in that same novel.

Hardy was fascinated with Dorset's prehistoric past. Any exploration of Hardy country automatically involves visits to Mambury Rings, a sacred stone circle near Dorchester that's featured in *The Mayor of Casterbridge;* the Neolithic earthwork at Cerne Abbas mentioned in *Tess;* and the Cross-in-Hand monument on Batcombe Down.

Of special interest:

Cloud Hills, near Bovington Camp. The cottage where T.E. Lawrence ("Lawrence of Arabia") lived from 1923 until his death in 1935.

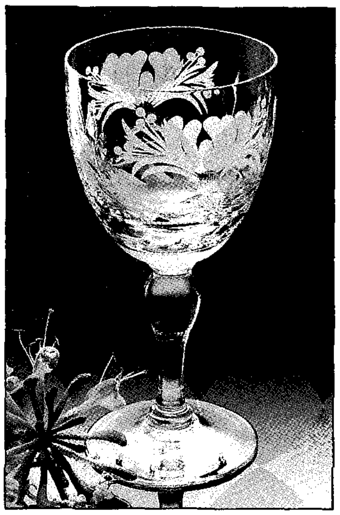
Milton Abbas School, Milton Abbas. Where the BBC filmed "To Serve Them All My Days," the television adaption of R.F. Delderfield's novel.

Christie's International Network of auction rooms and representatives are available to you worldwide. Our specialists can advise you on the auction process and give you verbal appraisals on your antiques and works of art. For further information, please contact Christie's London at 01/839-9060 or Christie's New York at 212/546-1000.

CHRISTIE'S

Royal Brierley

English Full Lead Crystal
of impeccable pedigree



For over two centuries, Royal Brierley has been the choice of kings and aristocrats, statesmen and scholars, and those who quite simply prize consummate craftsmanship and rare quality. Make its acquaintance at the better stores, or send $1 for full information to:

Royal Brierley Crystal, 7250 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, California 91605.

Sole U.S. Agent, Shore Marketing, Inc.

OAKS OF BRITAIN

Your opportunity to firmly establish your roots in the land of your ancestors.

Membership of OAKS OF BRITAIN makes you the owner of a sturdy British oak with a life expectancy well into the 22nd Century. Specially planted for you and your heirs in SW Britain close to the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers sailed. Your oak will carry your name and a commemorative plaque in your own words. OAKS OF BRITAIN will send you a framed certificate of ownership and a picture of your oak when planted by a professional forester.

When in Britain come and see how your oak has grown. What better reason to visit the land of your forefathers.

For more details write or send coupon to OAKS OF BRITAIN, Prince Hall, Two Bridges, Yelverton, Devon PL20 6SW, Gr. Britain.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ________

ADVERTISEMENT

Haunts of the Brontës: West Yorkshire's Moors

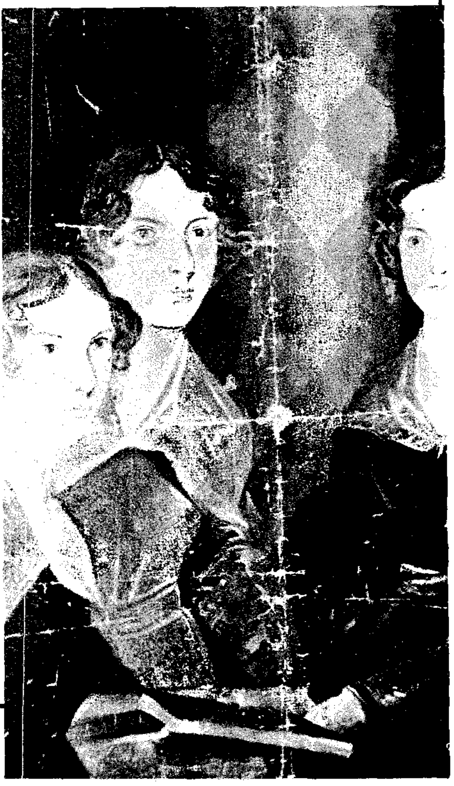
Ilkley
Wetherby
Harewood
Shipley
BRADFORD

It's probably the most famous address in English literature, one we've known since childhood, one that haunts the imagination long into adulthood. Wuthering Heights. Its very name suggests a kind of wild bleakness—of storm-tossed moors and winds slashing their surfaces under gray, unforgiving skies. So indelibly linked are Haworth Moor, fictional site of *Wuthering Heights,* and the collective Brontë saga that it is impossible to journey to West Riding in Yorkshire without imposing our own fiction on the landscape.

For generations of readers, West Riding always will be the landscape of orphans and wards; of grim-lipped tutors; of cold water washings and thin cotton socks worn during winter services. Despite its other associations—the chalk-white dales to the north, the lattice of abbeys to the east—Yorkshire, specifically the moors near the village of Haworth, always will be Brontë country.

While the expanse of moorland opening from the Worth Valley is scarred with pockets of industrialization—the textile and manufacturing mills Charlotte Brontë depicted in *Shirley*—the desolate beauty of these moors still prevails. Heather pink against slate skies, these are the moors of *Jane Eyre, Agnes Grey,* and the Brontë poetry, "where the wild wind blows on the mountainside."

> "THIS IS CERTAINLY A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY! IN ALL OF ENGLAND, I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT I COULD HAVE FIXED ON A SITUATION SO COMPLETELY REMOVED FROM THE STIR OF SOCIETY. A PERFECT MISANTHROPIST'S HEAVEN: AND MR. HEATHCLIFF AND I ARE SUCH A SUITABLE PAIR TO DIVIDE THE DESOLATION BETWEEN US."
>
> Opening page, *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë



Anne, Emily, and Charlotte Brontë in a painting by their father, Patrick Branwell Brontë.

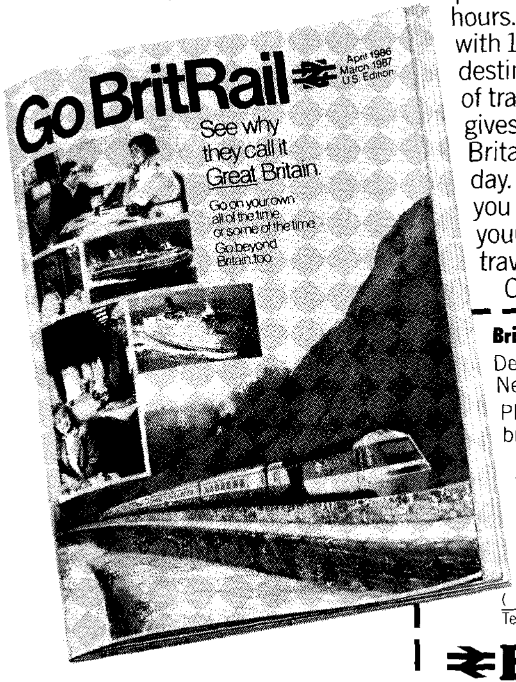
The Haworth Parsonage and haunting environment, where the Brontës lived from 1820 on.

The approach to Haworth, four miles southwest of Keighley, is still best captured in Matthew Arnold's elegy for Charlotte:

> Where, behind Keighley, the road,
> Up to the heart of the moors
> Between heath-clad showery hills
> Runs, and colliers' carts
> Poach the deep ways coming
> down,
> And rough, grimed race have
> their homes—
> There on its slope is built
> The moorland town. But the
> church
> Stands on the crest of the hill,
> Lonely and bleak;—at its side
> The parsonage-house and the
> graves.

It is here, to Haworth, that in 1820 the Rev. Patrick Brontë brought his wife and six children. As during their lifetime, the village is a maze of cobblestone streets rising steeply from the moorland. On its summit, overlooking the church where he was curate between 1820–61, sits the famous parsonage, a two-storied stone house flanked by the cemetery and silhouetted by the moors.

In 1855, on her first visit to the parsonage, Charlotte's biographer, the novelist Elizabeth Gaskell,



Go BritRail
April 1986
March 1987
US Edition
See why they call it Great Britain.
Go on your own all of the time or some of the time
Go beyond Britain too.

ADVERTISEMENT

SHORTCUT TO GETTING AROUND BRITAIN.

Cut out this coupon and find out how to get from London to Oxford in under an hour. Or to the capital of Scotland (400 miles) in 4½ hours. The secret, of course, is BritRail, with 14,000 trains daily to over 2,000 destinations. And BritRail offers lots of travel options. The BritRail Pass gives you unlimited travel all over Britain. A 14-day pass is just $13 a day. But you have to buy it before you leave. So plan ahead. Send for your free brochure. Then see your travel agent.

One shortcut leads to another.

BritRail Travel International
Dept. HQ, 630 Third Avenue,
New York, NY 10017

Please send me your brochure, *Go BritRail.*

Name
Address
City State Zip
( )
Telephone NY486

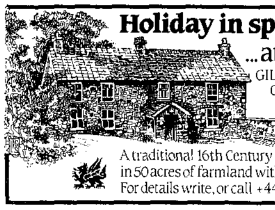
BritRail Travel

WELLINGTON COLOGNE
PERFUMER
GEORGE F. TRUMPER

WELLINGTON COLOGNE

One of a range of
classic fragrances
redolent of
the British tradition.
Send for our
free catalogue.

GEO F. TRUMPER
9 Curzon Street, London W1, England 01-499 1850



Holiday in space...
...at 'The Wenallt'.
GILWERN, ABERGAVENNY,
GWENT, SOUTH WALES.

A traditional 16th Century Welsh longhouse, set in 50 acres of farmland with magnificent views! For details write, or call +44 873 830694.

ENGLAND
THAMES VALLEY INNS
20 Country inns where royalty once slept.
You'll be treated royally too! For booklet.
Ralph Locke, 315 E. 72 St. NYC 10021
NY 212-628-8149 • US 800-223-1108

PLANTAGENET TOVRS

The Barbarossa Tour to Medieval Germany and Italy
19 April — 6 May, 1986
12 July — 29 July, 1986
Price: $2250*

The Plantagenet Tour to Medieval England and France
17 May — 1 June, 1986
9 August — 24 August, 1986
6 September — 21 Sept, 1986
Price: $2400*

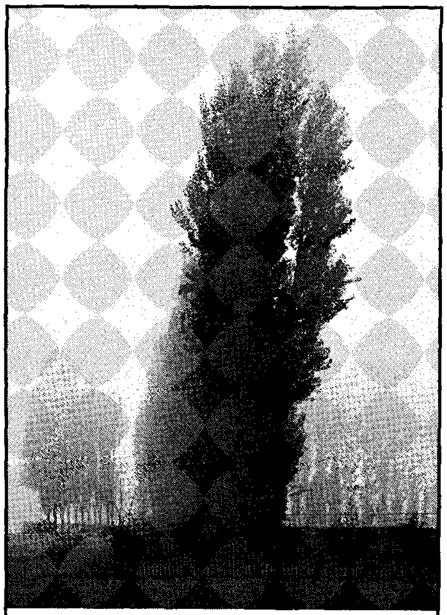
The Polyalbion Tour to Literary England
7 June — 29 June, 1986
Price: $2950*

The Literary London Tour
29 November — 7 December, 1986
Price: $995*

**Price Exclusive of Air Fare*

The idea of these tours is to connect history to the landscape where its events took place, and literature to the city of its origin — showing how both the word and the world reflect and explain each other. Professor Peter Gravgaard has designed the tours and directs them personally.

Brochures:
The Plantagenet Tours
Suite 1057,
2828 Forest
Square, Dallas,
Texas 75234.
Tel: (214)
243-6753



The Hound of the
BASKERVILLES
by
A. CONAN DOYLE
with 53 photographs of the English moors by
MICHAEL KENNA
A deluxe edition limited to 400 copies at $300
THE ARION PRESS
460 Bryant, San Francisco, California 94107
Telephone: (415) 777-9651

IRELAND·BRITAIN
EUROPE
1986
CIE TOURS

SELF-DRIVE VACATIONS TO IRELAND

Stay in the Country & Town Homes of Ireland.

Spend your time with the people of Ireland. A rental car and 7 days from only $99 per person* CIE Tours, celebrating 55 years of experience, knows what you want. A chance to sample real Irish hospitality from the Irish people at home, in friendly country homes and quaint farmhouses, all inspected to insure your comfort. Or select the same vacation using a variety of wonderful Irish first-class hotels—or why not combine them both?—either way, you plan the itinerary. Write for CIE's 1986 tour brochure containing this and over 29 other superb tours to Britain and Ireland.

**Prices are land only based upon two people traveling together*

CIE TOURS

NY 4/28/86
CIE Tours International
25-15 50th Street, Woodside, NY 11377

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

noted: "The wind goes piping and wailing and sobbing around the square, unsheltered house in a very strange and unearthly way." Who can blame Mrs. Gaskell, a woman of impeccable common sense, for her momentary lapse into gothic metaphor. To visit the parsonage firsthand is to see the forceful connection between the severity of the landscape and the necessitated richness of the Brontë's interior life. Like the few trees that grace the horizon, this is a landscape that shapes or stunts.

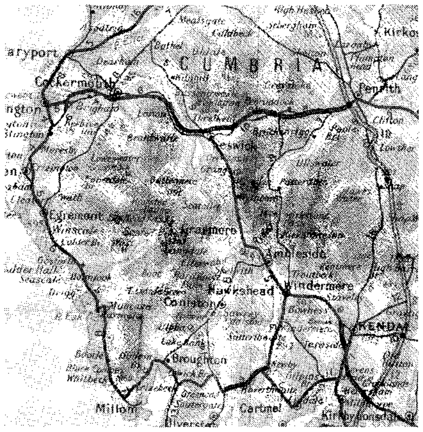
In a house bordered on three sides by cemetery, loss was a condition of childhood. In 1821 Mrs. Brontë died. In the spring of 1825 Maria and Elizabeth Brontë died after falling ill at the infamous Cowan Bridge School. Reared by their aunt, Elizabeth Branwell, and servant, Tabitha Aykroyd, the remaining Brontë children filled the long hours by exploring the moors and inventing stories. Their collective literary career can be traced to a single date. On June 25, 1826, returning from a trip to Leeds, the Rev. Brontë gave Branwell a box of wooden soldiers and the girls a model village. The next day they spun the intricate fictional worlds of Angria and Gondol. The tales, influenced by Scott and Byron, were inscribed in cloth-bound books measuring two-by-one and a half inches.

The material for the adult novels sprang from the Brontë's own bitter fortune: Charlotte's year at Cowan Bridge School (Lowood of *Jane Eyre*); her unhappy years in Brussels (*The Professor, Villette*); Anne and Emily's failed attempts at being governesses (*Agnes Grey*); the return to Haworth (*Wuthering Heights*). After publishing a volume of poetry under the collective pseudonym of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell in 1846, between 1847-8 each sister would publish a novel. Yet happiness proved as fitful as British sunshine. By September, 1848, Branwell (the prototype for Anne's *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*) died of dissipation from opium and drink. By September, Emily, age 30, was dead. The following May, Anne died in Scarborough. Charlotte, the only Brontë to marry, died at age 38 in 1855.

The Brontë legend weighs heavily on visitors to Haworth. On the final climb to the parsonage, we pass the Black Bull where Branwell drank; the church in whose vault all but Anne are buried. Yet nothing prepares one for the domestic intimacy and warmth on the other side of the parsonage door. Stepping into the sandstone hallway, we see what Charlotte's school friend, Ellen Nussey, recorded in her 1833 journal: the spotlessly clean interior, the domed archway past which climbs a flight of stairs. To the left is the Brontë's dining room; across the hall, the Rev. Brontë's study. As with the upstairs bedrooms, the house and its annex are filled with Brontëana. Each object is freighted with loss: the horsehair sofa where Emily died, Charlotte's writing desk, Anne's drawings. Downstairs in the exhibition rooms, the Bonnell Room is a fund of Brontë manuscripts, letters and drawings.

To understand what sparked the novels, visitors should make the five-minute trip to Haworth Moor. Following the well-worn path past the Brontë waterfall, one sees the now nearly derelict Top Withens farmhouse, thought to be the model for *Wuthering Heights*. The spot commands a superb view of "the bluff, bold swells of heath." Here we see what Charlotte meant when she wrote, "My sister Emily loved the Moors...They were more to her than a mere spectacle; they were what she lived in and by...She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights; and not the least and best loved was—liberty."

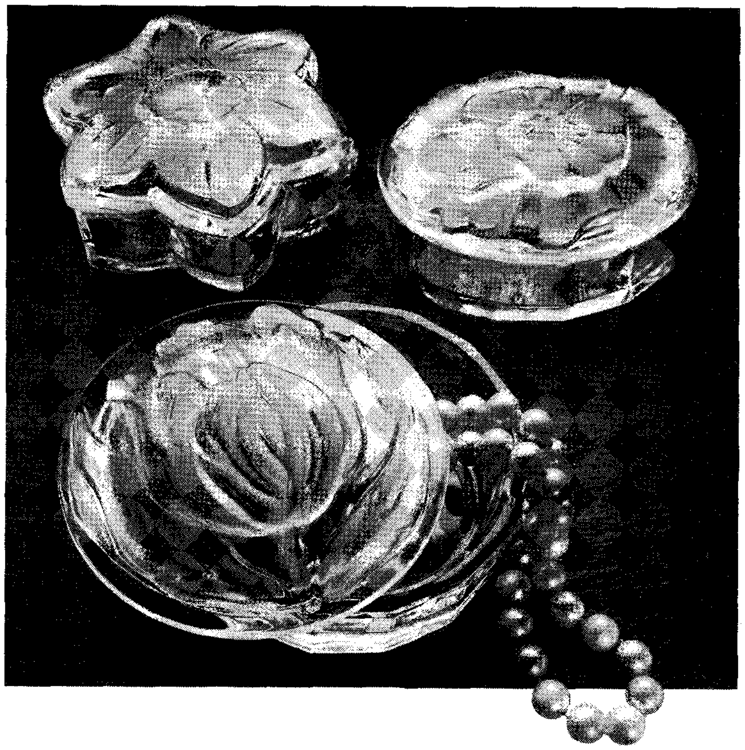
Wordsworth's Cumbria: Lakes of the Romantics



> "WE SAW COLERIDGE ON THE SIDE OF THE WATER . . . IT IS A GLORIOUS WILD SOLITUDE UNDER THAT LOFTY PURPLE CRAG. IT STOOD UPRIGHT BY ITSELF, ITS OWN SELF, AND ITS SHADOW BELOW, ONE MASS—ALL ELSE WAS SUNSHINE."
>
> Dorothy Wordsworth, *Grasmere Journal*, 1802

For Wordsworth it was "unity sublime," for Coleridge, "a cabinet of beauties," for Southey, "where Infinity seem'd to open." Writers ever since, from Ruskin to

The Lake District's William Wordsworth, who translated the sublime power of nature into poetry.



Flower Boxes.

Gorham creates flowering perennials in brilliant full lead crystal, beautiful boxes to bloom forever with your special treasures. Floral Boxes, 3½", suggested retail price 19.95 each. At fine stores everywhere. Gorham, P.O. Box 6150-N, Providence, Rhode Island 02940-6150.

GORHAM TEXTRON
Gorham Division of Textron Inc.

GORHAM is FINE GIFTS

MAGEE OF DONEGAL
ESTD 1866

THE HOME OF DONEGAL HANDWOVEN TWEEDS

Magee of Donegal was founded in 1886 on a tradition of uncompromising quality and distinctive caftsmanship. Today you can order direct from our full colour mail order brochure — anywhere in the world. Choose from our extensive range of men's wear and ladies' wear all distinctively tailored in Pure New Wool, quality Irish handcrafts including Aran Knitwear, Pure Irish Linen and the world's largest selection of Donegal Handwoven Tweeds available by the yard or in skirt packs. Please send $1.00 to cover postage and packing for your free mail order brochure now.

SPECIAL EXPRESS DELIVERY SERVICE AVAILABLE.

MAGEE OF DONEGAL LTD.
The Diamond, Donegal, Ireland Tel: Donegal 21100 Telex: 40420

Elegant Country Charm–Luxury London Hotel.

39 Dorset Square, London NW1.
Tel. 01.723.7874. Telex: 263964.
Toll Free: 800.223 9815.
NYS (212) 840.6636.

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

ENGLISH TAX FREE SALES

All leading makes of china and crystal stocked – check our prices on 5 p.c. p'settings and crystal clarets.

Wedgwood Osborne	$52.64	Waterford – Lismore	$24.59
Wedgwood Cavendish	$46.72	Edinburgh – Star	$22.07
Wedgwood Medici	$42.75	Stuart – Glengarry	$14.18
Spode Xmas Tree	$30.64	Atlantis – Evora	$18.60
Coalport Countryware	$26.72	Plus; Villeroy & Boch, Herend	
Worcester Evesham	$34.10	Lladro, Swarovski, etc, etc	

Send $2.00 for full color catalogue and quote to:
Carousel (NY), Henley-on-Thames, Oxon. RG9 2AR England

GOT A KNOTTY PROBLEM?

tiecleaning by tiecrafters

Our expert handwork does wonders in restoring the beauty, brightness and shape of fine neckwear. It's the best care your ties can get. 3.00 ea.
Min. 4 ties

ties narrowed
ALL BY HAND

You can trust tiecrafters for the finest hand shaping and sewing. Ties look "just bought". 6.00 ea.
Comb. Slim and Clean, only $7.50 ea.
Choice of width. . . Min. 4 ties

MAIL ORDERS
Add $2.00

FREE
"Tips on Ties"

tiecrafters® . . . since 1952

116 East 27th St. New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 867-7676

English Countryside
FOR THE PERFECT DAY

Visiting London?

Join us for a day on a personalised tour of literary England.

We start at the home of poet John Keats, before journeying by chauffeured Jaguar to the secluded villages of Hertfordshire where George Bernard Shaw, Charles Lamb, Jane Austen, and George Orwell spent part of their lives.

To visit the homes of some of these authors is to enjoy a fresh insight into their work, and a deeper understanding of our shared cultural heritage.

The day will be complemented by traditional luncheon with fine wines, enjoyed in the elegant surroundings of an English Country house.

Write for free brochure, English Countryside
Quiet Cottage Pelham Road
Great Hormead Hertfordshire
England SG9 0NU

"OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND"

Advertiser Information

To receive further information on advertisers in this special section, please complete this coupon. Place a check mark next to the advertiser whose products or services interest you. (Where indicated, catalogues are offered at cost.) Enclose $1.00 for inquiry processing, plus the cost of any catalogues ordered, and send to: THE NEW YORKER Magazine, P.O. Box 2044, Clinton, Iowa 52735.

☐ Alfred Dunhill
☐ The Arion Press
☐ BritRail Travel
☐ CIE Tours
☐ Carousel
Catalogue $2.00
☐ Christie's
☐ Dawson McGeorge
☐ Dorset Square Hotel
☐ English Countryside
☐ Geo F. Trumper
☐ Gorham
☐ Hertz
☐ Magee of Donegal
☐ Oaks of Britain
☐ Plantagenet Tours
☐ Royal Brierley
Catalogue $1.00
☐ Serendipity Tours
☐ TWA/BTA
☐ Thames Valley Inns
☐ Tiecrafters
☐ Venice-Simplon
Orient Express
☐ Wells of Mayfair
☐ The Wenallt

Name ______

Address ______

City/State/Zip ______

Please make all checks or money orders payable to THE NEW YORKER. Allow six to eight weeks for delivery. Offer expires July 31, 1986. International orders accepted only if accompanied by U.S. Funds.

Dove Cottage in Grasmere, modestly nestled amidst mountains and lakes.

Hugh Walpole, have fumbled for epithets to describe England's Lake District, 900 square miles of rugged grandeur in the heart of Cumbria. With its fells and dales, its lake-scattered landscape, its scale is heroic. Yet its beauty is one forever seen in translation: in the sketches by Turner and Constable, the diaries of Defoe, the travel letters of Keats and Charlotte Brontë, and, above all, in the works of the Lake Poets.

Nowhere do England's literary and natural landscapes meet more congruently than here. To journey to this northwestern corner of the country is not only to embark on a vast literary quest—a pilgrimage encompassing the homes of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, Ruskin, and Beatrix Potter—but to understand what inspired the works that were written here.

No writer is more indelibly associated with the Lake District than William Wordsworth. Born in Cockermouth in 1770, reared in Penrith, and educated at the grammar school at Hawkshead, he settled permanently in Grasmere in 1799. At Dove Cottage, the house he shared with his sister Dorothy, he began his epic autobiographical poem, *The Prelude,* a chronicle of his personal and literary transformation. Like "Ode: Intimations of Immortality," *The Prelude* is a paean to his birthplace. Catalyst and muse to his creative powers, the Lake District shaped Wordsworth's credo: Nature as spiritual instructor. From Gowbarrow Park, Ullswater, where he first spotted the famous clump of daffodils, to his beloved Derwent, Wordsworth found in nature the beginnings of his own voice and, with it, that of the Romantic Movement.

While Wordsworth's homes at Cockermouth and Rydal Mount frame the poet's life, Dove Cottage provides the richest glimpse of his world. The two-storied cottage, set just off the main road a quarter-mile south of Grasmere, is a beautifully preserved look at the lives of the Lake Poets. Wordsworth's residence between 1799–1807, the cottage also served as Coleridge's intermittent stop-over, and, from 1809–1821, Thomas De Quincey's home.

At Dove Cottage Wordsworth enjoyed a creativity unrivaled at any point in his career. Yet seeing the cramped upstairs rooms, the narrow staircase on which his children played, it's hard to imagine how he wrote poetry, an occupation he described as "emotions recollected in tranquility." But one suspects that the boisterous conviviality at Dove Cottage had much to do with his writing.

Dove Cottage and adjacent Wordsworth Museum, Grasmere. Open April–December.
Wordsworth House, Cockermouth. A National Trust Property. Open April 31–October.
Rydal Mount, Rydal near Ambleside. Wordsworth's final home, 1813–50. Open daily.

Relics from Wordsworth's literary landscape.

Maps in this section appear courtesy of John Bartholomew & Son Ltd., Duncan Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.

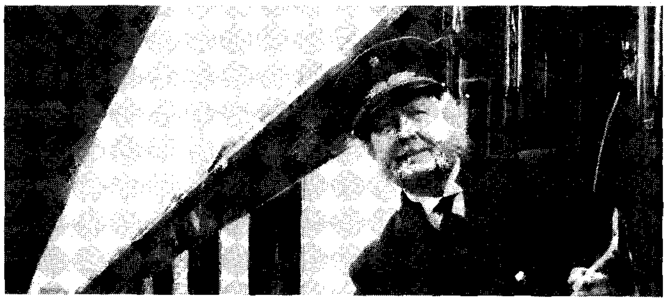
These and other detailed touring maps by Bartholomew are available in local map and book stores, from Hagstrom Map Center in New York City, or from Hammond, Inc. in Maplewood, New Jersey.

Photography and art appear courtesy of the British Tourist Authority and the Bettmann Archive.

QUITE SIMP CASHMERE KNITWEAR FROM SCOTLAND
McGeorge
OF DUMFRIES

**FOR RETAILERS OF McGEORGE KNITWEAR NEAREST TO YOU WRITE TO
A. KUEHNERT + CO. INC., 150 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016, USA.**

DAY TRIPS FROM LONDON ABOARD THE SPLENDID TRAIN OF KINGS.



The Venice Simplon-Orient-Express

Elegant dining and superb comfort aboard the world's most sumptuous railway carriages. A journey back in time to a gentler age of grace and good manners.

The magnificently restored British Pullman offers day trips to Bath and Bristol, to Folkestone and Hever Castle or Leeds Castle, to the great estates of Broadlands or Beaulieu Palace.

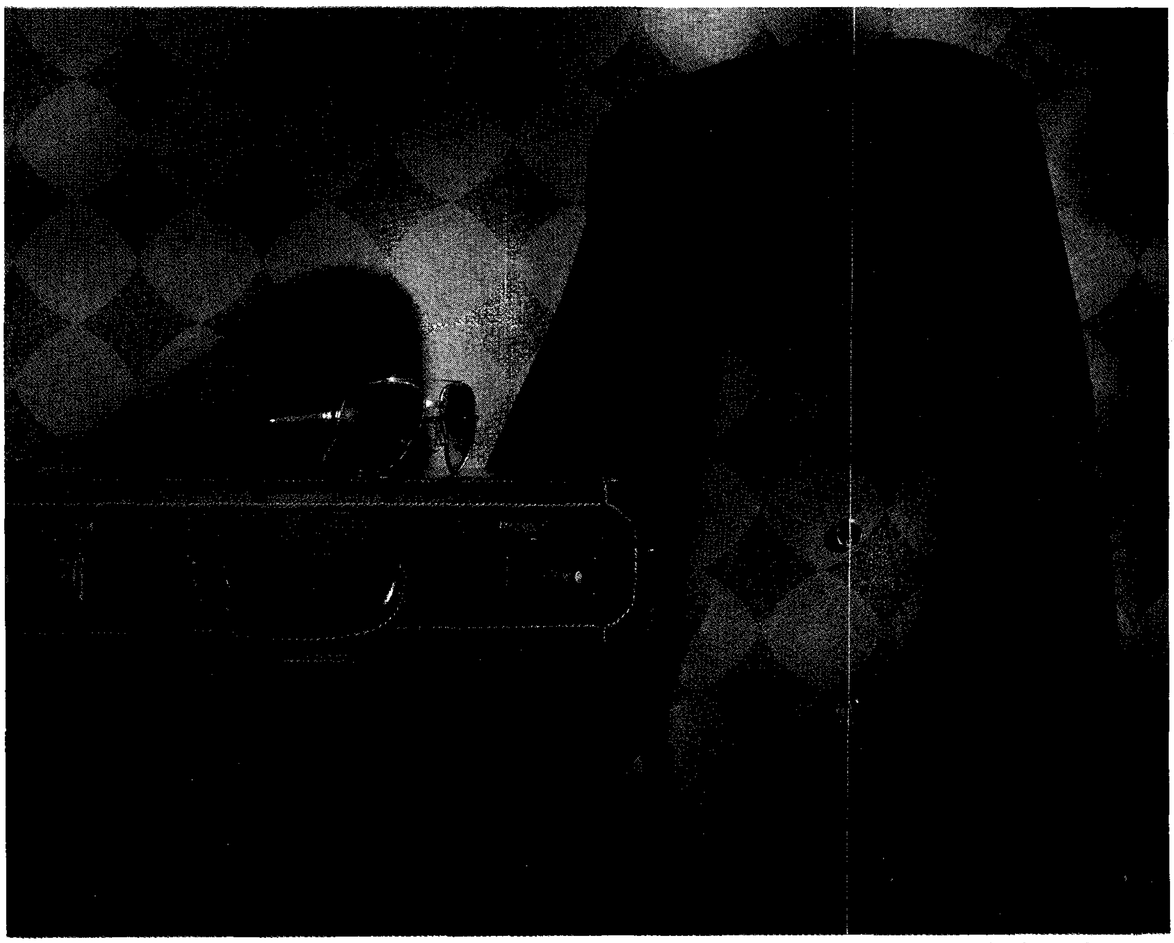
See your travel agent for details or call toll free (800) 524-2420. In New York call (212) 938-6830.

The exquisite centerpiece to any London visit.

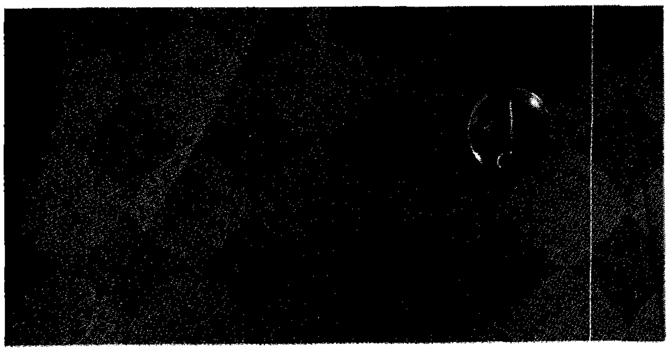
VENICE SIMPLON ORIENT-EXPRESS

© Venice Simplon-Orient-Express 1986

LAPELS GENTLY ROLLED, LACQUERED BUTTONS. YOU CAN TELL IT'S A DUNHILL BLAZER.



At Dunhill the studied art of the craftsman has always been seen as an essential of good design. Whether the material worked is of worsted cloth, a precious metal or fine leather. Dunhill has become a hallmark not just of inherent British values, but of quality the world over.



The Dunhill Blazer. A rolled lapel is a sure indication of classic tailoring, which is complemented by the design of the distinctive lacquered buttons. Making this a blazer that can be worn comfortably on both formal or more casual occasions with total confidence.

ALFRED DUNHILL'S PHILOSOPHY:

IT MUST BE USEFUL. IT MUST WORK DEPENDABLY. IT MUST BE BEAUTIFUL.
IT MUST LAST. IT MUST BE THE BEST OF ITS KIND.

dunhill CUP

NATIONS GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP
ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND, 25-28 SEP 1986.

BEVERLY HILLS • SAN FRANCISCO • ATLANTA
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • DALLAS • HOUSTON

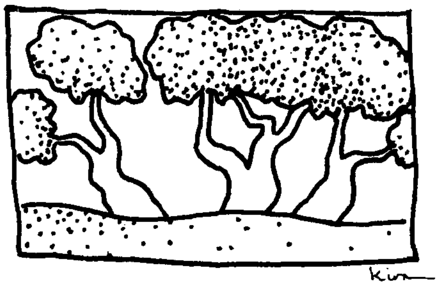
dunhill

Jenny McKean. She came from a well-to-do Boston family; was a graduate of the Madeira School, in Virginia; and had attended Vassar before transferring to Barnard. She later said of their first weeks together, "I continued classes in the daytime, and at night we danced, went to parties. Paul drank too much, and there were times when he told me how dishonest this heroism business seemed, how he really didn't like getting a medal for shooting somebody in the gut." (He could have been thinking of what he had once heard the Reverend Drury say: "God won't look you over for your medals but for your scars.") Jenny, who was of medium height and build, found the twenty-three-year-old Paul "terribly tall," and also "very funny, and exceptionally loving." He "took seriously all the events of his life, but himself rather lightly." She was "afraid of life when I was twenty-one," having painted for herself "an exaggerated picture of a lonely childhood," but "Paul understood." At all events, "we fell in love, laughing ridiculously, and found that knowing each other upset the adolescent logic that whatever happens happens to you alone. Everything we talked about seemed afterwards to be part of both our lives." They were married in 1944, and their first child was conceived before Moore was recalled by the Marines to duty overseas.

When the war ended and Moore returned to his wife and child—a daughter named Honor—it was time to begin fulfilling the vocation that he had first considered at St. Paul's School, and in 1946 he entered the General Theological Seminary to begin his training. With its ethnically mixed inner-city population, the Chelsea section of Manhattan, where the seminary is situated, was a suitable area in which to live and study, in view of the activist urban ministry that he was soon to pursue. He and his family moved down from the East Seventies (with its well-stocked food stores and monogrammed baby carriages) to live in an apartment in Chelsea. Nearby, St. Peter's Church, a run-down parish, long abandoned by its earlier, prosperous membership, gave Moore an opportunity to engage in community work with poor people while studying at the seminary.

"The city fascinated me then and always will," Moore wrote later, in explaining some of the strong feelings that drew him to the life of a seminarian. "I had read years before of the slum parishes in London at the turn of the century; and now, in our Church, there were very few who really cared about the people way down underneath. The Episcopal Church in the city sometimes seemed like a dressed-up old lady picking her way along a muddy road. Some of us at the seminary did not like this image, and instead wanted to see our Church dirty her hands, become part of every tenement, every saloon, every gutter. Without touching, how can she redeem?" In view of that conviction, Moore couldn't have picked a better wife than Jenny McKean. She shared his beliefs totally, and until her death, in 1973, from cancer, was not only a marital partner but also an active partisan in almost every facet of his urban ministry. "A majority of the seminarians arrived fresh from college, not war," she wrote in "The People on Second Street," a book that records her participation in one of the most important phases of Moore's work. "They seemed satisfied with the Church the way it was, and somewhat unaware of the world. With few exceptions, theological arguments were rooted in the preoccupations of other centuries. We charged into seminary life brimming with enthusiasm for change. There was to be no compromise, and we were sure that with a little luck we could change the world."

Moore's friends at the seminary included two young men who shared his passion for a ministry among the urban poor. One was Robert Pegram, and the other was Kilmer Myers, who later became the Bishop of California. Even before Moore's graduation from the seminary, in 1949, Myers had written to dioceses around the United States to see, Moore says, "whether we could get an old broken-down parish to come in and try to do our thing." Bishops wrote back in praise of their idealism and their valiant intentions, but only one replied with an offer. That was Benjamin Washburn, the Bishop of Newark, who said he would be glad to put them in charge of Grace Church, in Jersey City. On a hot summer's day, while the children were staying with their grandmother, Moore, his wife, Pegram and Myers, and a dog named Chelsea left Manhattan for Jersey City, on the other side of the Hudson River, and took up residence in the three-story church rectory. Their first Sunday service was a dismaying omen of the difficult road ahead. As Jenny reported, the service was a dismal one, with a congregation of twenty in a church built to seat six hundred.



Over the next eight years, they built up the membership of the parish, identified the church with the social struggles within and around Jersey City, fought for better housing conditions, collected petitions against police brutality, visited jails and hospitals, led delegations to City Hall, and made their rectory a sanctuary for the homeless and the needy. From various parts of the United States, young seminarians made their way to Jersey City to observe the work that the Moores and their colleagues were doing.

"My experience in Jersey City," Moore recalled not long ago, "validated what I had read in those early books about the London slum priests. I don't see how anybody can read the Gospel and not feel that Jesus is deeply concerned about the poor—to put it simply, that He loves the poor. If we are trying to represent Him, then that is the first priority. The Jersey City experience made me see that you couldn't go next door to visit a little kid who came to your Sunday-school class, find him living in one room with eight brothers and sisters—to say nothing of rats—and just pat him on the head and say, 'Jesus loves you.' You had to do something about the conditions you saw. And when you started doing something about the rats, then you got to the landlord; you tried to organize a rent strike, as we did. A family got kicked out, and lived with you for several months, until they found another home. Why was it so hard for them to find another home? Because the public housing project discriminated against blacks, and let only a few of them in. What did you do about the public housing project? You went to City Hall. There you got a lot of promises but no action. What did you do next? You went to Washington. And sooner or later you got involved in wider politics—all starting with that little boy. That is literally the way it happened to me. And shortly after I went to Jersey City I became a Democrat—having been a

Give him the actual newspaper issued the day he was born

Herald Tribune

It's the ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION! Not a reprint!

Just think how he or she will thrill when reading of the other events that occurred on the day they were born or married. Rare and valuable, these **old, original** papers make unique gifts **for birthdays, anniversaries** —every occasion! Not just front pages or reproductions, but the ***ACTUAL*** and complete* editions of newspapers printed in major U.S. cities between 1880 and 1986. Order by mail or phone. FREE catalog upon request.

Authentic Newspaper With Personalized Leatherette Presentation Case...$65.†
Name of recipient & newspaper embossed in gold.

Authentic Newspaper only...**$29.50**††

CALL TOLL–FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 614
In New Jersey 1-201-381-2332, Ext. 614

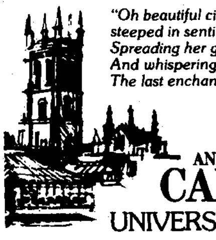
HISTORIC NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES, Dept. 84,
1582 Hart St., Rahway, NJ 07065. Major Credit Cards.
†Add $4. UPS. Enclose recipient's name to be embossed.
††Add $2.50 UPS. (NJ residents add 6% sales tax).

*News sects only in Sat/Sun papers. Historical dates priced higher.

A stylish place,
a smilish place,
Campton Place.

CAMPTON
PLACE
HOTEL

Where high expectations are quietly met.
San Francisco (415) 781-5555



"Oh beautiful city...
steeped in sentiment as she lies,
Spreading her gardens to the moonlight,
And whispering from her towers
The last enchantments of the Middle Ages."
—Matthew Arnold

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY VACATIONS

The most prestigious and exciting one and two week cultural vacations for adults.

Write for free color brochure:
UNIVERSITY VACATIONS Dept. N
9602 N.W. 13 St. Miami, FL 33172

TOLL FREE 800-792-0100

Republican through my childhood, and not having thought through social issues at all when I was at Yale."

Moore was speaking in his office, on the grounds of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and, becoming more contemplative, he continued, "Of course, people have asked me how someone of my background could have become so involved in the kind of ministry I chose to do. I can understand why it must have looked inconsistent to them. They were thinking of the fact that I had some money. And during my time in Jersey City that was still something of a conflict with me. For instance, here you were, a priest in a place like that, with people coming to your door and saying they didn't have enough to eat. You had money in the bank. And if *you* didn't then your father did. You could probably give them a check for five thousand dollars. But, obviously, that was a no-no. That would have ruined everything. If you were going to give money away—which I did—you had to do so in other ways, anonymously. But if you were a follower of Christ—St. Francis of Assisi was one of my role models, and Dorothy Day was one of my heroines—and yet had all this money it presented a very deep spiritual and moral problem. I wasn't a saint, and I had many family obligations. So where should I make my stand? I worked out a rationale whereby I saw myself as a sort of trustee of the income I had from my inheritance, and would live at whatever level I thought was appropriate—fairly modestly, compared with the way I could live. And whatever money I could give away over the years I did. So that's the rationale I came to, and I don't feel self-conscious about money anymore. I try to respond to the command of the Bible. I'm strongly drawn to people who are at the bottom of the heap, and I want to help them do something about it. I've never been able to get off that kick, and it has led to all the struggles I've been involved with."

MOORE's ministry in Jersey City ended in 1957, when he was appointed dean of Christ Church Cathedral, in Indianapolis. He welcomed the appointment, as an opportunity to see whether he could do in Indianapolis some of what he had been doing in Jersey City. Both places had similar inner-city problems; but Christ Church Cathedral was a larger and wealthier parish than the Jersey City church, causing Moore to feel that he would be able to attack the problems in Indianapolis from a position of greater strength. He wasn't sure, however, whether it would all work—whether the Cathedral would be comfortable with his socially activist ministry, whether he would be able to "lead the parish into becoming responsible to the inner city." Before going to Indianapolis, Moore knew almost nothing about the city, except that it was the venue of an annual motor-racing extravaganza. He had no idea that the Cathedral was a stronghold of Hoosier and Episcopal conservativism.

The program he was invited there to administer was designed to involve the Church in the total life of the city, and it had the full support of Moore's superior—John P. Craine, the Bishop of Indianapolis. But Craine spoke only for himself and a minority of his parishioners. As far as the rest were concerned, social action was no part of the Church's business—the Church's only duty was to minister to the spiritual needs of its members. The more liberal he had been in Jersey City, the better Moore had been liked. But Indianapolis, he discovered, wasn't Jersey City. While a minority of the parishioners in Indianapolis applauded his liberal activism, the conservative majority felt betrayed by it. Some withdrew their financial support, some left the Church altogether, and others muffled their criticism of Moore's program only because they were confident that it wouldn't last. Such members, he said, "hampered the financing of any effort in the social outreach of the Church."

Part of their resistance sprang from Moore's support of the civil-rights movement. He recalls, "At a climactic meeting I had with the vestry, one member got up and said, 'I am told on good authority that you are an undercover agent for the N.A.A.C.P., that you are here to subvert Christ Church Cathedral in Indianapolis.' That was a typical response to the work I was doing. I knew I had to take it easy and be careful. But sooner or later the chips were down—especially when I tried to integrate the parish and to give it a feel for the rough-and-tumble of urban problems. For instance, there wasn't any way I could avoid preaching a sermon on what had happened in Little Rock. And when I said what I had to say there was an enormous reaction. In the midst of all this ruckus, Mr. Eli Lilly himself stepped into my office one day. This pharmaceutical magnate was the senior war-den of the Cathedral. 'Good morning, Mr. Dean,' he said. I said, 'Oh, good morning, Mr. Eli.' He said, 'Excuse me, I know you're busy, but can I have a few minutes of your precious time?' He owns the whole town, and he's talking to me so politely. I said, 'That's fine, Mr. Eli.' He said, 'I just want to tell you two things. What has occurred in Little Rock will never occur at Christ Church Cathedral. If you want to paint the church blue with pink polka dots, fine—I'll stand by you.' "

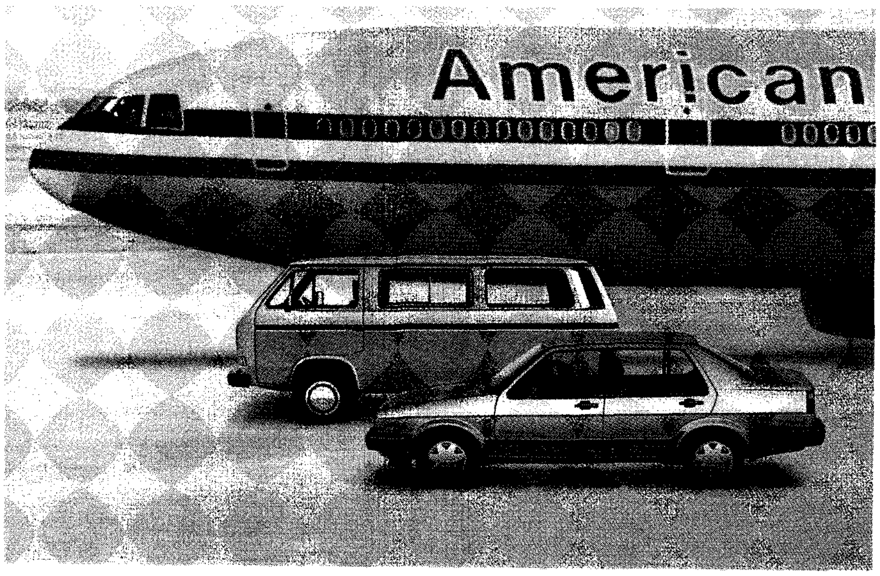
YET Moore wasn't at all unhappy in Indianapolis. His wife and children liked the city. He himself had made some good friends there; he enjoyed the challenge, even the difficulties, of his work; and he might have stayed on indefinitely, or until his services were no longer required. But in September of 1963 news came that the Diocese of Washington, D.C., had elected him its suffragan bishop. The position, Moore later said, was "too good to turn down." This wasn't because he was flattered by the prestige of a bishop's chair. It was because Washington had become the focus of the political and racial activism that swept the nation during the early sixties and the job he was offered was that of being a lightning rod for the diocese —being its activist ambassador to the various arenas of struggle in and beyond the capital.

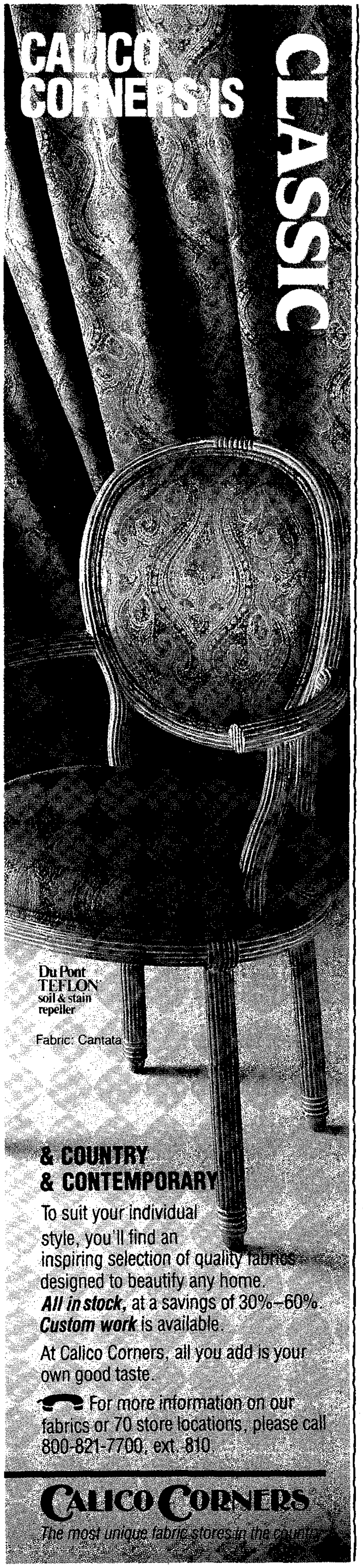
Moore became more deeply involved in the black issues and movements of Washington than almost any suffragan bishop had before him. With the Reverend Walter Fauntroy and other civil-rights spokesmen, he helped to organize the Coalition of Conscience, which acted as a moral pressure group for the black protest movement. In March of 1965, when it appeared that Dr. Martin Luther King's march from Selma to Montgomery would be jeopardized by the hostile resistance of the Ku Klux Klan and other militant Southern segregationists, Moore and Fauntroy organized a series of demonstrations in front of the White House, demanding that President Johnson send federal troops to protect the marchers. "We got to see the President," Moore recalls. "For a long time, he talked about everything but what he called us in to discuss. He went on and on about how he and his wife had met and about what life used to be like on a Texas farm. He even got Bill Moyers to fetch him a Bible so that he could quote to us from

Volkswagen now offers savings on these impressive vehicles.

Volkswagen and American Airlines have come together to offer you a very special European Tourist Delivery package. Now when you buy a Volkswagen here and pick it up in Europe you not only get a great deal on a brand new Jetta, Scirocco, Cabriolet, Quantum, Vanagon, or Camper, you get special air fare discounts on up to four American Airlines roundtrip tickets to three German destination cities. Tourist Delivery is easy. Just tell us where you want to pick up your Volkswagen. (There are nine convenient locations in Germany alone.) Enjoy it while you vacation, saving on rental car charges. When it's time to come home, simply leave your Volkswagen at one of our German drop-off points and we'll ship it back to your local dealer at no additional charge. See your dealer for details. It's as easy as packing a suitcase.

European Tourist Delivery





& COUNTRY
& CONTEMPORARY

To suit your individual style, you'll find an inspiring selection of quality fabrics designed to beautify any home.
All in stock, at a savings of 30%–60%.
Custom work is available.

At Calico Corners, all you add is your own good taste.

☎ For more information on our fabrics or 70 store locations, please call 800-821-7700, ext. 810.

CALICO CORNERS
The most unique fabric stores in the country.

Isaiah. It was quite a performance, with lots of four-letter words thrown in. We were supposed to see him for ten minutes; he kept us for nearly two hours. But the meeting helped, for the President later gave some protection to the march from Selma."

With Marion Barry, then a civil-rights activist, Moore also co-chaired the Free D.C. Committee, which was formed to mobilize ordinary citizens in the movement for home rule in Washington. That movement—supported by a broad political and racial coalition—was partly successful, of course; and it is appropriate that Barry should have become the second mayor in the modern history of the nation's capital. (Walter Washington was the first.) But the activities of the Free D.C. Committee, which included the boycotting of businesses that financed the election of anti-home-rule candidates, brought Moore into serious conflict once again with the conservatives of the Church. Senior parish wardens called a meeting at the National Cathedral to censure the Suffragan Bishop for embarrassing the business community of Washington, some of whose members were Episcopalians of lofty standing. No sooner had Moore survived the crisis, however, than he resumed his activist campaigns on behalf of home rule.

From time to time, he joined delegations of clergymen on pilgrimages into the Deep South, where they addressed civil-rights rallies, held religious services in bombed-out homes and churches, aided the voter-registration drive of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, and, every so often, ran for their lives. "What was the Episcopal Church doing there?" Moore later asked—since he realized that the courageous Southern struggle would have gone on without the help of conscientious Northern churchmen. He answered himself, "We were there just to be there; just to say, 'This is the Church, these purposes are of God.' " For, whether they knew it or not, he added, the young blacks and whites who were risking their lives for freedom—especially on so bloody a ground as Mississippi—were obeying the will of the Holy Spirit.

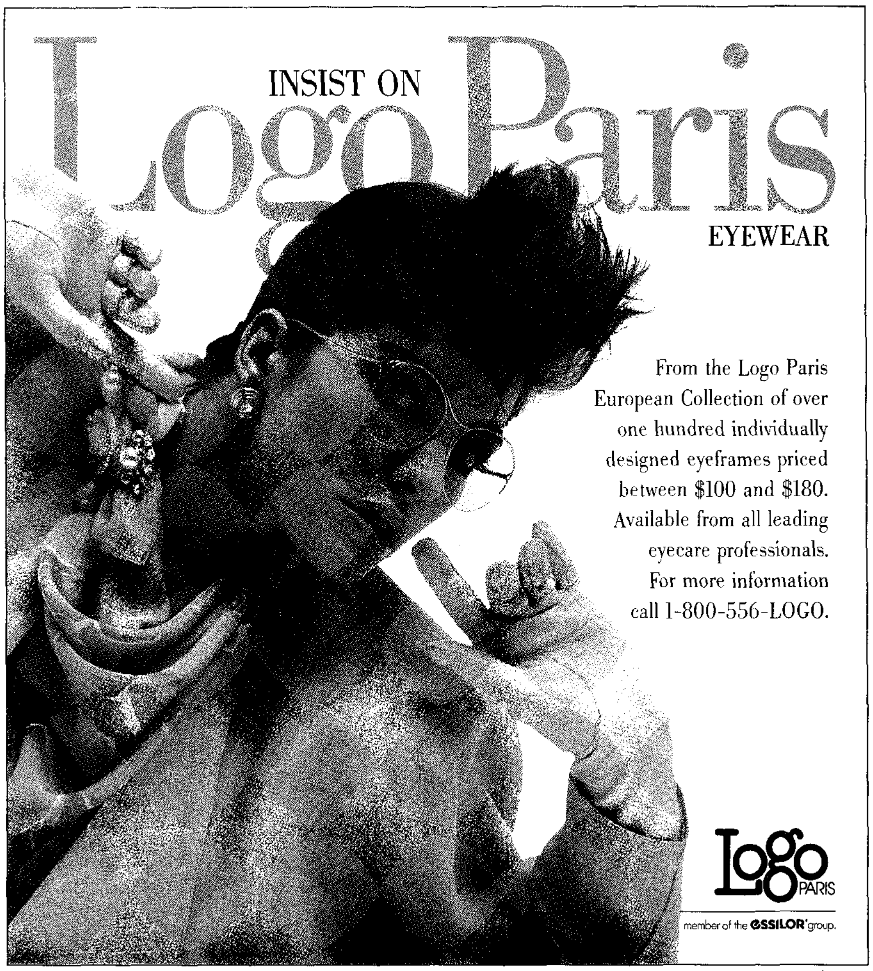
Whether *he* knew it or not, a number of those brave Mississippi freedom fighters found him, then and later, to be an attractive and exemplary moral witness. Today, more than twenty-odd years later, those valiant armies of young men and women have all dispersed. Some have died. Some have fallen into inaction and obscurity. Some—like Marion Barry—have risen to positions of influence on the national scene. And others have converted the passions of the sixties into various forms of humane and intellectual activity. An example of the last is Michael Thelwell, a former worker for the Student Non-violent Coördinating Committee in Mississippi, who now writes and teaches at the University of Massachusetts, in Amherst. Not long ago, he shared these recollections in a letter:

> In the fall of 1964, I was asked to manage the Washington office of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and to coördinate efforts to challenge the seating of three members of the Mississippi congressional delegation because of the disenfranchisement of that state's black population. This congressional challenge followed hard on the heels of the 1964 Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City which nominated Lyndon Johnson and which offered the infamous "two seats at large" compromise to the Freedom Democratic Party delegation. The delegation's decision not to accept the token offer of the Democratic Party had led to much recrimination and bad feeling—between the young people of S.N.C.C., the Mississippi volunteers, and the Mississippi blacks who had sacrificed so much and taken such risks to make the challenge and the Democratic Party leadership, especially the liberal wing that had been sponsors and supporters of the challenge, and who, we felt, had negotiated away the political rights and aspirations of the brave group of Mississippians.
>
> In such a situation, the climate in Washington was distinctly uncomfortable. At the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights [where the M.F.D.P. challenge was discussed], the political professionals—representatives of the N.A.A.C.P. and the organized labor movement—were extremely hostile, denouncing the student organizers as adventurist, naïve, apolitical, and subversive. *We* considered *them* cynical and unprincipled. Going, as I had to do, to the Leadership Conference as the representative of the M.F.D.P. was not pleasant; and I can well remember being astonished at the level of personal acrimony and pettiness that the liberal pols displayed.
>
> In this atmosphere of indescribable bitterness, mistrust, and divisiveness, there were two voices that stood out by virtue of their fairness, gravity, and disinterested reasonableness. One was that of the late Robert Spike, director of the National Council of Churches' Commission on Religion and Race, and the other was that of Bishop Paul Moore, who, at the time, was suffragan bishop of Washington. . . . At first, we did not know who he was. I do remember that very tall, spare-bodied, older gentleman with the craggy, handsome features, who was many degrees beyond merely distinguished. In a roomful of screaming egos, his manner was quiet and unassuming. But his presence was one of authority and seriousness, what the Romans called *gravitas,* so that a few well-

chosen sentences from him would shame the most vituperative politician into, if not decency, then, at least, civility and some measure of fairness.

The first time I heard him speak at such a meeting, I was struck by the moral authority of his words, bearing, and presence, and by the obvious respect almost reluctantly but somehow inevitably accorded him by men whom I had come to see as creatures of expedient power and narrow self-interest. "Who on earth was that man?" I remember asking, afterward. "That," said a young lady I worked with, her eyes shining with something close to awe, "was Bishop Paul Moore. Isn't he gorgeous?" Not the adjective I would have chosen, but I understood perfectly. I was to see the Bishop many times after that, and each time I was more and more impressed by the natural moral authority and the deep personal force of his presence. I am sure he does not know the extent to which the young radicals and idealists over in the M.F.D.P. office respected and admired him—hero-worshipped him really. I came to understand that his power and authority were not institutional, were not derived from his position as Bishop; but that, in some uncanny and unusual congruence of man and position, the most establishment of religious institutions had managed to find a man of such personal, moral, and spiritual power as to enhance and uplift the position he held. He was, in our disillusioned and embittered eyes, what a bishop ought to be, a soldier of righteousness.

IN 1972, when Horace Donegan retired, Moore was installed as the thirteenth Episcopal Bishop of New York. In December of 1969, after serving as suffragan bishop of Washington, he had been elected bishop coadjutor of New York, an office carrying the right of succession to Donegan's throne. Two decades after leaving New York City to pursue the kind of radical urban ministry that seldom leads to Episcopal power, he had returned to assume the leadership of a major diocese of the American Church—in fact, to take up one of the most prominent positions in the worldwide Anglican communion. He was thrilled to be back. New York was his "favorite place in the world." And he saw his new job as "a God-sent opportunity" to continue his urban priesthood at the highest levels, and (he was then in his early fifties) to "finish my career in the Church with a tough and important assignment." He wasn't the first socially conscious bishop to preside over the New York Diocese. In the early nineteen-hundreds, Henry Codman Potter had been a strong liberal conscience in the affairs of Manhattan. But Moore was the first Bishop of New York to have been quite so radical in his ministry—the first to have been recruited



From the Logo Paris European Collection of over one hundred individually designed eyeframes priced between $100 and $180. Available from all leading eyecare professionals. For more information call 1-800-556-LOGO.

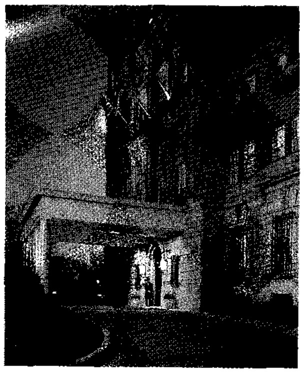
Logo PARIS
member of the ESSILOR group.

No. 4

The Hay-Adams Chronicles

(Authentic examples of the standard of service at the Hay-Adams Hotel.)

A Mideast nation was about to renew relations with the United States after a 17-year hiatus. A moment laden with history — and demands. Demands on the State Department, and the hotel that was to accommodate the visiting entourage of foreign minister and diplomats. One Hay-Adams colleague in particular was in demand. James, our chauffeur. He had to be on call, in place, on time and in charge. For 80 hours over the course of just four days! Was he? Yes. Yes. Yes. And yes.



The Hay-Adams. A hotel with the grace of a fine home. Across from the White House at One Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C., (202) 638-6600, (800) 424-5054.

The Hay-Adams Hotel

THE GANT SUIT.
FOR THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T BE SEEN IN
ANYONE'S SHOULDERS BUT HIS OWN.

GANT®

Gant Tailored Clothing, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104, (212) 581-3942

Picture yourself in the world of a Princess.

For reservations and information, see
your travel agent or call 800-223-1818;
in N.Y. State 800-442-8418;
in N.Y. City 212-582-8100;
in Canada 416-964-6641.

THE Princess
Bermuda

ACAPULCO: Acapulco Princess, Pierre Marques; BAHAMAS: Bahamas Princess Resort and Casino;
BERMUDA: Southampton Princess, The Princess. Represented by Princess Hotels International, Inc.®

from the barricades of public activism.

Shortly after his election as bishop coadjutor, Moore went to Saigon as part of an anti-war delegation. There on July 11, 1970, near the United States Embassy, he had the undignified privilege of being teargassed by the South Vietnamese—a new and frightening experience even for someone who had fought in the perilous battles of the Second World War. Here, however, was a former American war hero, now turned preacher, denouncing his nation's most serious military engagement in decades. His old Marine buddies from Guadalcanal could scarcely believe it. Lewis Walt, his former battalion commander, wrote to ask how a good soldier like him could possibly have been converted to anti-war agitation. Was religious conscience such a liability to the nation's military will? "CAN A CHRISTIAN DEFEND THIS REPUBLIC?" That was how *Intellectual Digest* headlined an interview it had with Moore in December of 1972.

Q: What about the argument that this is a moral war, because it is immoral to let one small nation be overrun by a communist, atheistic neighbor? Is there a moral case in what we think we're trying to do?

Moore: What they say we're trying to do—to protect a freedom-loving weak country from an aggressive enemy—might come under the rubric of a "just war." I personally have gotten past that. I don't really think there is such a thing as a just war. But I'm not absolutist on that because my moral theology is such that I don't think you can be absolute about anything. Morality is always the lesser of two evils. That's why I'm not a pacifist in the fullest sense of the word. Given the present world, it would be hard for me to imagine the possibility of a just war, but I don't rule it out, because I just can't. . . .

Q: On the question of a just war, do you ever go back and think about World War II in those terms?

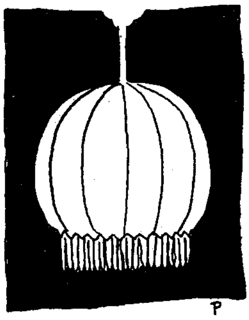
Moore: I suppose I am, with a very small "e," something of an existentialist. It depends on who you are, at what point in your life, under what circumstances you make decisions. As a youngster of 21, I thought we were defending the world against fascism. Indeed, maybe we were. But I feel that I couldn't now become a combat Marine. I just couldn't, in my being, lift up a gun and shoot somebody in war. When I think back to the three months on Guadalcanal, what went on, I just—no way—could not do it again, just could not do it. . . .

Q: If a young man doesn't want to go to war today and chooses to become a C.O., who should carry the gun he would have shouldered?

Moore: That's a profound question. The young man who takes C.O. status is not telling another young man to take up his gun. He has a choice, too. Maybe if everyone decided he would not go to war, if everyone refused to go, it would change he world. The mightiest power in the world would refuse to wage war! And perhaps the Russians would not come over here because they would no longer need to be afraid that we would threaten and attack them. I know this is a fantasy, but the piritual dynamic of non-violence has been miraculous in its power in the past. Who knows?

Moore was asked recently how it was that a minister with so radical a background had come to be elected Bishop of New York. "Because of the Anglo-Catholic tradition I came out of," he replied, "I always had at the very guts of my belief that we are all children of God—that you couldn't go o church and worship at the Mass, he Eucharist, and ignore Christ's presence in the poor. That has always been at the heart of my worship, not ust my sense of duty. And I think that people who knew me—and quite a few people from the New York Diocese knew me, the ones who pushed my candidacy for bishop—really believed he same thing. Some may or may not have felt that my methods were correct, and some may have been more conservative. But there was a group of people here—our large black constituency, much of our liberal white constituency, conservatives who had a social conscience—who weren't offended by my social radicalism; they felt it was founded in my faith, and wasn't just some pinko kind of stuff. That was one factor. Another factor was that a number of people in the conservative leadership of the diocese, the bankers and so on, knew me. I think they said, 'Well, he can't be all bad if he went to St. Paul's and Yale, if his brother is the chairman of Bankers Trust, and if his granduncle is Mark Hanna; he must be all right somewhere.' Then, there were those who belonged to the Anglo-Catholic tradition; they knew I had been brought up in that tradition, that I could swing an incense pot with the best of them. Also, I was known to be a sort of open-minded person, who wouldn't jam any kind of High Church views down the throats of a Low Church parish. There were the sixties kind of liberals, who were concerned about peace and civil rights, and they knew that I identified with them. And I had a reputation as someone who cared about the clergy, as pastor. I'm not saying that all those things were perfectly true, but I'm told that's the image I had."

The Bishop's New York Diocese is what he calls "an enormous, loosely federated conglomerate." It covers Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island, and spreads through the upstate counties of Westchester, Rockland, Putnam, Dutchess, Orange, Sullivan, and Ulster—about two hundred parishes. (Brooklyn and Queens belong not to the Diocese of New York but to that of Long Island.) Reflecting the broad diversity of life in the city and the state, the parishes of the New York Diocese range from the very rich to the very poor, from the very conservative to the very liberal. There's Trinity Church, which is probably the richest Episcopal parish in America—richer, even, than the New York Diocese itself. There's St. Paul's Chapel, an affiliate of Trinity, where George Washington once worshipped. There are the black and Hispanic parishes in Harlem, the South Bronx, and lower Westchester. There are the Chinese and interracial congregations downtown. There are the poor parishes of some of the rural counties. There's fashionable St. Thomas's, on Fifth Avenue, and there's the prestigious St. Bartholomew's, on Park Avenue next door to the Waldorf-Astoria.



Running the loosely federated conglomerate from the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Moore has great influence but less direct authority than one might think. The other parishes view him more as a friendly referee than as a feared enforcer of laws. "Our canon law is such that if I want to remove a rector from a parish because he's too old, or has got stale, or isn't doing a very good job, I can't remove him," Moore explains. "He has tenure. The only way he can be removed is if the vestry comes to me and formally asks for his removal and I accede to the request. Even then, he can ask for a trial, if he doesn't think I have good grounds for removing him. However, I've seldom gone along with efforts to remove a priest. When it gets to a point where a priest is having that much of a problem with his parish vestry, I usually sit down with both of them, singly or together, and try to find out if there isn't a way they can get along. If there isn't a way, then I may suggest that the difficult members of the vestry resign—assuming there's indeed no good grounds for removing the priest—or I may say to the priest, 'Hey, look, Charlie, you know you've had it. You'd be an idiot to want to stay on when two-thirds of the congregation can't stand you.' Then I'd help him find another job. And that's always tough, because it's hard to get a job as a priest."

Part of Moore's job requires him to be a pastor to all his clergy—visiting them in their different parishes, receiving them at his office in Manhattan, listening to their personal and professional problems, and offering spiritual and practical guidance. He's vested with the power of ordaining priests, but he can ordain no one who hasn't been approved by the standing committee of his diocese. As the chief liturgical officer of the diocese, he may celebrate the Eucharist or may preach in any of the parishes, and as the principal administrative officer of the diocese he helps to direct all the Church's mission work in that part of New York over which he exercises jurisdiction. He has a considerable say—though he doesn't always get his way—in how diocesan funds are budgeted. He's responsible for the running of his own church, the Cathedral—which he does through his dean, the Very Reverend James Parks Morton—and he's the president of its board of trustees. And, as the sovereign of a major cathedral—the head of the Episcopal family in much of New York—he probably finds it awkward that a single parish like Trinity Church is richer than the entire diocese over which he presides. "Trinity's budget is so much bigger than that of the diocese," he says, "that I think it's like asking the father of a family 'What's your income?' and then asking him 'What's your kid's income?' Embarrassing. But Trinity has been extremely generous in its support of the diocese."

Of his other functions as bishop, Moore says, "I also feel a responsibility to represent the Church in the city and the region. I'm involved in the Coalition for the Homeless here in New York City. This week, we'll have a press conference on AIDS, which has caused so much suffering among the gay population. The Church must speak to that—not only the evangelicals, who say it's God's vengeance. We want to address that idea. I have become more and more involved with the AIDS issue because of the tragedy and increasing seriousness of the epidemic. It is now one of my

Down Pillows

For complete bedtime comfort, select the finest down pillows money can buy at factory direct prices. Covered with a fine poly/cotton fabric and filled with genuine white European down.

We're the largest seller of down comforters and down pillows, manufacturing our products in La Crosse, Wisconsin, since 1911. By selling directly to you, we eliminate the middleman and store markup, saving you 50% off normal retail. If you don't enjoy the best night's sleep you've ever had, simply return the pillows to us for a complete refund. Delivery: We ship within 24 to 48 hours.

☎ TO ORDER CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-356-9367 Ext. F493, or use the coupon.

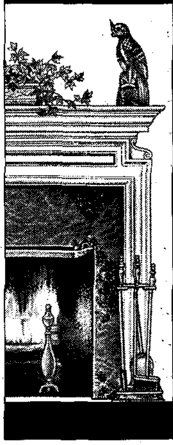
FREE Catalog RUSH
- 23 Down Comforter Styles
- Down Pillows
- Down Outerwear
- 100% Merino Wool Mattress Pads

The Company Store®

SOFT GENUINE DOWN PILLOWS Style #701

Colors: ☐Light Blue ☐Beige ☐White	Down Fill	OUR PRICE	TWO FOR
Standard (20" x 26")	16 oz.	☐$35	☐$68
Queen (20" x 30")	21 oz.	☐$45	☐$88
King (20" x 36")	26 oz.	☐$55	☐$108

☎ ORDER BY PHONE TOLL-FREE 1-800-356-9367, Ext. F493.
Use your credit card. OR ORDER BY MAIL:
☐M.C. ☐VISA ☐Am.Exp. ☐Diners Club ☐Check
Acct.# ____________ Exp.Dt.______
COLOR QTY PRICE
______ ______ x $______ =$______
Ship., Hdlg., & Ins.-$2.50 ea. =$______
☐Send Free Catalog *UPS 2nd Day Air=$______
TOTAL=$______
*☐We ship UPS ground service unless you request otherwise here. UPS 2nd day air add $8.50.
Name ____________
Address ____________
City,State,Zip ____________
SEND TO: The Company Store, Dept. F493, 500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, WI 54601.

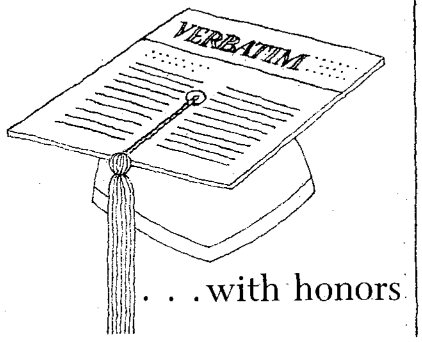


Warm European Elegance Between Madison and Park Avenue

Luxurious suites with woodburning fireplaces... A haven of privacy and perfection

THE LOWELL

28 East 63rd Street
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-1400
Or call your travel agent



VERBATIM PO BOX 668NM ESSEX, CT 06426 U.S.A. $10.00 a year
The Language Quarterly

major concerns. I have also been a strong supporter of the new law in New York City banning discrimination against homosexuals. We have a great many homosexual persons in our diocese. They are *our* people, and I want them to have their civil rights protected. Then there's the question of Nicaragua. We have no business arming the Contras. The solution lies in diplomacy and economic aid rather than military intervention. Whenever there's a major social issue, I feel some responsibility as a bishop to either have a press conference or preach a sermon about it or show my own—sometimes the Church's—point of view. If it's just my own, I often say that this is my point of view as Bishop—speaking to the Church and not for the Church. I also express my views concerning the directions of the national Church when I gather with my colleagues in the House of Bishops."

THE Cathedral Close of St. John the Divine—thirteen acres of trees, gardens, lawns, and Gothic-style structures—must be the greenest and serenest spot on the upper West Side. It looks especially so in early spring, when the poplars and oaks and maples are in fresh leaf, their lower branches spreading shade over walkways, hedges, and resurrected lawns. With its cool, pastoral look—and its buildings dedicated to worship and to study as well as to administration and clerical residence—it is an oasis within four busy and strident city blocks: Morningside Drive to the east, Amsterdam Avenue to the west, 113th Street to the north, and Cathedral Parkway to the south. Sitting near the top of the incline known as Morningside Heights, the Cathedral Close is also a neighbor of Columbia University, Union Theological Seminary, Riverside Church, St. Luke's Hospital, the Jewish Theological Seminary, and the Manhattan School of Music. They all belong to what was called the Acropolis of New York in the late nineteenth century, before the area was invaded by the present cacophony of commerce and urban housing. To the east, the Close looks out over a section of Harlem—not as distinguished a neighbor as Columbia, to the west, perhaps, but as permanent a one as the Cathedral will ever have—and the Close is where the Bishop of New York lives and works.

When Moore is in town, his office, on the ground floor of Synod House, is among the busier ones on the Cathedral grounds. Waiting in its lobby o a spring day for an appointment wit the Bishop, a lay visitor sits among number of priests who have come fo audiences with their spiritual leade There isn't much levity among the as they wait to see the Bishop; eac seems preoccupied with a problem c some gravity. But the audiences ar transforming, for each priest come out smiling, looking relieved, steppin lithely. The Bishop's reputation as friendly and reassuring counsellor i apparently well founded. (Whe Moore took office in 1972, a priest wa heard to say, "Bishop Donegan wa our king. Paul will be our captain. One now sees a little of what tha means.)

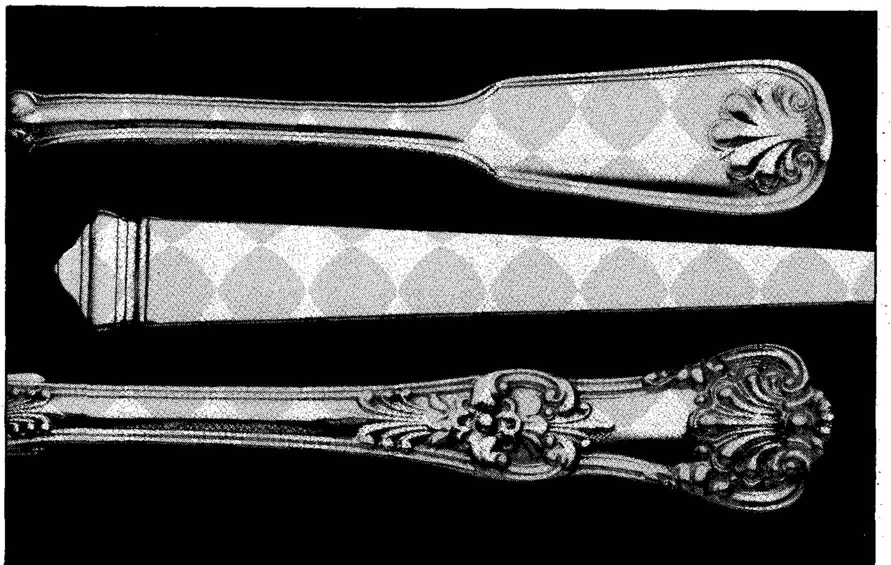
When the visitor is finally invite by Nell Gibson, Moore's executive assistant, to enter his office, the Bisho gets up from behind his desk, come forward to shake hands in the middl of the room, and has his guest sit wit him at a table across from the desk The room is a pleasant combination o den and office, which, to one side looks out through small-paned windows upon new spring foliage. It i tastefully decorated: faded rug, spar antique furniture, books, photographs a few paintings and engravings on th walls. Its atmosphere is as informal a the style of its occupant. The Bisho is, of course, a commanding-lookin figure, but, then, he has no contro over that feature of his looks. His lea frame is attired in a gray business suit worn over a white clerical collar an the purple rabat of a bishop; a bronz cross dangles from a long chai around his neck; on one finger is a impressive episcopal ring; his gaze i direct and penetrating but in no wa intimidating; and his voice is deep resonant, and self-assured but withou a trace of conceit or smugness. At th table where they sit, the visitor is invited to share the Bishop's lunch o tuna-fish sandwiches, ordered fron somewhere on Amsterdam Avenue And there seems to be a supply of win in a corner of the room, for the Bisho gets up from his sandwich, steps awa for a few seconds, and comes bac with what turns out to be a mellow Bordeaux.

During the lunch, Mrs. Moor comes in. She has been out walking Watson, the younger of their tw cairn terriers (Plowright, the other has been in the office, keeping th Bishop company), and she has dropped by for a brief midday chat with he husband, or perhaps just to see him before returning to their residence, a hort distance from Synod House. An attractive woman in her early forties, he has shoulder-length brown hair, s wearing a silk blouse and a tweed kirt, and speaks in a warm and cultivated voice. She was born Brenda Hughes, in Virginia, and she became he Bishop's second wife two years after Jenny, the mother of his nine hildren, died. "Paul, dear," she says as she comes in, "it's so warm in here. Don't you think you ought to open a window just a bit?"

"I hadn't noticed it, darling," the Bishop says, and he jumps up to open a window just a bit. Before sitting down again, he introduces his wife to the visitor. She smiles winningly, makes ome charming remarks, says goodbye, and walks out, with Watson happily n tow.

The Bishop now tells this story: "Jenny died just after I became Bishop of New York. She and some of the children had been living in Washingon, and I was alone in New York—a cheerless life. So my first years as Bishop, especially after Jenny died, were shattering ones, full of sorrow—for her, for the children, and for myself. When she died, I had to bring the children to New York, a place they didn't particularly like, and where they had hardly any friends. So, startng out as Bishop of New York with ny personal life falling apart, and having, despite that, to carry on like a brave bishop, was very hard. It was then that I met Brenda. Actually, I had met her before Jenny died. She and her husband, Vernon, were friends of ours. I had presided at their wedding here at the Cathedral. Then, on their first anniversary, they found out that Vernon was dying of cancer, at about the same time that Jenny was dying. So we were all in communication. I ministered to Vernon in his last days and took his funeral. And then, after Jenny died, I called on Brenda a few times, as a priest calling on a widow in bereavement. Pastoral calls evolved into another kind of relationship, and in 1975 we were married here, in the Cathedral garden, by the Reverend Edward West. Since then, Brenda has been the heart of my personal life, and my strongest friend and ally in all the difficult situations I confront as a priest and as a bishop."

When lunch and conversation are over, the Bishop calls Plowright, puts a leash on him, and leads the way out of his office. Outdoors, in the bracing spring air, he looks up at the clear sky,



Tiffany's Sterling Tradition

Tiffany sterling is crafted by master silversmiths
to standards maintained for more than seven generations.
Nineteen flatware patterns priced from $278 to $410 for a 4-piece setting.
Shown from top: "Shell and Thread," "Hampton," and "English King."

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET
BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1986

A Mother's Day Gem From Mark Cross.

Of the 578 handbags we have to offer, this is our most popular. Rich buttery calfskin. Gold plated hardware. Two open compartments and a roomy zippered compartment enable it to hold a great deal, yet it's easy to carry.

There are six colors in calf, two in fabric, as well as our pigskin-trimmed Signet Edition shown here.

Mother would treasure it.

Daughter, too.

The Town Bag
$495

MARK CROSS
ESTABLISHED 1845

© 1986 MARK CROSS INC

Atlanta Bal Harbour Boston Chicago Colorado Springs Dallas Houston New York
Palm Beach Pebble Beach San Francisco South Coast Plaza St. Louis Troy, Michigan Washington, D.C.

and takes a deep breath. His eyes sweep across the profusion of greenery, and he declares the young springtime to be wonderful. Identifying for his visitor the various buildings they pass along the way, he eventually arrives at Cathedral House, the residence of the bishop and his family. It is a splendid three-story French-style château—so splendid that, soon after it was erected, people were heard to say that it was much too nice a place for a bishop. Legend has it that the building of the château was a gift from J. P. Morgan, who worshipped at St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant Square. Legend further has it that when Morgan was asked why he had built so fine a residence for a mere bishop he replied, "The Bishop of New York should live like everybody else." The legend is disputed, however, by the Reverend Elliott Lindsley, an upstate priest who is the historiographer of the New York Diocese. "The facts are otherwise," Lindsley told an inquirer. "Morgan had very little to do with the house. He was dead when it was completed. It wasn't paid for until about 1920—and then from diocesan funds, chiefly from the sale of the old episcopal residence in Gramercy Park. *Please* do not resuscitate legends I'm at pains to kill forever."

In any case, Moore doesn't live as sumptuously as some of the early bishops did—or as Morgan may or may not have believed they had a right to. In fact, for a man who could probably afford a mansion of his own, he lives very simply. He and his wife occupy only the third floor of the fifty-odd-room château. The lower floors have been converted mostly into cathedral offices and meeting rooms. On the second floor, there is a great dining room, where some former bishops gave lavish dinner parties—a room with a gallery, from which musicians entertained while the bishops and their guests enjoyed fine wines and platters. There's a smaller dining room in the Moores' apartment, which they use for *their* dinner parties, but when they're by themselves they mostly eat in the kitchen. It's a cozy, arboreal kitchen—with soft chairs and potted plants, and a wine rack nearby. "Brenda is the green thumb of the family," the Bishop explains, "and the kitchen is where she and I spend our mornings, over coffee and the *Times*. It is also where we spend many of our evenings, over dinner." The Moores' living room is small and intimate, with warm-looking rugs, laden bookshelves, modern paintings, and eclectic furniture. Perhaps the most interesting of the rooms is the Bishop's study. Its furnishings include antique chairs and tables and a large antique desk. There are book-lined walls, and there are pictures and memorabilia of the Moore family, going back several generations. Under some soft rugs, the floorboards creak. Before the visitor leaves, Moore tells him *not* to forget the Cathedral, which dominates the Close.

THE Cathedral is, of course, the Bishop's seat, the Bishop's church. It is the largest cathedral in the world, its walls—a hundred and twenty-four feet high and more than six hundred feet long—enclosing sixteen million cubic feet of space. About a half-million visitors come to look at the Cathedral every year, and wander through its cavernous and magnificent interiors. What they see these days is much more than what visitors saw fifty years ago and something less than what visitors will see fifty years from now—for the Cathedral (also called St. John the Unfinished) is surely New York's oldest work in progress. In 1924, Alfred D. F. Hamlin, a professor of architecture at Columbia, said of it, "Nothing comparable to this superb design has ever been executed or conceived in America, and the cathedrals of Europe may fairly be challenged to surpass or even to equal it." Whenever it is finished, that is what future visitors will see.

Today, over ninety years after the foundation stone was laid (in 1892), a good deal of the Cathedral's design—towers, pinnacles, and other exterior details—has still not been executed. Almost no one is brave enough to estimate how many millions of dollars have already been spent on the building and how many millions more will be needed to complete it. In 1931, one writer described "the money-eating" St. John the Divine as "that hungr edifice which swallows a million dollars as a hippo engulfs a peanut." I has been erected as seasons and epoch have allowed: as money was available the work of building proceeded; a money ran out, it stopped; and as mor money was raised it started up again The crypt was opened for worship in 1899, but it wasn't until 1941 that th full length of the Cathedral—in various states of incompletion—was read for use. In 1924, while Franklin D Roosevelt was directing one of severa fund-raising campaigns on which th progress of the work has depended, h hazarded, "Someday soon—we hop in our lifetime—the Cathedral will b an accomplished fact." That hope, obviously, was not fulfilled in Roosevelt' time; it probably won't be fulfilled in the lifetime of the present adult generation; and if St. John the Divine deserves its comparison with some of th great cathedrals of Europe, which took centuries to build, the hope may not be fulfilled for a number of generations to come.

When Horace Donegan becam Bishop of New York, in 1950, no work had been done on the Cathedra since 1941. None was done during the fifties and early sixties. And in the late sixties, a few years before he retired Donegan decreed that no further work should be done. There was something improper, he felt, about pouring millions of dollars into the completion o a stone monument when—in the city and in that very neighborhood—there were so many urgent social and human needs. Within a few years of succeeding Donegan, Moore decreed otherwise. He certainly wasn't indifferen to social needs, but his sense of the Cathedral—his interpretation of its spirit and its significance—was quite different from Donegan's. Especially during the fiscal crises of the mid-seventies, when New York seemed on the verge of falling apart, Moore wanted the Cathedral to be seen as a symbol of struggle, continuity, and hope. And there was *no* better way of symbolizing those ideals than by continuing to build the Cathedral. The decision to build, Moore said in 1978, a few months before work was resumed, was "a concrete sign of hope for our city and our neighborhood, a dramatic affirmation that we are here to stay."

In revoking Donegan's policy, Moore acted on the advice and counsel of the Very Reverend James P. Morton. They had been comrades in ast struggles. They had known each ther since the days of Moore's minisry in Jersey City; they held similar iews on what an urban ministry hould entail; and Morton, in particuar, had a special feeling about the role f cathedrals in the life of cities. Hence, one of Moore's first acts as ishop was to appoint Morton the Cahedral's dean, its chief executive—whose programs would reflect not only Morton's own enthusiasms but also he goals of the new bishop. While ssessing the future prospects of the Cathedral, Morton found that, because f Bishop Donegan's moratorium on urther building, wealthy Episcopaians were leaving the Cathedral out f their wills. The trend was deriving the institution of much-needed evenue, and that trend could be eversed only by reversing Donegan's olicy.

Though black opposition was eared, Harlem community leaders did ot protest the planned expenditure of ome twenty million dollars for the ompletion of two three-hundred-foot owers, and for a number of other mprovements; in fact, they applauded he plan. They were pleased to have een consulted about it beforehand, nd were pleased as well that most of he workmen would be minority-group pprentices. Under the supervision initially of James Bambridge, a master uilder from England, the apprentices were to be trained in the ancient arts of cutting, carving, and assembling the nearly twenty-five thousand stones to be used in completing the towers. That stage of the work continues today, and whenever it is completed the Cathedral will still be St. John the Unfinished.

THOUGH the Cathedral has a congregation of its own, it has always—from its inception—been considered a church for all the people of New York. The preamble to its constitution describes the proposed Cathedral as "a house of prayer . . . for the use of all people who may resort thereto, especially of the Christian folk dwelling within that portion of the country covered by the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of New York." And, in a sense, the Cathedral was built not by Episcopalians alone but by all the people of New York. When the foundation stone was laid, the Bishop of New York was Henry C. Potter, and in a fund-raising campaign he made wise and successful use of the slogan "A house of prayer for all peo-

SPIRITED

For off duty hours, take a weathered blue cotton chambray. Tailor it into a casual shirt. The result: sportswear that's typically Paul Stuart. S.M.L.XL. $52.50. Cotton canvas espadrilles from France. White with blue or red trim. Med. width 7–11, 12, 13. $24.

Paul Stuart

Please add $3.00 for shipping. For N.Y. State destinations, please add applicable tax.

Madison Avenue at 45th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10017
1-212-682-0320

THE PIERPONT TAX EXEMPT BOND FUND

Consider the credentials.

The Pierpont Tax Exempt Bond Fund is sponsored by Morgan Stanley. Its investment adviser is Morgan Guaranty.

The Fund will seek tax exempt yields greater than those available from a portfolio of short term tax exempt obligations. In addition to investing in a portfolio of municipal bonds and notes, The Fund may also take advantage of its access to privately placed securities and new issues.

More complete information, including charges and expenses, is contained in the prospectus, which you should read carefully before you invest. For a copy, please write or call Alan M. Trager, Principal, Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated at (212) 398-2900.

MORGAN STANLEY

1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020

LADIES, PLANT YOUR FEET IN THESE.

From Cluett © 1986 Made with DuPont High-Bulk Orlon®

TURN YOUR OWN COMFORTER DESIGN INTO REALITY.

Ask our Custom Shop to help you transform your own imaginative design into a beautiful and functional down comforter, comforter cover, down pillow, pillow sham, curtain, bed ruffle or specially sized accent pillow. Each of our Custom Shop professionals is skilled and highly qualified to provide you with the finest custom services available, anywhere.

The Widest Range of Custom Services in the World

When you call, ask for The Company Store's Custom Shop. Tell them what you need — special down comforter sizes, Goose or European down fills, special shapes or fill amounts, color combinations, accessory accents, detailed monogramming or trim — and when it comes to material, you can choose from any of the fine fabrics in our catalog. You can even send your own. You might select favorite sheets, for example, that you would like us to make into a comforter cover or pillow shams. Whatever it is, our Custom Shop is at your service.

Your creative design opportunities are virtually unlimited. With over 74 years of professional design and sewing experience, The Company Store Custom Shop has decorated many of the finest homes in America.

FREE Catalog RUSH

- 23 Down Comforter Styles
- Down Pillows
- Down Outerwear
- 100% Merino Wool Mattress Pads

The Company Store Custom Shop®

☎ Call The Company Store Custom Shop 1-800-356-9367 Ext. F339, or write The Company Store, Dept. F339, 500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, WI 54601.

ple." Money poured in from Episcopalians, and from Catholics, Jews and Protestants of all denominations and even from New Yorkers who would have been lying if they confessed to any religious faith at all.

That slogan, which was kept in harness as a description of the Cathedral's ecumenical appeal, got a later bishop, William T. Manning, into considerable difficulty. At one point in his tenure, Manning, who became bishop in 1921, called on John D Rockefeller, Jr., for a donation toward the building of the Cathedral—since of course, the church was hospitable to people of all religious affiliations Rockefeller responded generously with a check for five hundred thousand dollars. But along with his check there was a note to Manning suggesting that since so many non-Episcopalians were being asked for donations perhaps they might also be considered for seats on the Cathedral's board of trustees. Manning, even with the half million safely in his hands, was trapped. Though it made practical sense, Rockefeller's idea was simply out of the question; no Episcopalian would stand for such a thing. A writer of the period, Alva Johnston, records Manning's handling of the matter:

> Bishop Manning escapes from the trap but leaves several yards of satin and lawn behind him. He gives two reasons that it is inexpedient to meet Mr. Rockefeller's request: first, it is too early; second, it is too late. "The time has not yet arrived," says the Bishop, for such a course; such a course would "disturb statutes of immemorial standing," says the Bishop. The hope suggested in the Bishop's first reason that "the time" might yet arrive is rather forlorn in view of the fact that those statutes are growing more and more immemorial all the time. The "immemorial statutes" were only fifty years old, an early infancy for a statute. But John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is satisfied; he has his fun. Bishop Manning is satisfied; he has his half-million.

But here is how, in 1927, one Episcopal clergyman described the "house of prayer for all people":

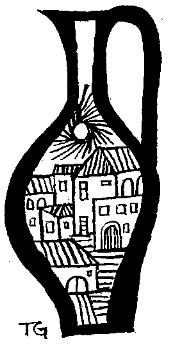
> By far the majority of those who attend are strangers, coming from all parts of the country, and indeed of the world, and representing every faith in Christendom, and many who are without definite religious convictions. . . .
>
> The rich and the poor meet there without distinction; strangers who come do not feel that they are trespassing; men who have not been inside a church for years and who would not enter any church other than a cathedral, sit beside habitual churchgoers and take part in the service; young people, whose beliefs are unsettled and who are for the time being more or less out of touch with organized religion, make an exception in the case of the Ca-

hedral; . . . working people come because he Cathedral is democratic and free; artsts and musicians come, and other lovers f beauty, to join in a service in which lorious music fulfills its highest function y being transmuted into praise.

Following this tradition, Moore and Morton, early in their regime, made the Cathedral—beyond its religious and sacramental functions—a center for the diversity of cultural life in New York. The spirit in which Moore and his dean would be running he Cathedral was foreshadowed in the tyle of his installation as bishop. The nstallation was marked, to be sure, by high religious seriousness—hymns, prayers, impressive medieval ceremonies, and colorful processions—but it also featured folk and gospel singers, a steel band and a classical brass ensemble, a performance by the cast of the Off Broadway musical "Godspell," and a daylong picnic on the Cathedral lawns, to which all were invited.

A year or so later, this report appeared in the *Times:* "Worshippers wound through the cavernous Cathedral . . . on a recent Sunday, shaking tambourines, singing plainsong and watching medieval mystery plays. In he basement, members of a mystical Islamic sect thumped their drums. Black feminists met in the Synod House. . . . Members of a Tai Chi workshop did oriental meditation exercises. These diverse activities reflect he changes that in recent months have given new life to one of New York's best-known landmark instituions." Since then, the Cathedral has been host to art shows, peace demonstrations, dance programs, secular concerts, and ethnic cultural festivals. On various occasions, it has been graced by the attendance or the jazz sounds of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Mingus, Mary Lou Williams, Louie Bellson, Earl Hines, Billy Taylor, and Hank Jones, among many others. It has honored Tennessee Williams, Leonard Bernstein, Elie Wiesel, and Oliver Messiaen for their contributions to literature and music. In 1977, Stewart Mott, heir to a General Motors fortune, chose Synod House for the celebration of his thirty-ninth birthday. Mott invited hundreds of friends and acquaintances to don medieval-style attire and join him for a medieval feast. *Time* was there: "The menu included gyngere (gingered carp) and blancmange (spiced chicken in almond cream), all to be eaten only with fingers; potables were mead and hippocras (spiced wine). As the banquet's lord of the manor, the host was outfitted in ermine-trimmed cape and ducal crown. The price tag for the gothic gaieties: $25,000."

Sunday sermons at the Cathedral aren't always Biblical in theme and aren't always preached by clergymen. The congregation has listened to discourses on "New Dimensions in Healing," by Norman Cousins; "Stone as Symbol," by the novelist Madeleine L'Engle; "New York Landmarks," by the critic, novelist, and cultural historian Brendan Gill; "What Makes a Monument," by the architecture critic Paul Goldberger; "Sacred Geometry," by the English art teacher Keith Critchlow; "Cathedrals and Human Needs," by the Harlem community leader James Dowdy; and "The Meaning of Stone," by the sculptor Isamu Noguchi.



During a peace rally in the early seventies, the Bishop, making a late entrance, walked slowly up the Cathedral's center aisle, accompanied by his learned and venerable canon the Reverend Edward West. When he was halfway up the aisle, Moore's nostrils registered an unfamiliar aroma—unfamiliar to him, at least. And, turning to Canon West, he remarked on the new and interesting incense the Cathedral seemed to have acquired recently. West—a bald, bearded, and monkish-looking man—was surprised by the Bishop's remark. *His* nostrils told him immediately that there was nothing sacramental about the smoke he and the Bishop were smelling. Should he break the news? He decided, after some hesitation, that he should. Clearing his throat, he glanced at his Bishop and whispered: "*No*, Paul. That *isn't* incense you're smelling. That's *grass!*" He was confident that the Bishop had at least heard of "grass." Moore's response to the information that marijuana was being smoked under the high and holy vaulting of his Cathedral is not on record. But it must surely have pained him to recognize the price his church was paying for being "a house of prayer for all people."

A furor erupted one recent Easter, when a statue of a woman on a cross was unveiled at the Cathedral. Were there no limits to what was admissible in a house of prayer for all people? What, anyway, was the statue, called "Christa," meant to portray? Was it meant to present Jesus as a woman or was it meant to symbolize woman as a sufferer in social and religious life? The meaning was all in the eye and the convictions of a beholder. Dean Morton, who came under fire for sanctioning such an exhibit, beheld "Christa" in his own way. "It's stupid to think it shows Jesus as a woman," Morton said to the *Post*, "because we all know Jesus was a man." He added, in an interview with the *Times*, "Theologically, it is very important for this kind of thing to be done. For one thing, it puts flesh on St. Paul's words that all Christians are to bear the cross of Christ." Professor Phyllis Trible, of the Union Theological Seminary, concurred with Morton's views. The statue, she said, should be seen as an allusion to "Christ's mystical body that transcends sex," without "denying the male Jesus of history." Continuing, she argued, "We never have problems when we talk about males being Christ figures. We only get stirred up when the figure becomes a woman." But the Right Reverend J. Stuart Wetmore and the Right Reverend Walter Dennis—who, as suffragan bishops, are episcopal assistants of Paul Moore—were not mollified. In the absence of Moore, who was on a sabbatical, Wetmore wrote Morton to say that it didn't surprise him that "someone, somewhere would do such a sculpture, either out of cynicism, smart-aleckness, or a distorted devotion." Dennis accused Morton of "desecrating our symbols." He went on to say that while he supported "the women's cause both inside and outside the church" he considered "Christa" to be "theologically and historically indefensible."

A few weeks after the "Christa" uproar, however, Morton heard almost nothing but applause when, in another characteristic act of his administration, a Poets' Corner was established and dedicated at the Cathedral. The Corner—similar in concept to the illustrious one in Westminster Abbey—commemorates America's great poets and prose writers of the past. The first to be elected were Emily Dickinson, Washington Irving, and Walt Whitman. Walter Cronkite was master of ceremonies. Edgar Bowers read from Dickinson; Gregory Peck read from Irving; Robert Penn Warren read from Whitman; and there were musical selections by Michael Tree (the violist of the Guarneri Quartet), Rosalyn Tureck (the organist, on this occasion), Barbara Nissman (the pianist), and Paul Winter (the saxophonist). According to Daniel Haberman, the Cathedral's poet-in-residence, the corner "will become the permanent memorial for those who strove for excellence and achieved what has become our extraordinary literary heritage." Since then, Herman Melville and Edgar Allan Poe have been assigned places in the corner.

All in all, not since the days of the controversial James A. Pike—who was dean of the Cathedral from 1952 to 1958—had St. John the Divine vibrated with so much of New York's secular styles and energies. Pike's regime, his biographers William Stringfellow and Anthony Towne write, was "breathtaking." His preaching attracted "huge throngs," and his administration "restored the cathedral to the venerable vocation . . . as intercessor for the total life of the city."

BISHOP MOORE and Dean Morton have also been widely praised for the democratic uses to which they have put the Cathedral—for having brought it into close touch with the general life and concerns of New York City. But they have been fiercely criticized as well—especially by elements within their own denomination. "Not everyone in the Cathedral is enthusiastic about all the changes," the *Times* reported some years ago. " 'I think there's a great danger in trying to do everything at once,' said one member of the cathedral staff. . . . 'You end up doing nothing really well. Everyone here is worn out.' Another critic suggested that the activities were geared for publicity, 'without figuring the long-term merits of the program. It's an exploitive thing.' " Paul Seabury, in his 1978 *Harper's* article, said, "One New York churchman has asked that, at some future time, the cathedral, defiled, be formally reconsecrated. But by then, one might have thought, was it a cathedral anymore, or a recreation hall for the counterculture?"

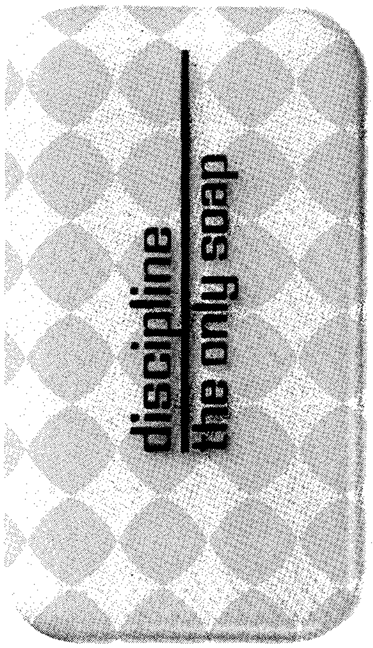
More recently, a former member of the Cathedral's congregation said to this writer: "Much of what is done at the Cathedral is done with an eye to media and personal publicity. The Cathedral is used for making more of a secular splash than a religious splash. My quarrel isn't so much with Morton's secular program. What I object to is that he will go through the period of Lent, for example, and have all of his preachers at the main services be ecologists and novelists. They're all people with public reputations but not religious reputations. For Lent, Morton might announce six lectures on the passion of the earth, as related to the passion of Christ. Then he'll have a bunch of ecologists come in and talk about land use and water use and smokestacks and dioxin. Then he'll bring in Norman Cousins to talk about medicine, and so on. I think Morton is an impresario—a show-biz guy, not a religious leader. It's no surprise to me that he comes from the family of Morton's Salt. I think all he's doing really is a *Reader's Digest* kind of thing. He brings in a little bit here and a little bit there, but there's no theology in it. I don't see how you can build a ministry on that, and I don't see what that has to do with the unique function of the Church. I think Morton is desacralizing the liturgical life of the Cathedral—turning the preaching function over to laymen, some with no relationship whatever to the Church. I'm sure he has Bishop Moore's support in what he's doing, but I don't know what he's accomplishing. He may be getting a few people into the building to hear these talks, but are they, as a result, developing an interest in the theology of the Episcopal Church? People used to get up out of their beds on Sundays and flock to the Cathedral when James Pike was Dean. Pike was a person who lived on the edges of controversy and public issues. But he did what he did within the context of his ministry as a clergyman."

The disillusioned critic, who has transferred his church membership to the Diocese of Long Island, continued: "Morton talks a lot about running the Cathedral in the way that medieval people ran cathedrals. But we don't have a medieval culture t day. There *was* no difference betwee sacred and secular in medieval cultur For that matter, in the Middle Ag people were also burned at the stak Or they would expel people who we heretics. There were all kinds things in the Middle Ages that w don't do nowadays. So, for him claim that he's running a mediev cathedral is just a bunch of bull. It just like his training these kids to medieval stonemasons and stonecu ters. I suppose when that job runs o they're going to build the next medieval cathedral over in Connecticut. It all nonsense. He's teaching them skill that has no relevance to the contemporary world whatsoever, and he getting an enormous amount of pre out of it. Morton can play all th games he wants to, but he's *not* livin in the Middle Ages; St. John the Divine is *not* a medieval cathedral; an New York City is *not* a mediev town."

When such criticisms were reporte to Dean Morton—in his office, on th Cathedral grounds—he replied, "Bot the Bishop and I are very involved i the city, as the context of our ministry We see the church as a presence and a a dimension of life in the city. W don't say, 'Well, here's the church, o the one side, and here's the city, on th other.' We see the church as a vei running through the life of the city. think a lot of church life tends to b very parochial—staying within it own walls, doing things for its ow people. But the people who come to th Cathedral are very much a mirror o New York. They come from all different places. I would say that thirt per cent of the people who are here al the time are Jewish. That's a fac They are involved in the kinds o stands and understandings that thi place speaks about. And a lot of peopl come here who catch on to religion fo the first time. And they come her because they find that this is differen from what they find in other churches synagogues, temples—you name it That's really been the thrust of m administration and that of the Bisho —making the Cathedral meet th agendas of human need. One of th first things I got going when I cam here, in 1972, was the Urban Homesteading Assistance Board—UHAB It's a technical-assistance program—dealing with the phenomenon of abandoned buildings, dealing with poo people in areas that have become mor and more like Berlin after the war ealing with tenants who can't move, vho are stuck. UHAB trains tenants to ake over their neglected buildings, to enovate them, and to manage them. ll that rehabilitation work is being one by people in the neighborhoods. o in completing the building of the athedral itself we haven't gone out to et bids from huge construction companies. We've said that we are going to ontinue building the Cathedral in a ind of UHAB way. Our builders and tonecutters are like the singers in the hoir, part of the Cathedral family. hey have included American blacks, aucasians, Hispanics, Haitians, merican Indians, and at least one thiopian. It's wild, but it looks like ew York."

Moving on to a criticism that he articularly resents, Morton continued, "Of those who say the Cathedral nakes more of a secular splash than a eligious splash, one has to ask this uestion: Is the social splash or display ot also religious? In the Middle ges, a cathedral was usually in the narketplace of a town—the fairs were here, the theatre was born there. athedrals certainly weren't having Mass twenty-four hours a day. There vas a lot of social activity in the town, nd it took place inside the cathedral —for the cathedral was the pride of he town. It's only later that you have separation of church and state, sacred and secular. Some people now say hat only the pure word of God should e preached in a cathedral—that all his other stuff should be out. Well, ou see, that's just a mentality. For nstance, the Paul Winter Consort is oing to be having a concert in our athedral, and there will probably be wo or three thousand people there. I ind Winter's music to be very religious. It's very involved with endangered species, and it will have the cries f whales and wolves and sea lions and whatnot. Now, is that religious or not? For me, that's *profoundly* religious. Because the issues being lifted up by that music express our responsibility as God's stewards of his creation. We are blowing the world up and killing all these animals off, and using them for ourselves. Are we celebrating the beauty and the glory of God in his creation? My recollection is that people who come to some of these concerts have said that they've had the most religious experience of their lives. And they've started coming around on Sunday mornings. Traditionally, most people have not wanted to come out to church, because they've

make
a
clean
sweep
with
the
only
soap



DISCIPLINE Skin Care
New York

I MAGNIN

Many physicians agree that the best facial cleansing is achieved with good soap and lots of water. "I am one of them," says Fernando Aleu, M.D., Director of DISCIPLINE SKIN CARE.

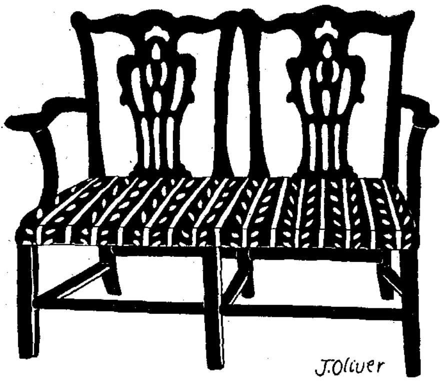
To him a good soap is THE ONLY SOAP. What makes it so unique? The fact is it is mild, pure, hard milled, soothing and antiseptic. It not only removes soil—in depth—but it also provides anti-bacterial protection, an important plus in today's environment. It has everything but a scent. With THE ONLY SOAP, your skin—this amazing shield that surrounds all of you-will stay healthy, fit and good looking. To see and feel the difference all you have to do is use it. Not a small promise.

Come by the Discipline counter for a sample. For further information, write Fernando Aleu, M.D., Discipline Skin Care, 660 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021. Or call 1-800-228-2028, ext. 56.

said there's nothing in the church that's going to grab them. To get the busy and tired people out of their beds to go to church on Sunday mornings is, to me, a miracle. When I came to the Cathedral, there wasn't anybody here on Christmas and Easter. On my first Christmas, everyone was jubilant, because there were six hundred people here. Well, of course, it takes over two thousand people to fill the Cathedral; but those six hundred hadn't been at the high altar for several years. Now the place is packed at Christmas and Easter, which isn't the way it used to be.”

Morton concluded, “Naturally, a dean's administration should be very reflective of what the bishop wants his cathedral to be. I've known Bishop Moore quite some time, and I'm familiar with his objectives. I went into the priesthood, really, because of his influence. When I was an undergraduate, I met him, and he was just then starting out in Jersey City. That very much impressed me, and I left architecture and went into the priesthood. My wife and I began our ministry with him and his wife in Jersey City. So that our own kind of work has very much been involved in inner-city, poverty, and peace issues. There have been some differences, in terms of style and in terms of particular foci. I would say that I'm from a more intellectual tradition than he is. I would not consider him particularly intellectual. That's more my style. Also, in certain areas I'm very involved with people—in alternative energy and ecological issues, the paradigm shifts that the civilization is going through. That kind of stuff is very interesting to me. And so Ernst Schumacher and Lewis Thomas and René Dubos and Ivan Illich are all people I've known and worked with. The Bishop, on the other hand, has been much more involved with people who are directly in action. I've been, myself, always in action; but I've been interested in its intellectual antecedents and the larger construct within which that action takes place. Also, I come out of an arts background. I was trained first as an architect. My wife's father was the director of the Metropolitan Museum. My father was a theatre director. And my wife is a painter. That kind of world has been reflected in my work here at the Cathedral.”

WHILE visiting Venice in the summer of 1974, Moore recalls in his book “Take a Bishop Like Me,” he received an urgent telegram from the United States: “Call Bob DeWitt immediately.” “My Lord, what has that impulsive guy done now?” he asked himself. Robert DeWitt, a former Bishop of Pennsylvania, was a close personal friend of Moore's and, like him, one of the strong and determined liberal voices in the Episcopal House of Bishops. “Paul,” DeWitt said when Moore reached him on the phone, “I just wanted you to know what we are planning to do on Monday. Dan Corrigan, Ed Welles, and I are going to ordain eleven women to the priesthood. Three of them are from your diocese.” DeWitt added, “We have been meeting with some of the women and I think the only way is to just do it.” Moore was astonished—in fact, as he says in his book, he was “mad as hell.” Had his colleagues lost their minds? They were about to violate an ancient law and custom of the Church, and they didn't seem to care. Actually, Moore himself was a part of the “plot.” In response to a rising feminist movement within the Church, he, DeWitt, and a few other liberal bishops had decided that the time had indeed come to press for the ordination of women into the priesthood, for a change in the apostolic tradition that held that only men could be ordained as priests. But he thought he and his colleagues had agreed that the breakthrough should be made legally, that they should agitate within the highest councils of the Church. Now that his colleagues were acting on their own, it wasn't only ancient tradition they were about to dishonor but administrative rules as well. Contrary to what those rules required, none of the eleven women had been approved for ordination by their own bishops and standing committees; nor had DeWitt, Corrigan, and Welles received permission from the Bishop of Pennsylvania to conduct ordinations in his diocese. So the ordinations would be illegal and irregular on every conceivable ground. I Moore's view, the whole thing was “ mess.”



Moore wasn't at all surprised when the month after his return from Venice, John Allin, Presiding Bisho of the national Church, summoned th House of Bishops—over a hundre strong—to an emergency meeting i Chicago. Conservatives were scandalized by what the three prelates ha done in Philadelphia. Moderates were at the very least, concerned. And th pro-women liberals were nervous—not just the ones who had broken th law but also the ones who, like Moore were, in a sense, moral accomplices According to Moore, “Those wh favored women's ordination were upset that they were now on the defensive. We were working hard for prope legislation at the 1976 General Convention; we were working agains two thousand years of tradition, an against explosive feelings. Now w were in a position where we had t either defend a basically illegal actio or turn against three bishops an eleven women who were leaders of thi movement. Those who were agains women's ordination now had a ‘scandalous,’ uncanonical action to mak them even more embittered. And n one knew how the new Presidin Bishop would chair a meeting.” T make matters worse, Allin, the forme Bishop of Mississippi, was himself conservative. However, the liberals go off much more lightly than they ha feared. At the meeting in Chicago the bishops agreed to submit the issu to a committee for further study. Th results would be presented at th Church's next Triennial Convention in Minneapolis.

In September of 1976, after prolonged debate, that convention—th Church's highest legislative body—voted in favor of a historic resolution that the canons for the ordination o bishops, priests, and deacons “shal be equally applicable to men an women.” The liberals thus won wha at an earlier point in the history o their Church had seemed an impossible victory. Bishops crossed th aisles of the convention hall, shook hands, and embraced. Not all of them of course. A number of the defeated opponents talked of leaving the national Church and forming an Anglican institution of their own. Other had no intention of ordaining women or sanctioning such rites in their dioceses, regardless of what the convention said. The convention had simpl

uthorized the ordination of women by
iose bishops who were so disposed;
ıch ordinations were not mandatory.
ʾut in subsequent months scores of
ʼomen presented themselves for ordi-
ation, especially in dioceses whose
ishops were willing to perform the
eremony. No bishop was more will-
ıg than the Bishop of New York.
ınd no other, surely, was ready to go
s far as Moore did when, in January
f 1977, he ordained to the priesthood
woman, Ellen Barrett, who had de-
lared herself to be a lesbian. Once
gain, the Episcopal Church was in
ırbulence, and this time it was Moore
ʼho stood alone at the center of the
torm.

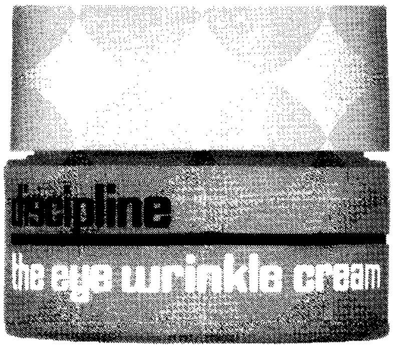
A year earlier, Moore had ordained
llen Barrett a deacon. He did so after
ɔng and careful thought. When she
ad presented herself as a candidate,
e had found her to be qualified on all
rounds except that of her declared
exual life. He had told her so, saying
hat the standing committee of his dio-
ese—without whose approval he was
owerless to act—would never ap-
rove a self-declared lesbian for ordi-
ıation; nor, in all honesty, did he
hink the time had yet come for so bold
step. Moore had, nonetheless, gone
head and discussed the possibility
vith his standing committee; and, not
t all to his surprise, the majority of its
nembers had recoiled in shock. He
lidn't drop the matter, however. Con-
inuing to feel an uneasiness over the
act that a woman qualified in all other
espects for the position she desired
hould be barred by considerations of
ıer sexual preference, he kept on
ɔringing up the subject before the
tanding committee. After debating
he issue on a number of occasions, the
ommittee relented and approved her
or ordination as a deacon.

But having become a deacon Barrett
ıow wanted to become a priest. And
ɔy 1977, when the Church had re-
noved its barriers to female priests,
Moore saw no reason—aside from the
ɔredictable objections to her sexual
ɔreference—that she shouldn't be or-
lained into the ministry. He decided
ıe would ordain her. When news of
ıis intention leaked out, some time
ɔefore the ceremony took place, papers
ıround the country carried the "scan-
lalous" story of what the Bishop of
New York was planning to do. If
Moore had been an easily intimidated
iberal, he would have backed off then
ınd there, for reactions to the newspa-
per reports were immediate and abu-
ive. Among the letters he received

it
takes
discipline
to
smooth
away
laugh
lines

If you laugh a lot, and the hope is that you do, the skin around your eyes will fold and unfold a thousand times. To protect it from this mechanical abuse, DISCIPLINE SKIN CARE has developed a formula for this vulnerable area: THE EYE WRINKLE CREAM. It is a sensible combination of newly discovered "oxygenators," non-fatty nutrients, collagen precursors and humectants that restore vitality to the area around the eyes. Even if you don't have wrinkles now, use it. Because they will come.

Come by the Discipline counter for a sample and a booklet. For further information, write Fernando Aleu, M.D., Discipline Skin Care, 660 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. Or call 1-800-228-2028, ext. 56.



DISCIPLINE Skin Care - New York

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

was one from a clergyman in Albany saying, "This hurts the whole church. To be personal, I shall be sharing the priesthood with a lesbian. Is this fair?" A bishop in Colorado reminded Moore that "the ordination of practicing homosexuals" did not represent "the mind of the Church," was "plainly contrary to the teaching of scripture," and was "totally irresponsible." A psychologist wrote in to say, "For a Bishop of the Episcopal Church to take part in this sordid . . . story can only add to the increasing despair of an already fractured Church. May God forgive you, Bishop Moore." Though Moore understood the underlying resentment, he still considered such protests to be hypocritical. Everyone knew, after all, that from time immemorial the Church had been ordaining homosexuals into the priesthood—as long as such homosexuals kept their mouths shut about their private lives.

Moore felt, as a result, that the objection to Ellen Barrett was based chiefly on the fact that she had made an open confession of her sexual preference. Had she remained silent about that aspect of her personal life—as not only a number of male priests had done but, perhaps, a number of the new female priests as well—hardly anyone would be contesting her right as a woman to be ordained into the priesthood. She was being penalized, then, Moore argued, not so much for her sexual orientation as for her honest admission of it. And should honesty be a bar to priesthood? Was the person who had kept his or her sexual life a secret an abler priest than the one who had frankly acknowledged it? Moore had been wrestling with that question ever since Ellen Barrett came to him asking to be ordained a deacon. And he was surer now than ever that he couldn't in good conscience deny her the opportunity of higher religious service simply because she had spoken honestly about herself. He wasn't endorsing homosexuality; he was intolerant of the kind of intolerance and hypocrisy that prevented other people from realizing their ambitions or the best in themselves. Bishops like to say that whenever they are faced with a difficult decision they pray for guidance. Moore prayed for guidance. And on the evening of January 10, 1977, at the Church of the Holy Apostles, in Manhattan, he placed his hands on Ellen Barrett's head and ordained her a priest of her Church. "I truly felt," he wrote later, "that this was right, according to what our Lord would have me do."

But, as is often the case, the Lord's will was not in accord with that of His earthly followers. The protests that Moore had received when news of his intention was leaked to the press were a trickle compared with the flood of denunciation that now poured in on him—from bishops, priests, and lay Episcopalians. A priest of the diocese told Moore at a public meeting that he could no longer consider the Bishop his spiritual leader. Vestries in New York passed resolutions condemning his action, and others voted to cut off their financial contributions to the diocese. "You are a stupid ass," one of his angry correspondents wrote, "and your stupidity is only exceeded by the way you vilified our beautiful church." Another wrote, "We are left with several valid conclusions. A. The Bishop of New York is a degenerate. B. The Bishop of New York is insane. C. The Bishop of New York doesn't care. D. The Bishop of New York is a radical revolutionary. Pick one or all of the above."

At a meeting of the House of Bishops, in Florida, Moore was called sternly to account by his conservative peers. A resolution expressing "strong disapproval" of his conduct had already been proposed when Moore rose to speak in his own defense. "What is the crime?" he asked his colleagues. Had he fallen into heresy, had he departed from his Church's theology? Clearly, no. Had he broken canon law? No. He was guilty only of ordaining a woman who had declared herself to be a lesbian. But had the Church demanded a sexual-preference test, when, in 1976, it revised its canons to permit the ordination of women? No. What, then, was his crime? Hearing no answer, Moore proceeded, "If this action is formally disapproved . . . I will feel that this House and I differ radically about what the meaning of our apostolic office is. Is it to manage, administer, and keep safe a steadily decreasing number of frightened and confused people; or is it to see the modern world as it is, and bring to that changing, suffering world the liberating, loving message of the Gospel of Christ?" Moore was defended by John Coburn, the Bishop of Massachusetts. "Gentlemen," he said, "don't you think we are going a little far? I was on the Standing Committee of the Diocese of New York when Ellen Barrett was approved f ordination. . . . If the Bishop of Ne York stands to be censured, then, as member of that Standing Committe so do I. But I simply do not see ar reason on which such a motion can l based." When Coburn sat down, tl resolution was tabled—in effec killed. Moore, in his own words, w "off the hook."

Along with the many brickba Bishop Moore had received soon aft the controversial ordination had con many messages of support and encou agement. One was from the Church the Holy Apostles. It was a copy of letter that the parish had sent to a parishes in the New York Dioces and it said, in part:

> We continue to respect and admi Bishop Moore. While this ordin tion . . . has aroused profound controvers we believe that this action was taken aft prolonged consideration and deliberatio and in accordance with a deeply Christia conscience. We understand the Bisho acted after proper consultation with tl governing bodies of the Diocese and i accordance with Canon Law.
>
> We know the Bishop to be a good ar faithful shepherd of his flock. He has bee a strong supporter of our parish as he h of the other struggling inner-city parish in this Diocese. In conference with him w have always found him to be a good ar wise counsellor whose principal aim w the promotion of the mission of th Church. . . .
>
> In conclusion, we reaffirm our loyalty t the Diocese and our support of Bisho Moore in the fulfillment of his Christia duties.

In a thank-you note to the parisl Moore said that though "amidst th flak" it was sometimes "hard to see th sun," he believed that "we did th right thing and that history will sho that so to be."

SEEING Paul Moore, Jr., and Wil liam Moore together, a stranger would not easily imagine them to b brothers. There is little or no resem blance between them. Paul looks like former basketball player. He move languidly, and his gaze combines firm ness and compassion. William is fiv feet ten inches tall, is chunky an compact of build, and looks like a for mer football running back—thoug hockey was the sport in which he ex celled at Yale. Today, at seventy-one he looks a good ten years younger He's still trim and firmly muscled, an he walks with a brisk and businesslik gait. He speaks in a gentle voice, an his eyes almost always seem to be o the verge of giving in to humor—a though he had a mischievous though

: the back of his mind and weren't ite sure whether he should share it. nd he does chuckle a lot, though not much out of amusement as for unctuation of his sentences. He also oks frugal—and not only because, in is office, he offers a visitor a glass of ater, whereas his brother the Bishop ad opened a bottle of wine.

A man who has known both brothers since boyhood says, "I feel that ere was pressure on Paul at St. aul's School to emulate big brother ill, to whom, in my opinion, he has ever been close, although perhaps, in e last few years, there has been a hange." Only the brothers can be re.

For William's retirement party in 975, the Bishop penned a playful bit f verse, titled "The Ballad of Banker ill." After taking Bill hilariously rough boyhood, school days, courtship, marriage, and career, the ballad nds with these lines:

he rest of the story, you know full well,
nd although he occasionally fussed,
Ie found his glory and worked like hell
or his beautiful Bankers Trust.

Iis brother, the bishop, when interviewed
bout the Chairman of Bankers Trust,
aid, "Yes, Bill is nice, but a bit confused.
's God you're supposed to trust."

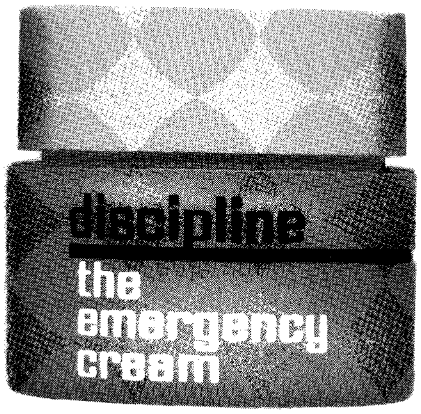
Speaking more recently, the Bishop aid, "My brother Bill followed pretty uch in my father's footsteps. He was very good athlete, which I wasn't. Ie was also my older brother, so that vas a little burden to carry. He and I re very good friends, though we disgree about almost everything, politially. Over the first Martini, we have un; over the second, we fight; over the hird, we get to be friends again."

Banker Bill says about the Bishop: 'I always remember that we were five ears apart; and for quite a while five-year differential between two rothers can be tremendous. He was orn when I was five; I was ten when e was just five; I was away at boarding school when he was still at home; was at college when he was still at oarding school. So, with that sort of lifference, we weren't like brothers rowing up and sharing a lot of interests. That came along a little later. Still, I didn't find any fault with him s a kid. He didn't annoy me. I probably annoyed him, as an older brother. But I think we had, and still have, a ery good relationship. Our relationship has obviously changed over the ears. Paul doesn't take himself seriously. If he were in a roomful of eople and you walked in, you'd never

it
takes
discipline
to
keep
skin
looking
young

To cope with dry skin, now there's DISCIPLINE EMERGENCY CREAM. It is "a sweet Discipline" says Fernando Aleu, M.D., Director of DISCIPLINE SKIN CARE, describing this unique hyper-moisturizer. It revives the appearance and feeling of the skin from dull to effulgent in a minute or two. Rich, yet very light, a little goes a long way to pamper your skin to a more youthful appearance. Our skin is a shield. Its attackers are wind, cold, sun, stress or the rarified cabin of a high-flying aircraft. All of them produce dryness. Treat it daily with EMERGENCY CREAM. To see and feel the difference all you have to do is use it.

Come by the Discipline counter for a sample. For further information, write Fernando Aleu, M.D., Discipline Skin Care, 660 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021. Or call 1-800-228-2028, ext. 56.



DISCIPLINE Skin Care
New York

NEIMAN-MARCUS

guess that he's the Bishop of New York.

"Of course, Paul's political philosophy and mine are, in many respects, quite different. He and I get along like two peas in a pod on the human equations—beliefs in social and human progress—but we never agree on the political means by which those should be achieved. I'm not the solid Republican that our dad was—in fact, I'm not as conservative a Republican as some people think—but I'm much more inclined toward Republicanism than toward being a liberal Democrat. Paul and I rarely agreed, even when he was in seminary. We had one beautiful battle once, on a subject I thought he knew nothing about, while he thought I had my head in the sand. Our voices became louder and louder, and we became quite angry with each other. 'Wasn't that ridiculous?' we said to each other when we got through. And so we just don't talk politics. But we do share a great concern for people. I respect Paul profoundly. Paul and the rest of the family never did agree on politics. But we are all proud of him. We are all proud of his courage."

The Bishop's nine children, courageous in their own fashion, have all followed independent paths—choosing neither the road taken by their father nor the one taken by his forebears. Honor, the eldest, is a poet and essayist and a feminist activist. Paul III is a writer and the father of three. Adelia, married to a law professor in Pittsburgh, is a family and marriage counsellor. Rosemary is a writer and actress in New York. George, an artist, has been living in Nicaragua for the last two years. Marian lives in Brooklyn and is a television and concert producer. Daniel is a free-lance film critic. Susanna is a reporter in San Francisco. And Patience, the youngest, is studying acting in New York. "With the genes they have," the Bishop says, "I sometimes wish that at least one of them would go into business. Of course, none have gone into the church, either. But they are all socially conscious, in their different ways. Their positions on issues are very good. I approve of their ideas."

NONE of the twelve preceding bishops of New York can have had deeper roots in the state than Paul Moore, Jr., or stronger feelings for and about the city. Though Moore was born in New Jersey, he is a New Yorker at heart. The Moore family has lived in New York on and off for centuries. In the early seventeen-hundreds, one of the Bishop's ancestors, Alexander Moore, was a vestryman of Trinity Church. According to an account of the Moore ancestry, "a list of subscribers toward the building of the steeple of Trinity, dated May 1, 1711, shows that Alexander Moore at that time contributed eleven shillings." In 1711, Alexander Moore's donation was not an inconsiderable amount. The Bishop's grandfather William H. Moore was born and raised upstate, and after migrating to Chicago he returned to New York and settled at 4 East 54th Street. While Paul Moore, Jr., was growing up, he spent many hours at that address as well as at the pied-à-terre his parents kept on Fifth Avenue, across from the Central Park Zoo. Manhattan, where his father worked, was the headquarters of the family's business activities. Many of Paul's vacations from Yale were spent in New York, attending parties and absorbing the excitements of the city. It was in Manhattan that he studied for the priesthood. After the bishops' meeting in Florida, where he barely escaped rebuke for his ordination of Ellen Barrett, he was glad to get back to Manhattan, which, he said, was his town.

"Why I like New York is why I like my job," Moore explains. "If you're interested in the life of the urban church, this is the place to be. You're turned on just by the feel of the city—its variety, its vitality, its mixture of glory and poverty. Of course, living here, in the beautiful quarters in the Cathedral grounds, it's easy for me to love New York. I'm not exactly living in Harlem or the South Bronx. And I know damn well that New York isn't that easy a city to live in. It depends so much on who you are, where you are, what your job is. But you could say, if you wanted to be cosmic about it, that New York, more than any other city in the world, has everything in it. That's where I think the church should be active. And I'm lucky enough to be exposed to a lot of the city, through my different parishes, with their ethnic, social, and economic diversity."

Priests who welcomed Moore's election as bishop saw him as "the man for New York." "We were there when he was installed as Bishop of New York," recalls Daniel Corrigan, one of his fellow-bishops. "It felt so right to have a real New Yorker as tl Bishop of that place." Elliott Lind ley, the church historiographer, shar that view and still does, citir Moore's family history and his "i tense concern" with the urban exper ence. "Of course," Lindsley goes on say, "Paul and I don't see eye to eye (cities. I think the city is the work the Devil. Paul thinks it's the work God. He thinks that scripture begi in the Garden of Eden and ends in tl city. I don't see it that way. I think tl Almighty made a mistake. But that Paul. I was driving him to Washing ton one night some years ago. His wi was dying, it was too late for the shu tle, so he had to be driven. We are bo from New Jersey, and, going dow the Jersey Turnpike, we got whiffs that terrible industrial smell that e erybody gets on the Jersey Turnpik 'Oh, God,' I said, 'what a horrib smell!' 'I love it,' Paul replied, fro the depths of his sadness. He loves tl smell of anything that's associate with a city. He's got to have a city."

"In your own affairs, you ha times of sickness and sorrow and di couragement, and when you g through those times you arrive at new level," Moore says. "Life is series of deaths and resurrections. Tl rhythm of life is incorporated in tl symbolism of dying and rising." Th is a theme not only of his Easter se mons but also of the inspiriting me sages he delivers to individuals in spi itual and emotional crises. And durin the Easters of the mid-seventies, whe New York, plagued by fiscal problem seemed on the verge of collapse, h preached that message to the city itsel Addressing his packed Cathedral o Easter of 1976, he rebuked those i the city who were showing signs (despair over its worsening economi plight. His harshest words were fo those leaders of business and industr who were even then announcing plan to abandon the city—"sensing, lik rats, that the ship is sinking," he sai He exhorted New Yorkers to fight fo the city's resurrection, since "courag is as contagious as fear" and "hope a contagious as despair." He called o frightened businessmen to remain i New York, to be part of its "rising," not of its "dying."

A few months earlier, he ha preached this eloquent celebration o his wounded city:

> As New York begins to founder, all of u will bind ourselves in one body and tur this city around, as the nation united i World War II. I see us forgetting ou

> ,isions and being willing to step into the
> each left by the social workers who are
> ed, by the firemen who are no longer
> le to reach the fires, by the policemen
> 10 no longer can man the city blocks. . . .
> his is the vision of a New Yorker, to
> 1om the streets of our city—the dirty,
> ıelly streets of our city—are more beau-
> ul than the most beautiful mountain or
> e most beautiful sea. . . . Let us unite in
> ve for one another because we *are* New
> ›rk, and New York is the nursery of our
> tion, where millions of families began
> eir lives as Americans. It is the city with
> e greatest heart and the most creative
> ind in our country, indeed, in the world.
> ·s, our city is the beating heart and the
> inking mind of the United States of
> nerica; and we are not going to let it go
> ›wn. . . . If this is a battle between tough,
> d, wonderful New York and the govern-
> ent of the United States, so be it. I am
> tting on New York.

His bet has paid off. New York has
:en resurrected and has survived.
ut, despite the city's recovery, Moore
mains troubled by conditions within
. "In our poor areas, things are as
ıd as they ever were," he said re-
:ntly. "Because of cutbacks by the
eagan Administration, they are
orse. The city's administration has
so shown a lack of sympathy toward
ıe poor communities, though the ad-
inistration has acted well in some
:her respects. Midtown prospers.
'here's the richness of Fifth Avenue.
/alking there, you see prices in the
ores and the hundreds of people buy-
ıg up the stuff. You see Trump
'ower, with its apartments worth
ıillions of dollars. And then you get
p to a Hundred and Tenth Street and
ifth Avenue, and you are among peo-
le some of whom don't have enough
› eat. You also think about the
ırned-out sections of the Bronx, and
ɔu're reminded that the gap between
ıe rich and the poor in New York is
rowing. Sooner or later, we're going
› have to come to terms with that. I
'orry not only because of the pain and
esperation of our people—many of
'hom belong to churches for which I
ave a direct pastoral responsibility—
ut also because of what all this might
ıean someday in the life of our city:
ɔcial violence. So New York may be
ı better financial shape today, but
/e're by no means in good social
hape, as a people."

Whatever the occasion may be,
/loore's sermons are laden with social
hemes. Midnight Mass, Christmas
:ve, 1980:

> From whence does this monstrous evil
> :rror come, that it should recur again and
> gain and again, down through the ages?
> Ve can accept the natural disasters—vol-
> anoes, earthquakes, famine. But a resent-
> ıent, a revulsion wells up within us at the

Charmeuse prints make a splash at spring's special evenings. Revel in the bold pattern and pulsing color of our silky, satin-faced polyester charmeuse. Choose purple/toast/slate grey on Chinese red ground or deep gold/midnight navy/pearl grey on cobalt ground. Sensational, from BRITEX-BY-MAIL at a very special price. 45" wide,

$6.00 yard

Send for swatches of our Charmeuse Prints or order direct from Dept. NY4-86. Please include $4 handling & postage (CA residents add sales tax) —use VISA, MasterCard, American Express.

BRITEX FABRICS FABRICS FABRICS FABRICS

Vogue 9441

Photo: Russ Fischella

BRITEX FABRICS/146 GEARY/SAN FRANCISCO/CA 94108/415-392-2910

Think Finland.

Think Land of the Midnight Sun. Or of dancing all night in a smart Helsinki club. For in Finland, the sun never sets on a smorgasbord of summer pleasures. Think Finland. The healthy difference. Get your free Vacation Guide with packages from just $379 a week, plus airfare. Finnish Tourist Board
655 Third Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10017 • (212) 949-2333.

Name____________________________
Address__________________________
City____________State______Zip______

Finnish Tourist Board

FINNAIR

unnecessary violence of man. Our souls are hurt and puzzled that it comes so often in the name of God, like the torn innocence in the eyes of a child, shocked by the blow of an angry parent.

From whence does this monstrous evil come? Take the tragedy that occurred nearest to this place during the last few days—the assassination of John Lennon. He was no politician, no leader of a movement. He was a gentle voice dedicated to singing peace, singing freedom, singing love, singing family tenderness. For many years he made us feel good about ourselves; he made us feel that love was good, that being sexy was good, that being alive was good. He then opened himself and took us down the pilgrimage of suffering and fears that he himself passed through. . . .

We always kill the beautiful ones: Billy Budd, Bishop Romero, Martin Luther King, John Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, Malcolm X. We always kill the beautiful ones, the gentle ones, the prophets. Maybe it is a crazy man that kills them. And yet somehow we sense that the crazy person is doing an act for us, that somehow deep in the unconscious of our culture is this need to kill, this need to kill the beautiful, the need to despoil the gentle land that God has given to us, the need to burn down the very cities in which we dwell. Why . . . this violence? This need to burn and kill the beautiful and the good?

There are those who say it is because we are afraid of freedom that we kill the prophets of freedom. Others say that we are afraid of love, feel ourselves so unlovable that we kill the prophets of love. But I think it is because we are terrified that the image of God within us will be let loose; that we will be consumed with the passion of love that will not let us go.

At the Princeton University Chapel, 1982:

When a nation transgresses the built-in laws of justice, compassion, and peace, that civilization sooner or later perishes. This death can occur in many ways. One of the causes of such a death is when a nation states certain beliefs and principles for its life, then denies them. We look at ourselves as a nation of justice, peace, and compassion, but we are denying these principles by taking money—indeed, taking bread—from the poor and putting it into nuclear weapons. When a nation goes against its deepest-held principles, a paralysis of spirit sets in. This paralysis of spirit leads to death from the outside or from within.

In the same way that the laws of the physical universe are interdependent and form a seamless robe of delicate physical order, so are the principles of the spiritual creation, which form a seamless robe of delicate theological order. Thus it is we cannot find peace without justice. We cannot seek justice without compassion.

Easter, 1983:

The hands of the atomic clock approach closer and closer to the midnight hour.

I believe that the fear that exists between our nations is even more dangerous than the nuclear bombs themselves.

Fear does terrible things to creatures. There are children here this morning who have had guinea pigs or hamsters or rabbits, gentle, furry creatures—and yet when they are cornered, they can bite and tear, because fear makes them into vicious animals. A child will strike out when terrified. Think what one frightened nation can do to another when fear overcomes its judgment in violent acts.

And now fear mounts across the world, not only between Russia and ourselves, but amongst all the people who watch these giants ready to fight. Our children even have nightmares of atomic disaster.

In this building atmosphere of danger and of fear, isn't it incredible that our President, our leader of the free world, should make pronouncements that escalate that fear into a level it has never been before! Builds the atmosphere of terror, preaching we are a righteous nation taking arms against the source of all evil, turning the atomic war into a holy war! Holy war is the most demonic of human phenomena. Look what the holy wars in small nations have done: Ireland, Iran, South Africa, Lebanon. And think of a holy war waged in space! God help us. God help us.

Can we not persuade our President, who I still think somehow is a good man, to be a person of quiet strength and quiet words? Certainly no serious diplomacy can occur on television. The only way we can have peace is to build on trust. You don't trust the leaders of Russia; I don't trust them either now. Nor do I trust our own leaders, nor do many of you. And yet we must begin to build, somehow, somewhere, step by small step, toward the trust that will be necessary for any treaty, any covenant, any promise of peace.

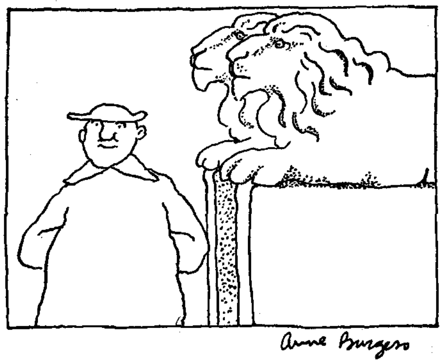
I pray fervently this Easter morning for the diminishing of terror and the beginning of trust. Stranger miracles have happened.

Easter, 1986:

We are talking about Easter here, and now, in the real world, where the forces of resurrection are bursting forth—in the Philippines, in Haiti, even in our city with the passage of the Gay Rights Bill—the forces of justice and peace are beginning to rise again. See those signs of hope! Don't give up; be part of them. Those surprising actions: a housewife in a yellow dress freeing the Philippine Islands from decades of tyranny; the hope that comes at the darkest, darkest hour. Be part of that. Be part of that.

MOORE isn't liked by everyone in his diocese, even if his detractors are far outnumbered by his admirers. "Paul Moore's major proble
within the diocese is that he spea
totally out of conscience," Canon E
ward West says. "Consequently, so
people who ought to support him do
—though what's interesting is t
some of the people who are most cri
cal of him are also the most fond
him." Elliott Lindsley adds, "Amo
some elements within the dioce
Moore is regarded as a feather-ruffl
I think he's so deadly earnest that t
average person can't figure him o
In a sense, he's clothed in the sa
mystique as was Bishop William
Manning, in the older days. B
whereas Manning *used* the mystiq
of his office, Paul suffers. And, y
know, some of us don't like to
around people who suffer. When Pa
speaks about the poor, he can sm
them and see them. He isn't deali
with them intellectually. He is viscer
And this is hard to take, unless y
yourself are a terribly dedicated a
suffering person. Take my paris
They know that I think Bishop Moo
is a hundred per cent right in his att
tudes. But there are people who ju
can't fathom the things that Moo
stands for. And the things you ca
grasp are apt to be the things you di
like. However, I don't think that Pa
Moore is really disliked. I think h
much liked. I do think there are so
clergy who promote their positions
suggesting that they don't like the B
shop. I know this to be true. But i
inevitable that any strong person w
create such a reaction. God help
if we ever have a Bishop whom every
body likes."

It is clear why Moore is wide
regarded as a social activist—so mu
of his career has been spent fighting
one social arena or another. Y
Moore sees himself as primarily
committed clergyman. He sees his s
cial activism as a product of somethin
deeper in him: a determination
abide by the ethics of his faith, a b
lief that Christian values should be o
jectified not just in "religious"
personal relationships but also in a
public arena where the ideals
justice and fair play are at stake. H
says, "I wouldn't want anyone
think that my whole interest in mini
try is social action. That instinct
deep, but it springs from my sense
worship. The Eucharist is, in a sens
the most important thing in my who
life. To me, celebrating the Euchari
is to be in touch with reality.
brings meaning to everything I do.
wouldn't be involved in the social si



: I weren't also involved in the spiri- ual side."

A tribute to Moore and the charac- er of his ministry is paid by John E. ines, a former Presiding Bishop of he Episcopal Church and one of its enior liberals. From North Carolina, here he lives in retirement, Hines tates, in a letter:

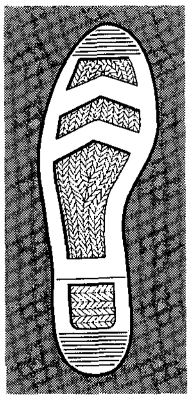
> He is, in my view, a person of . . . en- aging and surprising complexities. . . . My stimate of him and his episcopate tends to ome forth in terms of admiration, prideful mazement, and lasting gratitude. The piscopal Church, in my time, has been ble to produce and nurture such a elatively small number of bishops pos- essed of Paul Moore's Biblical grounding, robing perceptiveness, broad sense of his- ory, and painfully acute social conscious- ess. . . .
>
> I may not sound like it but I do know hat Paul Moore possesses the proverbial feet of clay." Most people with a working nowledge of the Episcopal Church would cknowledge the unlikely possibility of lo- ating a bishop with feet of pristine "un- lay-ness." It is precisely the "clay feet" hat enhance Moore's credibility as a ser- ant of . . . Christ and as an earthen vessel n and through whom the Holy Spirit ppears to do strange, non-normative, oltingly outrageous things. Some in the piscopal Church could ignore him for nany of these aberrations, if he were Bi- hop of Katmandu. But—Bishop of New ork!

When Arthur Koestler took his own life . . John Strachey wrote of him: "He was o Europe what Europe is to the world: mall, intelligent, aggravating, and indis- ensable." If I had insight enough and gumption" enough to beat John Strachey o it, I could have applied those trenchant ords, appropriately modified, to Paul oore. "Small"—but only in that he is ut one of a hundred and sixty-five active ishops in the Episcopal Church's House f Bishops. "Intelligent"—super! (And, blessed fact, without the arrogance of litism that damages some intellectuals.) 'Aggravating"—in the same mode that esus was aggravating: a scandal to the norally impeccable; an irritant of hair- hirt intensity to the superficially pious nd the ecclesiastically entrenched. "In- lispensable"—well, in the economy of he Kingdom of God there simply are no ndispensable persons other than the King imself (or the Queen herself). However, f in the economic and social economy f the City of New York (during the ast dozen years)—vital arena that the ity always is for conflicting ideologies, heological concepts, and political "free- or-alls"—an acute need for indispensable eligious leadership had to be satisfied, the ot would surely have had to fall on Bishop Paul Moore, Jr.

Flannery O'Connor was right. cratch an Episcopalian, and you're ndeed "liable to find most anything." ertainly in the case of Paul Moore, r., you encounter a wide range of urprising but principled things.

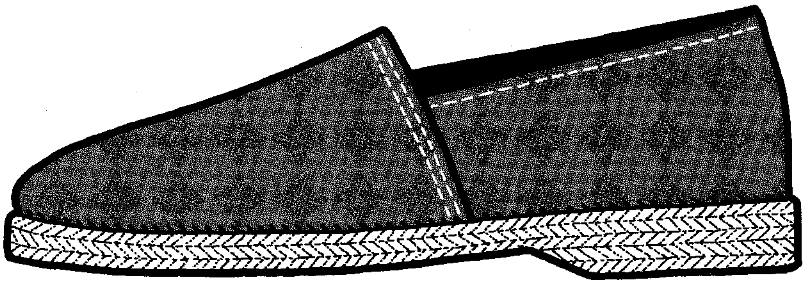
—JERVIS ANDERSON

Evans Espadrilles.
We know our left from our right.

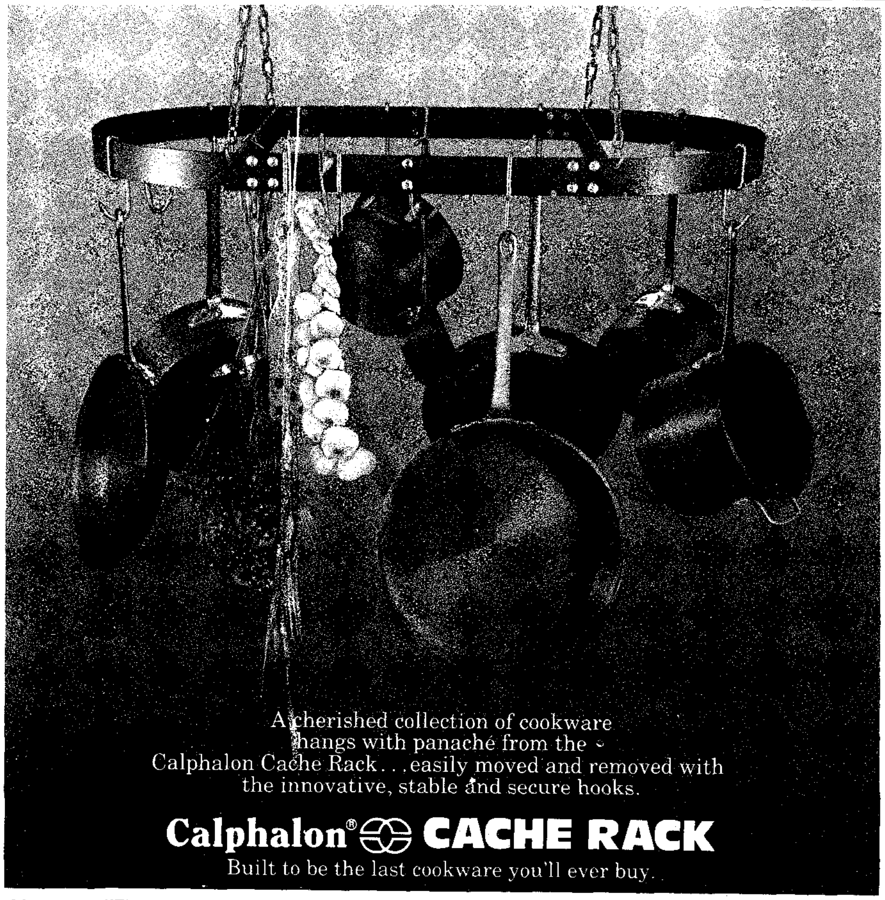


Every pair of Evans espadrilles has a distinctive left and right shoe, because they're made to our exclusive patterns for proper left/right fit. And we elasticize the shoes' top line. The result is the kind of superb comfort a man wants when he relaxes. For 180 years, L.B. Evans has been making hand-crafted footwear of uncompromising quality. Our espadrilles continue that tradition. Available in red, white, navy, beige, denim, grey and black at fine stores.

SINCE
EVANS
1841
THE ART OF RELAXATION



L.B. Evans' Son Company, Fitchburg, MA 01420



A cherished collection of cookware
hangs with panache from the
Calphalon Cache Rack . . . easily moved and removed with
the innovative, stable and secure hooks.

Calphalon® CACHE RACK
Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMALCO INT'L division of COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY/P.O. BOX 583/TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

MUSICAL EVENTS

Discourse Most Eloquent

ELLIOTT CARTER'S "Penthode," for an orchestra of twenty soloists, was completed in June last year. It is dedicated to Pierre Boulez and the Ensemble InterContemporain, who first played it in London, in July, at the Proms, and played it in New York, in Avery Fisher Hall, last month. The title is a scholar's version of "pentode," or "five-way." Carter's Third String Quartet was a double duo. He has composed a Symphony of Three Orchestras, and a Triple Duo. "Penthode" is a quintuple quartet. The orchestra is divided into five groups of four players: trumpet, trombone, harp, and violin; flute, horn, marimba, and double-bass; oboe, tuba, violin, and cello; clarinet, bass clarinet, trumpet, and vibraphone; and bassoon, piano, percussion, and viola. The slightly odd array was presumably influenced by the constitution of the Ensemble. Carter thrives on challenges, delights in handling new instrumental combinations, and in this work, without ever calling for outré methods of playing, makes new sounds. His note on the music is short:

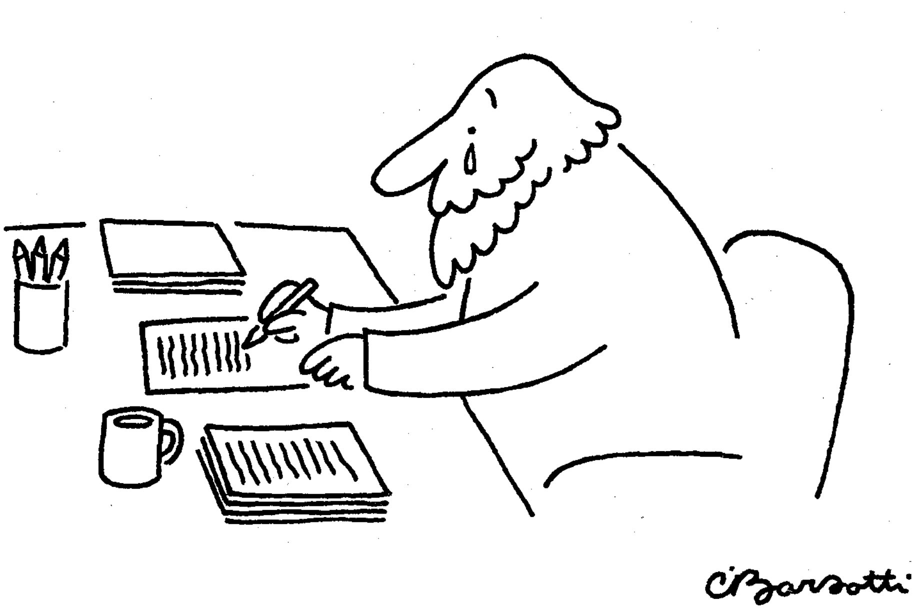
> "Penthode" is concerned with experiences of connectedness and isolation. Twenty players are divided into five groups of four, each group comprising instruments of different types. However, each group has its own repertory of expressive characters embodied in its own special field of speeds and musical intervals. How each of these five groups combines with or opposes the others is the gist of the score.

The piece begins with a long viola melody, "*tranquillo, quasi improvvisando, un poco espressivo*," unaccompanied except for some points of harmony touched in by members of the viola's own group or by others. It is as if someone unemphatically but eloquently proposed an idea, began a discourse that gradually caught the attention of a large company, provoking assents, riders, qualifications, denials. Soon everyone is talking, but not all at once, for this is a civilized company. One speaker—flute, tuba, harp—has only to raise a voice and the others listen attentively, or utter no more than murmurs of approval or dissension. Then someone else takes up the statement, to extend, modify, or politely question it. The sense of five different groups—as in an after-dinner drawing room—clustered by common interests yet attentive to whatever arresting is being said is strong. Sometimes the commentary remains within the groups. Sometimes other affinities produce new groupings, as when the string instruments, from four different quartets, join together as a string quintet. I must not make "Penthode" sound like an any-day country-house conversation. It is more like conversation at All Souls on a night when the country's best brains are there: awesome in its intelligence, confidence, preciseness, an readiness, yet at the same time winning, welcoming, and unpretentious.

The simile merely suggests a fir impression, and it breaks down whe musical form is considered. "Penthode," which lasts eighteen minute mounts to a formidable climax th is not at all conversational but is powerful outcome of what has gon before. The new element in this piec is a "connectedness" more eviden and more frequent than in the earlie group-against-group, speed-against speed compositions. Instruments fro different groups sometimes join i a unison line, or one may doubl just parts of another's melody. Carter's three song cycles—"A Mirro on Which to Dwell" (1975), "Syringa" (1978), and "In Sleep, i Thunder" (1981)—seem to have influenced his instrumental writing to greater lyricism, and "Penthode" i even more melodious than the Tripl Duo. And it is colorful: tuba tunes, rippling harp, streaks from the piccol and positively romantic violin writin sound in its pages.

"Penthode" was played on a program with Franco Donatoni's ne "Tema," a flickering, busy piece recognizably by the author of "Puppenspiel" (1961); with York Höller' "Résonance" (1981), for orchestr surrounded by sparky tape sounds; an with György Ligeti's Chamber Concerto (1970), a contemporary classic Amid so much glitter and twitter, trillings and chirrupings, "Penthode' made an almost sober effect, but substantial one. Its energy of though was apparent at once. Repeated hearings reveal its elegance, lightness, an charm. The Ensemble performance were masterly.

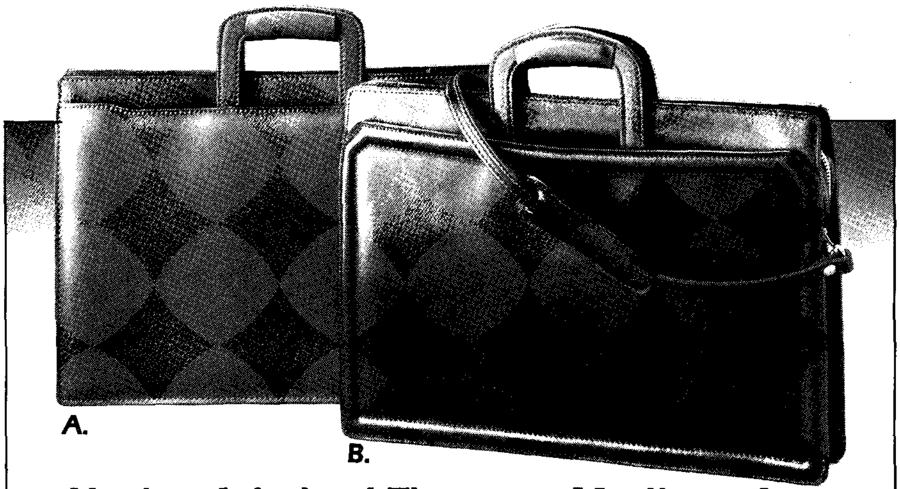
GYÖRGY KURTÁG was sixty in February. Today, his name woul probably figure on any short list of th world's most distinguished livin composers, but only in recent year has his music been widely heard. Hi Opus 1, a string quartet, was played a the 1964 I.S.C.M. Festival. "The Sayings of Péter Bornemisza," Opus 7, a long "concerto for soprano and piano,' was heard at Darmstadt. But th work that brought him to general attention was the song cycle for sopran and chamber orchestra "Messages o the Late R. V. Trussova," Opus 17. I was performed first in Paris, by th Ensemble InterContemporain, i 1981, and later that year in London by the London Sinfonietta. In 1982, i



"Old?" She laughed. "I don't think of you as old."

as heard at the Proms. Adrienne
sengery (the soprano of those perfor-
ances), Boulez, and the Ensemble
nterContemporain have recorded the
iece on Erato. In this country, it was
eard last year at Tanglewood, sung
y three sopranos (a different one in
ach movement) and conducted by
ent Nagano, and in Ithaca, sung by
hristine Schadeberg, with the Cor-
ell Contemporary Ensemble, con-
ucted by Fred Cohen. This year, it
as done in February in San Fran-
isco and this month in New York,
resented by the Brooklyn Philhar-
onic in a Meet the Moderns pro-
ram. "Few works of the past five
ears have achieved a firm place in the
ontemporary repertory more surely,"
e critic Andrew Clements wrote af-
r a 1984 London performance.

Everyone I know who has heard
Messages" has been bowled over by
—by the intensity, directness, and
eauty of its images, by the sense of
pontaneity mingled with exact, intri-
ate working, by the encounter with a
istinctive, individual musical voice.
urtág, like Ligeti, studied at the Bu-
apest Academy with Sándor Veress
nd Ferenc Farkas. His early works
some of which are published, without
pus numbers) are said to be, like
igeti's early works, Bartók-influ-
nced. In 1956, Ligeti left Hungary,
nd in 1961 "Atmospheres," played in
onaueschingen, brought him the in-
ernational prominence he has enjoyed
ver since. In 1957, Kurtág went to
aris, studied with Marianne Stein,
ttended classes by Milhaud and Mes-
iaen, and heard Boulez's Domaine
usical concerts. He returned to Bu-
apest in 1958, composed the Opus 1
uartet, and has followed it with
ardly more than a handful of works,
nost of them for small forces. Points
f reference in describing his style are
Vebern, for economy and precision of
tatement (what Schoenberg, in a
reface to Webern's Six Bagatelles,
alled the ability "to express a novel
n a single gesture, joy in a single
reath"); Berg, for the urgency of
motion in the lines; and Bartók, for a
vay of building movements from
mall, charged cells. But the sound of
urtág's music is all his own. A re-
urrent element is the cimbalom: it
lays in several of his compositions; in
thers, its figurations, textures, and
trangely glinting, dusky timbres are
uggested. Easy first steps into Kurtág's
nusical world are provided by his
'Játékok" ("Games"), four books of
iano pieces for children, published by



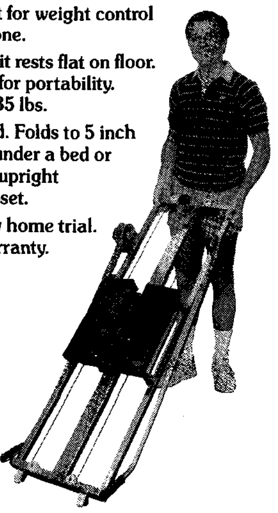
You've Admired Them on Madison Ave. Now You Can Buy Them at Altman's

The original Benchcraft leather executive briefcase is now available at Altman Luggage for **only $85.** (Reg. $135.)
Available in brown or burgundy. Specify style A. or B.

These legal size saddle leather cases feature: roomy 3" width, two reinforced outside compartments, full leather lining, durable brass zipper, removable shoulder strap, pen and pencil slots and interior organizer for calculator and appointment book. Four year manufacturer's guarantee.

Altman Luggage features a full line of first quality, name brand luggage and business cases—always at guaranteed best prices.
Ask for our free color catalog • Corporate accounts are welcome

ALTMAN LUGGAGE CO.
Fine Luggage since 1920.
135 Orchard Street • New York, NY 10002 • (212) 254-7275
Phone and mail orders promptly filled. Major credit cards accepted. **CALL TOLL FREE 800-372-3377**
We ship anywhere in the U.S.



Fitness Master LT-35

TOTAL SYSTEM FOR CARDIOVASCULAR FITNESS.

Simulates cross-country skiing, regarded by fitness authorities as the top cardiovascular exercise. Rated higher than jogging, swimming, biking or rowing.

- Fluid motion — no jarring impact on bones and joints. Avoids running related injuries.
- Excellent for weight control and body tone.
- Stable, unit rests flat on floor. Lightweight for portability. Weighs only 35 lbs.
- Easily stored. Folds to 5 inch height. Slips under a bed or stands upright in closet.
- 30 day home trial. 2 year warranty.
- Can be used by men and women regardless of size or weight. Height and resistance adjustable.

For a Free Brochure call:
TOLL FREE 1-800-328-8995
In Minnesota 1-612-474-0992
Fitness Master, Incorporated
1387 Park Road Dept. XD
Chanhassen, Minnesota 55317

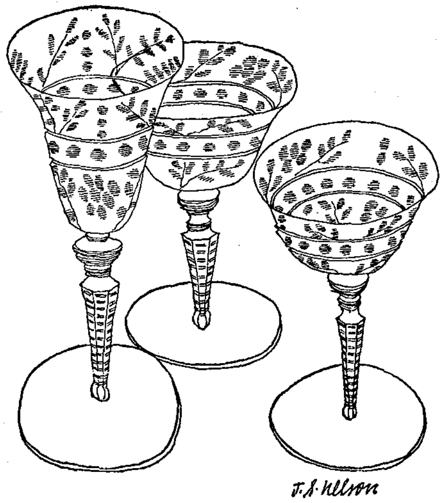
Editio Musica Budapest/Boosey & Hawkes. The title combines senses of "play" as in playing games and playing an instrument; the miniatures relate to Kurtág's larger works rather as Beethoven's late bagatelles do to his late sonatas.

"Messages of the Late R. V. Trussova" is a setting of twenty-one brief poems by Rimma Dalos, a Russian poet who lives in Hungary. The number of poems chosen, the varied instrumentation of each song, and the occasional use of *Sprechgesang* suggest a link with "Pierrot Lunaire." The subject matter suggests a modern "Frauenliebe und -leben," but with a deserted, not a widowed, protagonist; Schoenberg's "Erwartung" and Poulenc's "La Voix Humaine" also come to mind. The three parts are subtitled "Loneliness," "A Little Erotic" ("little" is meiosis; the four songs of this section are fiercely, uninhibitedly erotic), and "Bitter Experience—Delight and Grief." The third, longest part begins:

> You took my heart
> on the palm of your hand,
> which you then carefully turned
> upside down.

The Russian original has eight fewer words. Most of the Dalos poems are Tacitean, aphoristic, haiku-like three-liners, Akhmatova-like in the force and poignancy of their statements. For each poem, Kurtág finds a keen musical image. "Heat," the first of the erotic songs, begins from a small, bright flame—a rapid semitone oscillation on the first word, "*zhar*." It expands, grows to a consuming fire, and breaks into wild arpeggios that reach at last to the Queen of the Night's F; the song dies away in an ecstatic, whispered shudder. In "Autumn Flowers Fading," the voice part is unpitched, except approximately by the slant at which the words are printed through the staff; "mewing" is the instruction to the singer. Lapped descending scales, chromatic or whole-tone, fall very softly from celesta, harp, and piano, while other scales rise more slowly on celesta, piano, and cimbalom; when the cimbalom has reached its highest note it exchanges roles with the harp. Oboe, clarinet, and horn touch in soft harmonies; isolated harmonics from violin, viola, and double-bass gleam like distant points of light; four gongs and a tam-tam beat out a slow, soft ostinato. Any summary description of Kurtág's procedures makes them seem schematic. Performance reveals music that has been delicately "heard" in all its details, music in which the abundant ideas of a teeming imagination have been refined until every note, every sound tells. Kurtág composes slowly. Part of the "compositional act" that produced "Messages" is the ordering of the twenty-one brief songs into a telling sequence. Fifteen more Dalos settings make up a later cycle, "Scenes from a Novel," Opus 19, for soprano, violin, cimbalom, and double-bass.

In Europe, Kurtág's music has been sung most often, through country after country, by Adrienne Csengery, a Fiordiligi and Lulu, a Glyndebourne Susanna and Zerlina. The New York soloist was Christine Schadeberg, and she was admirable—pure, passionate (if not as passionate as Miss Csengery), and various, compassing in brilliant fashion the extended vocal and emotional requirements. I hope she is already preparing "Scenes from a Novel," the Attila József Fragments, Opus 20, for solo soprano, and the Songs of Amy Karolyi, Opus 22, for soprano and cimbalom, none of which New York has yet heard. Eight of Kurtág's twenty-odd works are cycles for soprano. He has provided a modern concert repertory for our bright young divas—Kathleen Battle, Judith Bettina, Beverly Morgan, Lucy Shelton, Carmen Pelton, Sylvia McNair, Julianne Baird—to shine in. Lukas Foss conducted members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic—sensitive virtuoso players, responsive to the inventions of the score. But there was some corner-cutting (and so "Messages" still awaits its "real" New York première). The band lacked a cimbalom, whose timbre gives much of the music its essential colors; a piano with metal chains lying on its strings was a sorry makeshift. The song "A slender needle of suffering" begi with an extraordinary sound, potent affecting on the record. The sco reveals it to be Bartók snap pizzicat on violin and viola, the cimbalo struck with metal beaters, a stroke o the glass chimes, and "the breaking a glass." It didn't sound right at t Brooklyn performance: the glass w muted in a paper bag, and instead splintery glass chimes there was a d clatter of bamboo chimes.



Nevertheless, this New York pre mière of Kurtág's "Messages" was high point in a rich season. It crowne an unusually interesting and attracti program: another hearing of Boulez "Dérive," and the New York pre mières of Robert Saxton's "Proce sions and Dances" and Per Nørgård "Prelude and Ant Fugue (with Crab Canon)." "Dérive," like Ellio Carter's "Canon for 4," was compose to honor Sir William Glock and h achievements, on his retirement fro the Bath Festival (where in 198 Kurtág was much played). It had i first—and at once its second—perfor mance in 1985, by the London Sinfo nietta, conducted by Oliver Knusse (The audience called for, and wa granted, an encore.) The Ensembl InterContemporain introduced it t New York last month. "Dérive" is a eight-minute sextet for flute and clari net, violin and cello, and vibraphon and piano. In French, the title retain its etymological connotation: "fro the shore." The music "drifts" on a enchanted tide of trills, tremolos, an richly decorated chords, but Boule remains master of its fate. "Dérive, rhapsody and carefully shaped dis course in one, might be called latter day Delius—or, as Desmond Shawe Taylor proposed, "a modern equiva lent of late Debussy." I like hi suggestion that this short, seductiv score "will perhaps one day qualify fo inclusion in what the record worl would call 'Boulez's Greatest Hits.'

Saxton's "Processions and Dances, which was conducted by Steven Mer curio, is a twelve-minute octet, fo flute, oboe, clarinet, string trio, harp and percussion. The initial inspira tion, the composer says in a progra note, came from "a poster of a snow bound funeral in an East Europea village entitled 'The Last Jews o Radauti.' " Like other Saxton pieces it combines disciplined harmonic prog ress, lively rhythmic incident, an pungent timbres. It dates from 1981 and Saxton has written more impor tant works since then: "The Ring o ternity," the Concerto for Orchestra, The Sentinel of the Rainbow." His .test work, the chamber symphony The Circles of Light," was in-oduced last month by the London infonietta and Esa-Pekka Salonen. 'he title refers to Canto 28 of the Paradiso." This is the boldest and eest of Saxton's mystic, visionary)mpositions. I know it only from tape ıd score, and look forward to a public ɜrformance.

Nørgård's Prelude and Fugue 1982), for flute, clarinet, guitar, ıandolin, violin, double-bass, and ɜrcussion, is a playful piece. The relude is the first of Bach's Forty-ght transcribed with extensions, oc-ıve transpositions, and other devices. 'he fugue is a "false" one, likened by ıe composer to those sleight-of-hand 'ick-perspective drawings that seem) be obeying the rules until one finds 'ater that flows uphill or an ascending :air that leads to a level lower than 'here it started. It is a deceptive and musing fugue. Nørgård's music is al-'ays ingeniously fashioned. Some-mes it is poetic, too: earlier this ɜason, the guitarist David Starobin pened his recital at the Y with "Re-ırns" (1976), a work both playful nd captivating.

This Brooklyn Philharmonic pro-ram, which should have drawn rowds, was played twice, on consecu-.ve days in the Great Hall at Cooper Jnion and in the Playhouse of the Irooklyn Academy. I attended the ɜcond, and at the start counted per-aps fifty people there. A choice pro-'ram had been assembled. The artists ad worked hard. The performances /ere accomplished. But the presenta-ion was poor. The stage of the Play-ıouse was swathed in black. During he first half, the houselights were urned out; through a long wait before ach piece the audience sat in gloomy .arkness, unable to read the program ıotes, and talking in hushed tones, as f at a funeral. There was no clamor or an encore of "Dérive." For the Kurtág, there was a glimmer of light —not enough to follow with any ease he translation sheet, in small type, hat had been provided.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

CONTROL TOWER
OPERATOR

Required by Import Dealership. Expe-ience required but not an asset.—*Adv. in he Saskatoon (Sask.) Star-Phoenix.*

Maybe not in Saskatoon.

PERSONALLY YOURS

The Terryberry Classic Signet Ring.

In a world of seemingly endless indifference to quality, Terryberry takes the time to make things right. Our superior quality Signet Rings are individually precision tooled, painstakingly crafted of heavy 10K or 14K gold, custom-engraved, then carefully hand-finished and polished. It is this singular attention to detail that makes the difference between a good ring—and a great one.

Your Signet Ring is handcrafted to order, and ready to ship (in an attractive jeweler's presentation case) in approximately three weeks. Terryberry Signet Rings are available in both men's and women's models. The men's 10K gold ring is $450; the 14K gold signet is $620. Women's rings are $320 for 10K gold, and $455 for 14K gold. Shipping and insurance are included, of course. For the full story and ordering information, write or call (toll-free) 1-800-253-0882. Terryberry Company, 2033 Oak Industrial Dr. N.E., Grand Rapids, MI 49505.

Terryberry
America's fine jewelers since 1918.

BANANA REPUBLIC
TRAVEL BOOKSTORE
CATALOGUE

Our new Travel Bookstore Catalogue is the most complete, the most opinionated – and the most reliable – compendium of travel reading available anywhere. Blunt, succinct reviews of 800 titles, including some exclusive very exotic finds, and some exclusive to Banana Republic.

Send $1 for Catalogue
224 Grant Ave., Dept. E25, P.O. Box 7347
San Francisco, CA 94120

Visit The Oldest Tapas Bar In America
The Ballroom
Join Chef Felipe For Lunch & Dinner
"A genius . . . one of the most creative chefs in the country." Craig Claiborne
253 West 28th St., NYC 244-3005

Come to Scotland . . . Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland. Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

For sale in Barbados: 3-br. converted sugar mill.

How to buy your Caribbean island home

If you've ever thought of owning a tropical island home for investment, retirement or vacation use, **Island Properties Report** is for you.

Each issue focuses on a single island in the Caribbean, the Bahamas and beyond — reports on politics, the economy, tax laws, schools, hospitals, living costs — what to look for *and look out for* — what it's really like to live there.

PLUS PAGES OF LISTINGS: villas, condos, private islands, land, businesses for sale. PLUS region-wide **Quarterly Reports** on little-known investment opportunities, island living, island books at discount, how American ex-pats are "living their dreams." PLUS **Travel Savings** on air, hotels, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund within 90 days.

FREE: Subscribe now and receive Hammond Map of the Caribbean plus 2 bonus issues — all free.

☐ Enroll me for one year (12 issues) for only $39.00. Include my FREE bonuses.
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Charge my ( )Diner's ( ) MC ( ) Visa (include card no. and expiration date)

Name ______
Address ______
______ Zip ______
☐ Send further information free.

Island Properties Report
Box 58-N9, Rte. 4, Woodstock, VT 05091 • 802/457-3734

AROUND CITY HALL

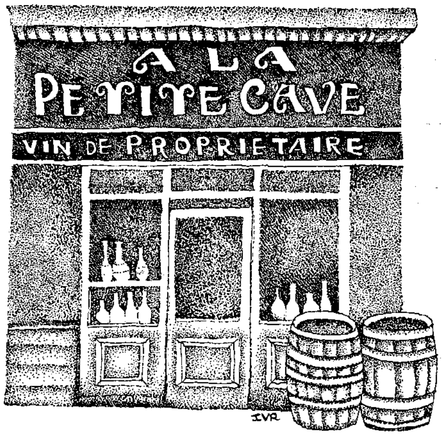
LAWYERS, GUNS, AND MONEY

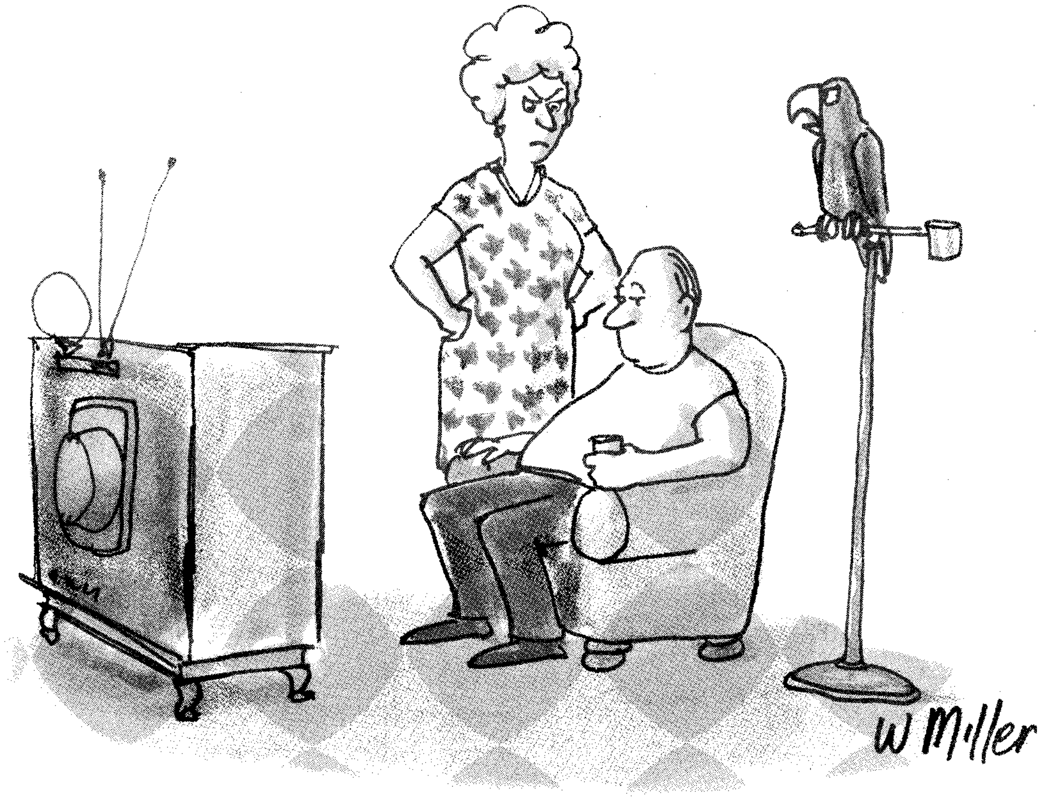
INSIDERS at the Nixon White House were once quoted as saying that they knew their boss was in big trouble when Johnny Carson began to make jokes about whether Nixon could survive as President. Although United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, who has brought most of the indictments that have so far been handed up against present and former city officials in the current municipal scandals, recently compared the climate of corruption here with that of Watergate, few New Yorkers are seriously suggesting that Mayor Edward Koch is in that much trouble. However, earlier this month on the "Tonight Show" (on which Koch has been an honored guest, his most recent appearance being last January 27th, when he was there to plug "Politics," his second book of memoirs, which he has described as a humorous how-to guide on getting ahead in politics and government), Carson reported in his monologue that Ferdinand Marcos was now "looking for a job like his old one, in which, on a salary of about five thousand dollars, he can stash away a billion dollars a year—unfortunately, there are no openings in the Koch administration, in New York City." On a pleasure trip this month to various Colorado ski resorts, Bob Herbert, the former city editor of the *Daily News*, who is now a columnist for that paper, discovered that it was New York itself that was in trouble. When his ski-lodge acquaintances, most of them from the Southwest, learned that he was from this city, he got an earful of the usual out-of-towner reminders that New York is a place to be avoided at all costs, being full of muggers, rip-off artists, and pushy types like him. A man from Utah described the stories of corruption here as "the biggest scandal I ever heard of." He said to Herbert, "I was amazed, I'll tell you"—referring, he explained, to "those three guys that shot themselves when they got caught stealing the parking-ticket money." Informed that only one public official—former Queens Borough President Donald Manes—had killed himself, using not a gun but a knife, the man from Utah demanded to know what had happened to the other two. ("Are they dead, or what?") A man from Texas thought that Mayor Koch had been indicted. On being told that this was not true, the Texan asked, "Who was it, then? Cuomo? He's from New York, isn't he?"

Early this month, New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan declared in a television interview that not only the city but the state was in trouble. In Washington, he said, New York State means New York City, and the stories of local corruption were tarnishing the images of both to such a degree that passage of federal programs like general revenue-sharing and community-development block grants—of which the city and the state are major beneficiaries—was threatened. In a speech last month, Moynihan had admonished "the grifters and the boodlers and those who were merely playing the piano downstairs" (he did not say who he thought the piano players were, although he made it clear what kind of place he had in mind) that he and the late Senator Jacob Javits had *not* fought to obtain the 1978 federal loan guarantees that helped out a fiscally disabled city in order to have the money "turned into loot." He now remarked that, in a third of a century in politics, he had never known a time when the reputation of the city was "in worse condition." Even members of Congress who were inclined to be friendly to New York were saying—according to Moynihan—"Give those fellows money? Where's it going to go?"

The developments in the municipal-corruption story began on the morning of January 10th—not, as often happens in such cases, with the publication of lists of allegedly incriminating figures from some certified public accountant's file but with the news of a highly dramatic event: Donald Manes's first attempt at suicide. The ru
ning story has been in the local hea
lines almost every day since, often
the front pages; the *News* headli
"MANES DEAD," on March 14th, w
in letters twice as large as those in t
paper's famous 1975 headline "FO
TO CITY: DROP DEAD." The story h
held local attention through a ti
that also saw the fall of Jean-Clau
Duvalier in Haiti and Ferdina
Marcos in the Philippines, the Sup
Bowl, a number of incidents of inte
national terrorism, and the air atta
on Libya. During this period, thi
million dollars, the largest single N
York State Lottery prize ever ("VE
RICH" was the *News* headline
that), was claimed by a Staten Isla
construction worker named Pasqu
Consalvo—an event proving, accor
ing to a *Post* editorial, that, contra
to what Governor Mario Cuomo h
been saying, there was no discrimin
tion in this country against Italia
Americans, who had a chance to w
the lottery like everybody else. A
while New Yorkers were receivi
startling news about their city gover
ment, which many of them h
thought was in the charge of a may
who, though admittedly a bit of
showoff, was eminently competent a
on top of things at City Hall, Ame
icans generally were being shaken
the Challenger tragedy, and by revel
tions about the space program indica
ing that it had been something oth
than the paragon of technology a
wisdom which the nation, in its e
phoria, had believed it to be. Indee
a too quick look at newspaper stori
here these last months could be co
fusing. Headline references to a "d
caying public image" and the in
prudence of a "gung-ho, can-do" a
proach to complex problems turned o
to refer to NASA. "WHY DIDN'T THE
KNOW?"—a popular question arou
City Hall in recent days—was t
head on a *Newsday* editorial deali
with the lack of followup on cle
signs of potential trouble with t
Challenger.

In all, by the middle of this mon
thirteen people—city officials, wel
known politicians, and men accused
having made it financially wort
while for them to arrange seven- a
eight-figure contracts with the city-
had been named in state and feder
indictments. Three indictments ha
been followed by plea bargains,
which, in hope of receiving light
sentences, those charged agreed
coöperate with prosecutors—a proce





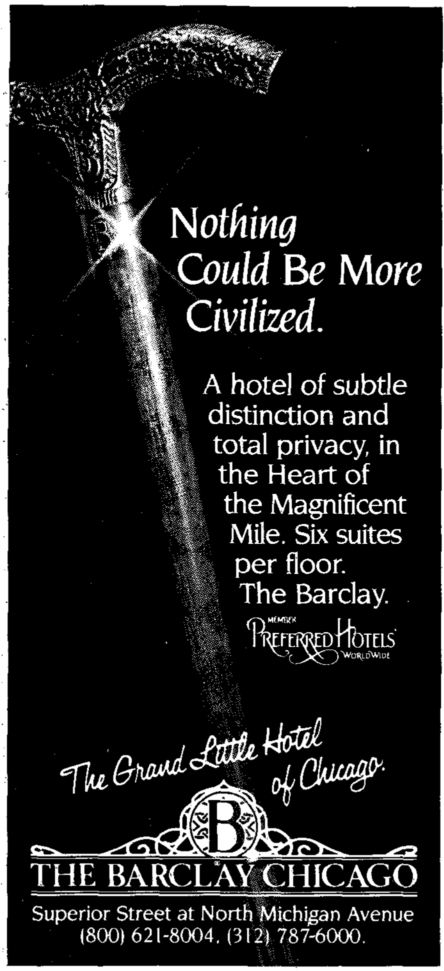
"For God's sake! Let the man have his simple pleasures."

• •

at will presumably result more indictments. The ea bargainers so far have en two bribers and one ibee: Geoffrey Linden- ıer, the former deputy rector of the Parking iolations Bureau, whose rangement with prose- itors was followed within ıree days by Manes's icide. Before January this year, most New orkers had never heard of indenauer. A heavyset, d-faced man and a long- me friend of Manes's, he now such a familiar gure moving in and out of osecutors' offices that he referred to in local head- nes as Lindy. Manes was amed as an unindicted co- nspirator in a March 5th indictment announced y United States Attorney Giuliani, in which the ıajor surviving defendants ere Lester Shafran, ho until mid-January had een the director of the .V.B., and Michael Lazar, who had een the head of the city's Depart- ıent of Transportation—of which ıe P.V.B. is a subsidiary—under Mayor Abraham Beame.

Among those named in an indict- ıent brought the next day was Stanley riedman, the Democratic boss of the ronx. Like Manes, Friedman was a lose political ally of the Mayor's, and e was also a close friend. As has often een mentioned lately, Friedman and is wife, Jackie, were among about fty couples—a company that included ery few politicians—at a private cere- ıony at midnight last December 31st vhen Koch was sworn in for a third erm, twelve hours before the big New Year's Day blowout on the front steps f City Hall. Jackie Friedman contin- es to act as the deputy director of Koch's Office of Special Projects and Events. (If Manes had been invited to he private swearing-in, he might have een too preoccupied to come: the day efore, he had met Lindenauer on East Eighty-second Street, in Manhattan, nd given him fifty-eight thousand ollars in cash, in an effort to persuade im to leave the country.) Stanley riedman's picture was on the front age of the *Times* the day after his ndictment. In his long career in local olitics, he had no doubt developed a arge respect for this distinction—though he surely did not foresee that such a picture would show him as he stepped out of a police van, raincoat draped over his arm, on his way to be booked on numerous felony charges. (There is a rumor that a piece of advice is being passed around among former City Hall commissioners and others at legal risk: No matter what the weatherman says, bring a raincoat. In the news shots, the coat will hide the handcuffs.) The Friedman indictment was brought by Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, who also brought an indictment against John McLaughlin, the former president of the city's Financial Services Corporation and until last August, just before he was indicted in another matter, the president of the city's Health and Hospitals Corporation. On April 1st, McLaughlin was charged with having received a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock in Nu-Med, a California health-services company, for which he paid seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. According to the indictment, he had agreed in return for the difference to arrange for a no-bid million-dollar Health and Hospitals Corporation contract for Nu-Med. About the same time this agreement was concluded, Nu-Med, at the suggestion of Victor Botnick, who was then Koch's health-services adviser and is now the chairman of the Health and Hospitals Corporation, contributed five thousand dollars to the cost of a Koch fund-raiser. The Mayor eventually returned the money—saying that there was "nothing venal, immoral, or illegal" about its having been solicited—but not until eight months later, after questions had been raised about it in *Daily News* stories.

SOME City Hall figures have been raincoat carriers more than once in the last weeks. Not all the squarings-off in the legal world are between the breakers of the law and those trying to put them in jail. By early February, Giuliani had appropriated so much of the corruption-probe territory that Morgenthau, accustomed to being treated as the city's star prosecutor, had his nose noticeably out of joint. He indicated that he would conduct a parallel investigation of what he said were "basically local crimes," subpoenaing some of the same documents that Giuliani's office was using. "It looks silly and *is* silly," Giuliani said. "I don't work for Bob Morgenthau or Mayor Koch. I work for the President of the United States." Eventually, an armistice was declared. Morgenthau would concentrate on the case against Citisource, a company in which Stan-



Nothing Could Be More Civilized.

A hotel of subtle distinction and total privacy, in the Heart of the Magnificent Mile. Six suites per floor. The Barclay.

MEMBER PREFERRED HOTELS WORLDWIDE

The Grand Little Hotel of Chicago.

THE BARCLAY CHICAGO
Superior Street at North Michigan Avenue
(800) 621-8004, (312) 787-6000.

Character, Courtesy, Calm Comfort and Cuisine
now available
the RELAIS & CHATEAUX
1986 Guide
347 extraordinary hotels and restaurants worldwide.
Send $10 to:
David B. Mitchell & Co.
200 Madison Ave., NYC, NY 10016
MAILED FIRST CLASS

SURI DESIGN INC.
INTERIORS
One stop service, from concept to completion.
We do it all; you just enjoy.
Commercial & Residential
Insured
43-59 10 St., N.Y., N.Y. 11101
212 371 0836

PET DOORS NO HOLE TO CUT!
Top quality, convenient pet door panels for all sliding doors. Weatherproof. Security lock • Pet doors for walls & wood doors
Ask for free brochure.
Call (800) 227-2400 Ext. 906
FALCON PET DOORS, Dept. 9, 418 Wendy, Mill Valley, CA 94941

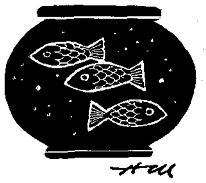
ley Friedman was a major shareholder and for which Friedman had helped obtain from the city's powerful Board of Estimate a twenty-two-million-seven-hundred-thousand-dollar contract with the P.V.B. to manufacture a hand-held computer. (“He's not *on* the Board of Estimate—he just controls it” was a line about Friedman in last month's annual lampoon of city government by local political reporters.) The company never delivered a working computer, and its only asset was the P.V.B. contract, which it made use of to issue more than four million shares of Citisource stock, valued at up to fourteen dollars a share—stock that is now all but worthless. Despite the armistice, two weeks after Morgenthau signed the indictment of Friedman and other Citisource officials Giuliani announced a second Friedman indictment, on many of the same charges. Michael Lazar was also indicted again. Among the legal points that New Yorkers are certain to be educated about in the trials to come are limitations on the concept of double jeopardy. In making a case for federal prosecution, Giuliani argued that federal evidentiary and immunity laws are far more favorable to prosecution efforts than those prevailing in New York State courts, and also that he has the advantage of RICO—the Racketeer-Influenced Corrupt Organizations law, which was passed by Congress in 1970 as part of the Organized Crime Control Act.

Some people here have the sense that, given a choice, the Mayor would rather have the proceedings against his administration in the hands of Morgenthau, who is an old friend. (When Koch loses a bet on some sporting event to the mayor of another city, he often pays off in apples from Morgenthau's upstate farm.) The Manhattan District Attorney, in his indictment of Friedman and Citisource, specified that before the vote of the Board of Estimate, of which Koch is a member, Friedman had kept the facts about his interest in Citisource from the Mayor. Morgenthau did not offer the same legal indulgence to other members of the Board who had voted for the contract. The Mayor, however, cannot any longer count on uncritical support, even from his friends. “With the benefit of hindsight, we can say, yes, he has not been careful enough in picking his key commissioners,” Morgenthau commented early this month. The face of Friedman, a stocky man with dark chin whiskers, wore a confident smile on the front page of th *News* the day after his second indictment. He would, he said at a pres conference, rely on, among others, h many good friends. It was clear tha these no longer included the Mayo who had called for his resignation a Democratic county leader. Friedma told the *Post*, “He's about to learn—Edward I. Koch—that you can't foo all the people all the time.”

ALTHOUGH Rudolph Giuliar had made a point of saying tha he didn't “work for Mayor Koch,” there were times during the last yea or so when he was clearly delighted t be associated with the head of the cit government. Most members of th press did not then make regular stop at the United States Attorney's offic which is to the east of City Hall, an in which nowadays some of them seer to have taken up permanent residenc Giuliani was a frequent visitor to th Mayor's headquarters, where throng of reporters turn up daily. It seeme that every week or so he was on han for a press conference in City Hall' Blue Room. The Mayor, his commissioner of investigation, Patrick McGinley, and Giuliani, a slight, dark gleaming-eyed figure, would the jointly announce the arrest of som new band of miscreants on the cit payroll who had been caught in stin operations taking bribes—Housin Authority supply clerks, for example or electrical inspectors (trapped i what was jocularly known as Operation Ampscam), or sewer inspector (Operation Norton, in honor of Ar Carney). Often, the individual bribe taken or demanded amounted to n more than a few hundred dollars. Th Mayor would stress, however, tha this was only the first time th criminals had been *caught*, and wh knew how long this had been going o or how much booty they had collecte in all—the kind of remark that has no been heard around City Hall lately. I his letter of resignation, at the end o January, Commissioner of Investigation McGinley, who was leaving offic because he himself was under investigation, told Koch sadly, “I shall particularly miss our ‘Three Musketeer press conferences with Rudy Giuliani.”

On the same day that Giuliani compared corruption here with Watergate he described the moral breakdown i New York City government as “systemic.” This kind of thing was only t be expected when one party—in thi se, the Democrats—held power for o long, Giuliani, a Republican, said. sked if his determined pursuit of corpt officials here was being directed the White House as part of a plan discredit urban Democrats, he said solutely not. Giuliani is routinely ked by the press to comment on ruors that he is interested in running r governor or United States senator mayor, and he routinely responds at he has no such plans at this time. Another question that is often asked Giuliani is whether the local corption scandals are in any way concted with organized crime. On the orning of March 13th, a few hours fore Donald Manes killed himself, e United States Attorney had taken rt in a *Post* forum, discussing the ganized-crime situation, along with e defense lawyer Barry Slotnick, hose clients include Bernhard Goetz d also several reputed organizedime figures. Slotnick's position was at governments should spend less oney on tracking down members of e Mafia and the like and more on amping out street crime; to what afia family had the young men who rrounded Goetz belonged, he asked. n the relationship between municipal rruption and organized crime, Giuni would be no more specific than to y, "There is a great similarity been the two, because the essential siness of both is to use their power d their influence to prey on other ople." Three weeks later, the city cided not to award any further conacts to the Arc Plumbing & Heating orporation, after learning that its esident and vice-president, Anthony d Caesar Gurino—no one was prered to say whether the fact that nthony Gurino lived across the street om the Manes house was of any gnificance—had been indicted by a deral grand jury last June on obruction-of-justice charges. (Like atergate, the local corruption story as its plumbers.) Listed as an Arc nployee—his title is "salesman," and e drives a Mercedes-Benz, provided the company—was John Gotti, anher Queens resident, who is widely elieved to have succeeded Paul Casllano as head of the Gambino family. astellano was gunned down last Decmber in front of Sparks Steak House, n East Forty-sixth Street, and Gotti rumored to have inside information out his sudden removal. Gotti's lawer has complained that these rumors ould prevent Gotti from receiving stice in his trial, now going on in federal court, for being part of an enterprise whose crimes included, among other things, hijacking and murder. The city reported that the work of the Arc company had been generally satisfactory on a number of city contracts, including one to maintain the plumbing at Shea Stadium, and was able to assure Mets fans that the subsequent developments would not affect the opening here of the baseball season.

ALTHOUGH this is a city of more than seven million people, there are periods when it seems that if you can keep track of the comings, goings, confrontations, and entangling alliances of a relatively few principal players you may be able to figure out what is going on. At a City Hall press conference on March 14th, former United States Attorney John Martin announced that he was resigning from an assignment the Mayor had given him seven weeks earlier, and remarked that one of the private clients to whom he would now be able to devote more attention was Claus von Bülow. Von Bülow's current legal problems include a fifty-six-million-dollar civil suit brought against him by his two stepchildren, the son and daughter of Martha (Sunny) von Bülow, whom he was acquitted last year of having attempted to murder. On January 20th, Koch had named Martin to be what he called a Special Commission to Investigate City Contracts, and had suggested that anyone who had inside knowledge of malfeasance in connection with such contracts should talk to Martin. The Mayor said he had been completely surprised to learn of the former United States Attorney's "plan to dissolve the Special Commission." In a sense, Martin was dissolving himself. With the Mayor's approval, he had opened an office and hired a staff of lawyers and investigators, but *he* had been the commission. (Obligingly, the *Times* on one occasion referred to him as "a panel.") On the day of Martin's appointment and thereafter, there were references at City Hall to the Knapp Commission. There was a suspicion that Koch was eager to have his Special Commission to Investigate City Contracts associated in the public mind with that commission, named after its chairman, Whitman Knapp. In the early nineteen-seventies, during the administration of John Lindsay, the Knapp Commission conducted a celebrated investigation into local police corruption which, it was widely agreed, had long-range beneficial effects on the department. Likening the Martin operation to the Knapp Commission did not work well, however. The earlier commission had had a number of independent-minded members, including two present federal judges (Knapp and John Sprizzo); Franklin Thomas, who is now the head of the Ford Foundation; and Cyrus Vance, who later became Secretary of State. At Lindsay's urgent request, the commission was maintained in power by and derived its subpoena powers from the City Council. In contrast, Martin was named by mayoral fiat and owed his subpoena powers to the Department of Investigation, whose commissioner serves at the pleasure of the mayor. It is startling now to realize that until early March Koch seemed to be under the impression that he could cope with the corruption charges by setting up an in-house investigation that might countervail or draw attention from the formal actions of the criminal-justice system. It was Martin who insisted that his "commission" should be dissolved, since by continuing it would only duplicate the work of—among others—two United States attorneys, four district attorneys, and the State Commission of Investigation. Martin added that his decision had been reached a day earlier, and thus "before the tragic events of last night"—that is, Donald Manes's suicide. The lawyer representing Manes's interests is Michael Armstrong, who was the chief counsel to the Knapp Commission. He will continue to take care of other clients, who include the children of Mrs. von Bülow in their case against their stepfather. The lawyer for both John McLaughlin and Stanley Friedman is Thomas Puccio, who last year won von Bülow's acquittal in the attempted-murder case. The charges in the indictment filed by Giuliani that includes Friedman and Michael Lazar will be heard by Judge Whitman Knapp.



The law firm handling the defense of John Gotti is that of Barry Slotnick. At the *Post* forum, it was mentioned that Slotnick had won *American Lawyer's* 1981 best-performance award in the criminal-defense category. One of the cases that the magazine cited in giving him the award was that of a client who had taken a hundred thousand dollars from members of a trade association to pay

FINE LINEN FROM CHELSEA MONOGRAM

Monogrammed guest towels
Heavy Irish huck linen towels with a decorative damask band and hemstitched border. 18 x 34″. $36 a pair. Or plain huck hemstitched towel with embroidered wreath and one initial. 17 x 30″. Also $36 a pair.

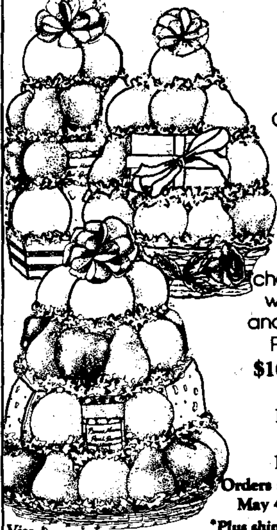
We also offer pure linen, hand-drawn, hemstitched 22-inch napkins. Monogrammed, $120 the dozen.

A. Gothic (1 initial)
B. Scroll (3 initials)
C. Wreath (1 initial)

TO ORDER
- Tell us what you want and how many you want.
- Choose monogram style (at left), print initials, and underline family initial.
- Give name and mailing address.
- Add $3 for UPS shipment. For N.Y. delivery, add 8¼% tax.
- Enclose check. Or AmExpress, give card no. and exp. date.

Chelsea Monogram Company
331 West 18th Street
New York, New York 10011
Or phone (212) CH2-0821

FOR MOTHER'S DAY
A DELICIOUS GIFT BASKET



This year, give Mom a delicious gift from Nature. Our Mother's Day basket is brimming with hand-selected fresh fruit. **$21.95***. Ten other varieties to choose from, laden with fruit, cheeses, and specialty items. Prices range from **$10.95 to $55.95***. Call toll free: **1-800-524-1205.** In New Jersey: **1-800-624-1893.** **Orders should be placed by May 4 to ensure delivery.**

***Plus shipping anywhere in the continental USA except California.**

Visa & MasterCard accepted.

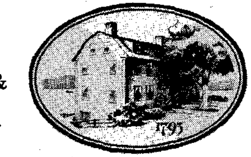
Delicious Orchards
Route 34 South, Colts Neck, New Jersey

Be Pampered...
at Colorado's Most Elegant Dude Ranch

Call or write for brochure.

THE HOME RANCH
Box 822N • Clark, CO 80428 • (303) 879-1780

Pilgrim's Inn



Gracious lodging, outstanding food & drink, a superb saltwater location.

For brochure
207/348-6615

Deer Isle, Maine 04627

off public officials who could influence certain legislation. The client was charged with bribery, and Slotnick won an acquittal, on the ground that the man wasn't guilty because he had kept the hundred thousand for himself; then, when the charge was changed to grand larceny, he got a dismissal on the ground of double jeopardy. This precedent is not in any way useful in the current municipal-corruption cases, since it appears that in every instance the payoff money reached the officials—directly or indirectly—according to plan. Although of those so far formally charged only a handful have been in a position to influence legislation because of their official or party posts, the prosecutors—following the money, in the Deep Throat tradition—have traced to those few close to four million dollars, in stocks and cash, paid over for the purpose of corrupting the city-contract process.

It is probably a measure of the way things have been going here that most of the principal players this season seem to be lawyers—including, as it happens, a high percentage of those named in the indictments, among them not only Friedman but Manes and Lazar. Soon after the onset of the 1975 fiscal crisis, City Hall reporters found themselves listening, glazed of eye, to Mayor Beame's discussions of accruals, rollovers, and other arcana having to do with the city's financial plight. On one occasion, John Darnton, a *Times* reporter who is now the deputy foreign editor, had a question for the Mayor. "Is it too late to drop this course?" he asked. This year, the appropriate course would be criminal law. In those same fiscal-crisis days, one assignment of Mayor Beame's staff was to play down the fact that most events of true significance to the city were taking place somewhere else—in the downtown investment houses, or up in Albany, in the governor's office. Right now, the daily agenda of the present mayor—another lawyer—seems to be almost as crowded as ever. Press and television reporters still arrive in the Blue Room in large numbers for announcements of new mayoral initiatives, or proclamations, or the handing out of awards. Often, however, the visitors lean back, biding their time, until the question-and-answer period. Then they move in fast to ask the Mayor about the latest indictment or plea-bargain rumor out of the federal and state courthouses in Foley Square, just north of City Hall, where what really matte is happening. Although the seat local government is often full of peo who have been invited in for the va ous Blue Room ceremonies, the co ridors also at times seem empty. many familiar faces are no longer se there now—and not only those people who are under indictment (dead). Since Koch was elected to third term last November, twenty-fo high-level officials have left his a ministration—only a few of them a together voluntarily. Adding to t general sense of disarray is a progra that got under way in mi March to tear down and rebui the front steps of City Ha For several weeks, a strang coming on the scene could ha got the impression that the had been a terrible accident the

Serious editorials have appeared *local newspapers discussing a possib* ity that only three months ago wou have been unthinkable: whether t Mayor will finish out his term. Eve week, the *Amsterdam News* runs front-page editorial calling for t Mayor's departure from City Ha "KOCH MUST RESIGN: WHAT D KOCH KNOW, AND WHEN DID KNOW IT?" was the headline in a rece issue. In public appearances, the Ma or is often asked not that particul heavily weighted question but how could be that he knew nothing of t criminal behavior that had alleged been going on for such a long time his own administration. The May has a stock answer. Apparently, no of the local law-enforcement offici were aware of it, either, he points o nor were the members of the loc press corps. "If they didn't know abo it, how the hell did you expect me know about it?" he demanded of audience at Vassar College, in Poug keepsie, this month. "How the hell you expect me to know about it?" w his message to a mayoral town meeti in the Bronx a few days later. Som times he strikes a more philosophic 'twas-ever-thus note. In an Op- piece in *Newsday* this month he wrot "Regardless of what actions are tak by this administration or any futu administration, city employees wi undoubtedly continue to be arreste convicted, and jailed from time time." And in a television appeara on April 15th he told a panel interviewers, "At this very minute, baby is being born who will somed turn out to be corrupt."

—ANDY LOGA

THE THEATRE

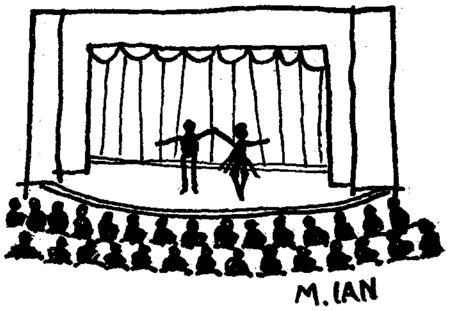
Family Matters

ANDREW BERGMAN makes his Broadway début with a pleasant little comedy called “Social
curity” (at the Ethel Barrymore).
he theme is that sex is a fine thing,
e fresh air, and ought to be enjoyed
everyone, without regard to age,
ce, creed, or previous condition of
betude. This welcome notion is
ade manifest by the subject matter of
e play, which is not exactly like
sh air, having been put to use in one
rm or another during much of the
st two thousand years. A nice young
uple, David and Barbara Kahn, who
n a gallery of contemporary art in
ew York City and, to judge by the
ic ugliness of their apartment, earn
ts of money at it, have been married
r a good number of years and
idently still enjoy each other’s com-
ny, which is to say that she goes on
ughing at his jokes and he goes on
ing grateful to her for serving as an
dience. Possessing neither child nor
g nor cat, they feel a quasi-parental
ection for their niece, Sarah, who is
e only child of Barbara’s sister,
rudy Heyman, and her dullard hus-
nd, Martin. Behind them all looms
e formidable presence of Sophie
reengrass, the widowed mother of
arbara and Trudy. Every member of
is small family is totally unlike every
her member, and this circumstance
ovides the basis for the unfolding of
r. Bergman’s harmlessly preposter-
s plot. The insatiable sexual appetite
at Sarah, away at school in upstate
ew York, claims to be determined to
ntinue satisfying is the primary
casion for family distress; a secon-
ry occasion is the tyrannical Sophie,
ho lodges with Trudy and Martin
d, in her diligent manipulation of
e perquisites of senility, makes their
e hell. When Trudy and Martin
urney northward in order to talk
arah out of her round-the-clock
rthly delights, they unceremoniously
mp Sophie, complete with alumi-
um walker and fermenting housecoat,
n poor Barbara and David.

In the second act, not a moment too
on, a new character is introduced—
laurice Koenig, who is one of
avid’s stable of painters, bears a
riking resemblance to the late Marc
hagall, and is contentedly looking
rward to his hundredth birthday.
avid and Barbara have invited Mau-
ce to dinner, and, with understandable misgivings, they prepare to introduce him to dithering, doddering Sophie. What happens when the suave and charming old artist meets the supposedly intractable old slattern? Oh, come! You know perfectly well what happens, and, indeed, the shock of recognition is part of the satisfaction we take in comedies of this sort; if the author were to risk introducing the least taint of reality into his spun-sugar confection it would turn into dust. With the professional ease gained from many years of writing funny screenplays (“Blazing Saddles” and “The In-Laws” are among his credits), Bergman lays down a steady barrage of jokes and sight gags, which, in the uncanny fashion that one had thought Neil Simon held exclusive rights to, make us laugh almost before we absorb their meaning.

The cast, directed with his accustomed finesse by Mike Nichols—who may also deserve praise for the choreography of some of the heartless, hilarious sight gags—is an admirable one, consisting of Ron Silver (David), Marlo Thomas (Barbara), Joanna Gleason (Trudy), Kenneth Welsh (Martin), Olympia Dukakis (Sophie), and Stefan Schnabel (Maurice). Whenever Miss Gleason gets a chance to steal a scene, she does so; scarcely less adroitly light-fingered are Miss Dukakis and Mr. Schnabel. (Centenarians onstage are apt to strike us as amusing to the degree that centenarians in real life are apt not to.) It is Miss Thomas’s misfortune that she must spend most of her time reacting to other people’s shenanigans; she has been given no shenanigans that she can call her own. Mr. Silver is luckier in that respect; his task is to play the role of an observer making successful wisecracks, and who among us would not be eager to play that role if we could?

The scenery—itself a kind of architectural wisecrack—is by Tony Walton, the costumes are by Ann Roth, and the lighting is by Marilyn Rennagel. —BRENDAN GILL



OFF BROADWAY

Goblins’ Return

“GOBLIN MARKET,” a musical adaptation by Polly Pen and Peggy Harmon of Christina Rossetti’s narrative poem, recently completed a short, highly praised run Off Off Broadway. It has now reopened at Circle in the Square (Downtown) for an unlimited run. The poem, which was published in 1862, tells the story of two virginal sisters, Laura and Lizzie, who exist in a kind of limbo. They are tempted by the luscious fruits of the wicked goblin men; Laura succumbs to their seduction, gorging on the fruit almost to her undoing, but virtuous Lizzie ventures forth, braves the goblins, and thereby saves her sister. As I have repeated in this department through the years, I am by nature allegory-proof, but here there is no escape. The spooky, erotic mood of the piece is perfectly maintained, under the direction of André Ernotte, and the Pre-Raphaelite look and style of it transcends pastiche. The feeling between the sisters is almost palpable, and so makes the threat of the goblin men all the more frightening. Terri Klausner (Laura) and Ann Morrison (Lizzie), after a start that is alarmingly vivacious, give good performances, and their singing does justice to Polly Pen’s charming score. The imaginative scenery—large decorated window shades that are pulled down from time to time to serve as backdrops—was designed by William Barclay and lighted by Phil Monat. The appropriate, stylish costumes were by Muriel Stockdale and Kitty Leach. In short, excellent work by all concerned has gone into this show. I wish I’d enjoyed it more.

FOR the record: “Wrestlers,” by and with Bill C. Davis, at Hudson Guild, is about the enduring resentment, even dislike, between two brothers. Monty, the younger, sees himself as the lifelong victim of the dominating Bobby, but we in the audience may have a slightly different view. The script is elaborate—what with flashbacks, reveries, and the like—but it is not especially dramatic, and there is nothing that the director, Geraldine Fitzgerald, or the actors, Mr. Davis, Dan Butler, and Elizabeth Berridge (she plays Monty’s girl), can do to make it so. —EDITH OLIVER

THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

CONFRONTATION

IN most capitals, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, Libya's improbable despot, is seen as a loose cannon that may go off in any direction at any time. Tunisia and Egypt, his neighbors to the west and the east, and Chad, his neighbor to the south, would find even that a weak description of a man they loathe and, in varying degrees, fear. Actually, Qaddafi worries politicians and diplomats throughout the Mediterranean, but they take some comfort from the hostile view of him held by nearly all governments—especially Middle Eastern and other African governments—and from the puniness of his Air Force and Navy, whose personnel totals no more than fifteen thousand. In the major Western capitals, Qaddafi's nuisance quotient has always been considered unusually high, but never more so than in recent months, as deepening ties between him and terrorist groups have been observed. Watching Qaddafi, keeping him at arm's length politically, and waiting for—and, whenever possible, helping —a dedicated opposition within Libya to sweep him from the board has been the orthodox approach to the problem in most of Europe and, formerly, in the United States. The Reagan Administration, however, has wanted for some time—from within a few months of its arrival, actually—to take Qaddafi down a peg or two. Planning for just that began last summer, and was stepped up on December 28th, the day after nineteen people, five of them Americans, were killed in terrorist attacks at the Rome and Vienna airports. These murders were linked to Qaddafi, because the people who carried them out are believed to be part of a terrorist network that he patronizes and that is headed by Sabry al-Banna, a Palestinian exile who is better known as Abu Nidal (Father of the Struggle); it has probably caused more violent deaths than any other terrorist group in the Middle East. Most of Abu Nidal's victims have been fellow-Arabs, and most of those Arabs have been Palestinians—moderates, whom he condemns as traitors for wanting to end hostilities and to negotiate a settlement of their territorial dispute with Israel. Almost nothing is known with certainty about Abu Nidal except that his organization is as professional as any that the interested intelligence agencies have seen. He used to operate from both Baghdad and Damascus, even though the Iraqi and Syrian regimes have been bitter enemies for many years and he once tried murder the Syrian Foreign Minist The Iraqis broke their links with h a few years ago, probably in 1982, a since 1985 Libya seems to have beco a major base, doubtless because Qa dafi has enlarged his own role as sponsor of terrorism.

The first step in Washington's ca paign against Qaddafi was a trade e bargo, imposed in January. Then, March 19th, an American aircr carrier with escorts arrived in t Mediterranean, augmenting the t carrier task forces that the Sixth Fl normally deploys there. On Mar 24th and 25th, the expanded arma which totalled thirty warships a more than two hundred aircraft, we into action after Qaddafi, as had be expected, fired Soviet-built surface-t air missiles at American aircraft flyi over the Gulf of Sidra. In the ne twenty hours, American guided m siles and bombs sank two Libyan pat boats and damaged three others. Ame ican planes also twice attacked the SA radar site at Sirte. On March 27th, t American fleet ceased its operatio leaving most friendly governme perplexed and troubled by them. F thirteen years, Qaddafi has claim the entire Gulf of Sidra, an abrupt r cess of the central Li yan coast, as priva property, even thou it extends far beyo the twelve-mile lim claimed by most cou tries as territori waters. Most gover ments have rejected ignored Qaddafi's clai Since the Gulf of Sid is not on most navig tional routes, it is ha to see why anyone's shi would enter it exce to visit Libyan por The Carter Administr tion used to test the Qa dafi claim in a low-k way, by now and th sailing a few ships and out of the mouth the Gulf. Since 198 when American fight jets shot down two Libya's planes, Ame ican ships have ente that area (recently call a "death zone" by Qa

"She said she would wait forever."

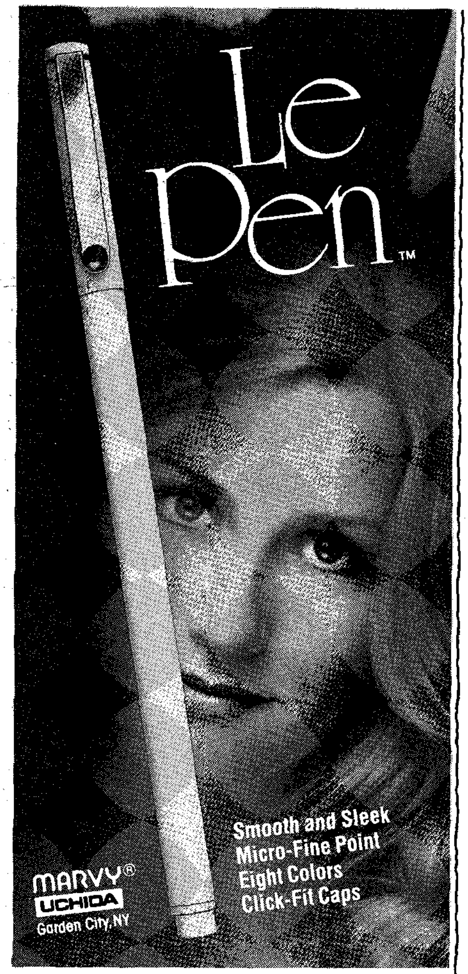
fi) seven times, and other gov- ments assume that the Reagan Ad- nistration didn't do what it did in arch for the reason it gave—to pin wn its right to be in the death zone because that point had already been de, over and over. The real reason, y think, lay in the Administration's dless preoccupation with Qaddafi d the sense in Washington that cember's atrocities couldn't go un- nished. But most diplomats in Wash- gton, and many former government icials, regard the punitive action as ving been neither punitive nor sen- le. As a response to the airport at- ks, it was judged belated. Neither in bya nor in the Middle East was it n as responding to an event three nths before. "In the Middle East, ee months is like three years," an yptian diplomat says. "No one there ows why the Americans did this. he Israelis retaliate within hours of event. They don't wait days, let ne months. Nobody is making the nnection."

The attack on Libya from bombers sed in Britain and on aircraft car- rs which began at 2 A.M. on April th was very pointedly connected to a rorist act—the explosion, a week d a half earlier, in a West Berlin sco called La Belle, a favorite haunt American soldiers, in which one ldier was killed, another person died ter the explosion, and hundreds were jured. American intelligence estab- hed Qaddafi's responsibility for the t and his plans for many other such ts. Israel aside, governments friend- to the United States in the Middle ast, North Africa, and Europe hoped at Washington would not respond ilitarily, but they assumed that it ould, and now nearly all of them de- ore what has happened. Their anx- y is that a random cycle of action d reaction is under way, with oderation and restraint abandoned, e level of terrorism likely to rise arply, and Qaddafi a larger political esence than he was before. Among reign diplomats, it is hard to find pporters of either of the military eps the United States has taken. In e case of the skirmish in the Gulf of dra, the feeling is that the punish- ent didn't fit the crime. Some of the itics think that terrorist training mps in Libya would have been the propriate target, provided that the rikes had been made right after an t of terrorism. (Twenty countries e, as it were, represented in Libyan mps by self-styled freedom fighters being trained to overthrow their governments.) Qaddafi has conceded the existence of the camps, and their sites are known. Other critics say that attacks against the camps would have been bad politically, since the location of some of them would cause innocent Libyans to be killed along with the terrorists. In any case, attacking them later, with the surprise factor gone, would have been pointless. The terrorists would have gone elsewhere, while Qaddafi would surely have produced photographs of a school or a hospital allegedly destroyed by American bombs. Libyan military bases were more suitable targets, according to some, because a strike against them might reduce the appetite of the Libyan military for Qaddafi-style adventurism and confrontation with the United States. Others argue that since only the Libyan military can topple Qaddafi it makes no sense to attack the real threat to his regime.

The point is that most of the critics and skeptics feel that any overt action against Qaddafi that falls short of removing him from the scene is ill-advised, especially with the White House constantly raising the political stakes. He may be a pariah within the region and a tyrant at home, but an attack against him from without rallies the masses to his cause. His peers in nearby countries are placed in the awkward and distasteful position of having to align themselves—rhetorically, at least—with the popular reaction. More important, according to critics, the ripple effect of the action may make life for the forces of opposition in Libya increasingly difficult. No one imagines that Qaddafi really wants to be bombed. However, many experts feel that his position is more precarious than it once was, and that he may benefit politically from his encounters with the world's greatest power. Italy's Prime Minister, Bettino Craxi, is among those who have worried aloud about the David-and-Goliath imagery evoked by the confrontation, which, he said, could strengthen Qaddafi rather than weaken him.

In Europe, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's was the only government to offer a flat endorsement of what was done in the Gulf of Sidra. The best the Administration could get from most others was an affirmation of any country's right to sail in international waters, and this was followed in most cases by some guarded language beginning with "but." The private reaction in most Middle Eastern and European capitals to the air strike on April 15th has been harshly critical. Mrs. Thatcher was again an exception; she not only backed it but co-operated by agreeing to have the F-111s based in Britain take part. Her decision divided the government and left it isolated from the larger part of British opinion and from the rest of Europe.

Arab extremists don't require special provocation to kill Americans. License to kill, they think, emerges from their grievances. Unlike moderate Arabs such as King Hussein of Jordan and Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak, who rely on the American connection, they are convinced that Arab interests have a very low priority in Washington, so the only way to get America's attention is to destroy American lives and property. An aggressive American act against one of their own helps the extremists; it is good for morale, discipline, resolution, and recruitment. Thus, any action against Qaddafi except, perhaps, one that did cancel him politically could be expected to lead to more terrorism and to place Americans abroad at particular risk. American embassies in Europe and the Middle East, which already have a fortresslike aspect, were placed under even heavier guard after the military activity in the Gulf of Sidra. Tourism in both areas is declining, partly because of the slump in the overvalued dollar but also because Americans are becoming steadily more fearful of terrorism. I was told by an American official who is at the center of counterterrorist operations that thirty-five reports of planned terrorist attacks against Americans abroad had turned up in the two weeks or so following that skirmish. Some of the attacks hadn't yet materialized, he said, but others had been prevented by the coördinated action of the counterterrorist agencies of various governments. These agencies, he added, "are finding their task hugely enlarged by what happened." I asked about Qaddafi's involvement. "His fingerprints are all over each of the plots being uncovered," the official replied. Also, most of the planned terrorist attacks that were surfacing would kill Europeans along with their American targets, my informant said, without elaborating. As we talked, I



Charles H. Greenthal & Co.

We Specialize in
Co-ops • Condominiums
Townhouses

Charles H. Greenthal Residential Sales
18 East 48th Street, New York, NY 10017
(212) 754-9300

Aboard the Explorer...
CANADIAN FJORDS & VANCOUVER EXPO
In August 3 exciting 8-day cruises to seldom visited Canadian waters. From $1,690. See your Travel Agent or call 800-243-5657 for information.
LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
1 Sylvan Road, N. Westport, CT 06880
NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ___ ZIP ______

sensed a feeling on his part that things were not really under control—that he was waiting for something to happen but didn't know precisely what.

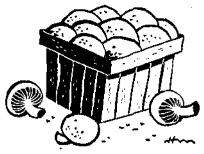
In the early hours of the following morning, the bomb went off in the Berlin disco. Counterterrorism people in Washington and in some European capitals had known that something was about to happen in Berlin, but they hadn't known where. "We were very close," one of the Americans says. "We were almost, but not quite, lucky." (A few days later, reporters in Washington were told that American military authorities in West Berlin had been warning off-duty soldiers at clubs, and were within a few minutes of reaching La Belle when the bomb went off.) What they knew was based on messages they had intercepted from a terrorist band in Tripoli that is believed to be part of the Abu Nidal network. Just after the attack on the disco, a message from the Libyan mission in East Berlin to an addressee in Tripoli was intercepted. It said, "Mission successfully accomplished. Our hand not detected."

Two days later, Richard Burt, the American Ambassador to West Germany, in an interview on the "Today Show," said, "There is very clear evidence that there is Libyan involvement" in the discothèque bombing. This public comment, plus similar ones from other official sources over the next two days, disconcerted Washington and other Western capitals and angered intelligence services. Allied governments were being told privately that the act had been directly traced to Qaddafi through intercepted messages. That sort of information is normally treated with exceptional discretion; the effect of going public with it was to alert the Libyans that the Americans were reading their mail. I'm told that they have since changed some codes and communications procedures—a step that may deny the West a very valuable tool in the struggle against terrorism, certainly in the near term. Washington then turned cautious, saying that the degree of Libyan culpability was being examined but that the bombing "fits the pattern" of Libyan-inspired terrorism. This rather belated cautionary note seemed to be aimed at allowing a diplomatic approach to unfold. On Thursday, April 10th, the White House decided to send Vernon Walters, the American delegate to the United Nations, to Europe for consultations with the leaders of Britain, France, West G many, Italy, and Spain. The Walt errand created a misleading impress that Washington might delay milit action at least until the diplomatic proach had been tried. In fact, W ters had been instructed to tell other governments that a decision take direct action against Libya h been made. And he had, in the wo of one American diplomat, "a rou time everywhere he went." In each his meetings, he was warned of pitfalls of a military approach to Libyan problem. Europeans arg correctly, that they have ha lot more experience with t rorism than America has h and have a better feel for c ing with it. They also po out that since bombs set off in th cities kill Europeans as well as Am icans, they are no less determined th Washington to discourage this sort thing. The Administration ha liners consider the Europeans fa hearted and easily intimidated by Q dafi. They think, as do some Americ diplomats, that although Europe have had more experience with terr ism, they don't understand the sta sponsored variety, which can be de with only by striking at the state its

European governments disagree many issues, but not on how best combat terrorism. Terrorists, they u formly believe, thrive on reactions what they do; the reaction they l best is the sort that gives them cen stage and also creates martyrs; pe trating their networks to preve terrorist acts is the best way to d with them. Europeans also favor a political approach; state-support terrorism in the Middle East dra most of its force from the o grievances and territorial disputes th have tormented the region since Ar and Jews began fighting each oth after the Second World War. Americans wish to attack terrorism its roots, the Europeans say, th should revive the peace process in t Middle East.

There wasn't a lot for Walters say, because his brief didn't inclu giving allied governments any deta of the military plan. He was telli them that something was going to ha pen; he was not consulting them. T was true even of the French, fr whom Washington wanted permissi to fly the British-based F-111 bomb over their territory, since the dire route to Libya from Britain is acr French airspace. On the morning aturday, April 12th, the American Embassy in Paris formally asked permission to use French airspace for he mission. On Sunday morning, France's President, François Mitterrand, met with Prime Minister acques Chirac, a member of the political opposition, who acquired the job fter elections last month, in which Mitterrand's Socialist Party lost control of the National Assembly to a onservative coalition. Chirac is, or was, regarded by the Reagan people as kindred spirit and a welcome addition to the political scene. But it was he who recommended against allowing the overflight. Mitterrand accepted Chirac's recommendation. The Administration felt let down, and remains ery much aggrieved. Walters met with Chirac on Sunday evening, but he didn't take up the overflight issue with him, because the French response had by then been made clear. He met with Mitterrand the following afternoon—just four hours before the F-111s took off from Britain. In neither meeting did Walters say when the ttack would take place or what the targets would be or how many planes would take part, and the French assumed that it wasn't imminent. They guessed, according to one of their diplomats, that it wouldn't happen for eight to ten days. The French argument is that Libya is only one of three countries that sponsor terrorism. The others are Iran and Syria, each of which has inspired more of this kind of thing in the past than Qaddafi. It makes no sense to single out Qaddafi, the French say, adding that if they had allowed the overflight they would have become a party to a policy—to a means of fighting terrorism—that they reject.

Spanish airspace would have provided the second-best route to Libya, but Prime Minister Felipe González wasn't asked for permission; his refusal was taken for granted. Among the leaders Walters saw, only Mrs. Thatcher knew what was really going on, and that was because she had become a key player in the drama. From the moment the decision to attack was made, several days before, she had been negotiating with Washington over using the F-111s. She felt that she couldn't veto the Americans' use of their own airplanes. She is indebted to the Reagan Administration for sizable assistance during Britain's war with Argentina in the Falkland Islands, in 1982. She feels that she has a special relationship with Reagan, about which she is very protective. And she may have agreed that striking at Qaddafi militarily wasn't a bad thing to do, even though it went against the grain of Britain's own, quite successful policy on terrorism, and, indeed, her own publicly stated views on how to deal with the Qaddafis of the world. However, she insisted on knowing precisely what would be hit. Her position was that America's action would have to rely on Article 51 of the United Nations Charter, which allows nations to use force in self-defense. The targets, she insisted, would have to be terrorist-related, and could not include economic assets like oil fields, or places in which key members of the Libyan government might be found. She also insisted on targets that would minimize, if not foreclose, the risk of so-called collateral damage to the Libyan people. "Her position wasn't well received in Washington, and risked irritating everyone," says a British diplomat, who feels that what occurred has left his country "in the worst of all possible worlds." Certainly, Britain is odd man out in Europe, and because Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Foreign Secretary, revealed nothing of what he knew in consultations with his counterparts in other European governments, the Thatcher government is being accused of duplicity. Moreover, the extent of the collateral damage caused by the attack—it was greater than expected, and included the death of Qaddafi's adopted infant daughter—may raise a question or two at No. 10 Downing Street, especially since some of the Reagan people are now saying that Qaddafi actually was a target. (His command post, which is in an extensive compound containing barracks and his home, was struck by four two-thousand-pound bombs.) In any case, the Thatcher government, already beset by more than its share of political difficulties, must now accept that its role in the attack has made Britain a larger target for terrorism than it was before. And this problem could reawaken public sentiment against the American bases in Britain. Qaddafi may have been damaged by the attack, as the Administration hopes he was. The damage to Mrs. Thatcher is clearer.



Early in the evening of April 14th, as the televised news coverage of the attack began, the British Embassy in Washington was swamped by phone calls. By the next morning, about fourteen hundred calls had been received, nearly all of them friendly. Not surprisingly, the French Embassy had the opposite experience; several Americans, including some who fought in France during the Second World War, called to say that they would never return.

The immediate concern in most Western capitals, apart from the danger of more terrorism, is the effect of the episode on the alliance. "We have to cut our losses," says a closely involved American diplomat. "We will start saying to the Europeans, 'Can we allow Qaddafi to split the alliance? The Soviets to reap the harvest of such splits?' " Europeans are speaking viscerally, but Washington expects them to recover soon, swallow hard, and decide to work even more closely with America against terrorism—to strengthen their influence and discourage a jingoistic American policy arising out of frustration and impatience. The number of threats from terrorist groups, according to an American diplomat, has risen from fifteen a day to about fifty since the bombing. Some American—and some European—diplomats think that European governments will try to envelop Washington in multilateral projects. On April 17th, European foreign ministers met to begin discussing how to prevent a "spiral of violence" involving Libya and the United States.

Rarely have Washington and European capitals been so polarized in their attitudes toward a problem as they are toward Qaddafi and state-sponsored terrorism. American diplomats tend to be divided between those who share the European attitude and those who do see some jingoism in the attitude of the Reagan people but also feel that the right step was taken. One of them, a senior and very experienced figure, thinks that the bombing, especially if it is repeated in response to further terrorism, will isolate Qaddafi from the Libyan people and, more important, from his own military. He thinks the military people will conclude that Qaddafi is taking them where they least want to be—to a confrontation with a superpower. And he adds that if what has happened does not breed more terrorism the bombing will have made the point that needed to be made. I asked him whether he agreed that more, not less, terrorism was likely. He said that he disagreed. He expects a short-term increase in terrorism, and

Anyone can send for The New Yorker.

You Can Do It For Yourself: Whether you wish to begin a subscription to The New Yorker, or renew the one you already enjoy, all you have to do is write your name and address below and check the term you prefer.

Your name (please print)

Address *Apartment*

City *State* *Zip*

☐ *Start a subscription for me only.* ☐ *Start gifts only.*
☐ *Start my subscription plus gifts.* ☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52* 4176

You Can Send It To Someone Else: To give a gift subscription to The New Yorker, just write your name and address above and the recipient's name and address below.

☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52*

To
(please print)

Address *Apartment*

City *State* *Zip*

Gift card to read "From ____________________"

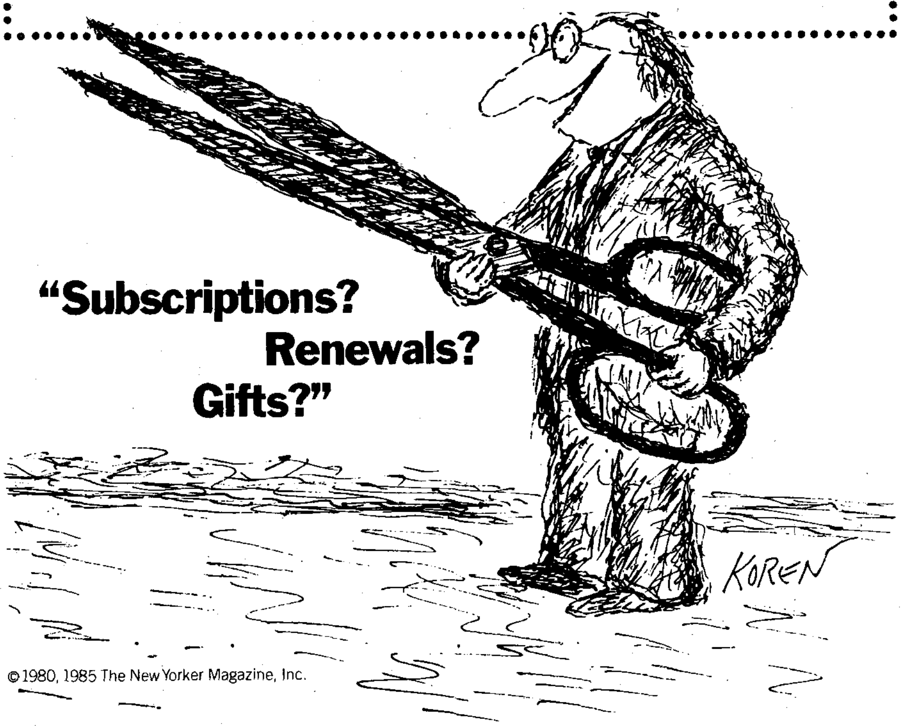
Additional postage: Canada $12 per year; other foreign $20 per year. Please remit in U.S. funds.

☐ *My check for $__________ is enclosed.*
Or, please bill my: ☐ *Master Card* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *Visa*

Card Number *Expiration date*

Signature

Please mail completed order to:
The New Yorker, Subscription Department, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.
For credit card orders, phone toll-free 1-800-554-7000


"Subscriptions?
Renewals?
Gifts?"
KOREN

©1980, 1985 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

then a steady falling off. He fee that Qaddafi is more isolated than eve within the Arab world. He think that the reaction of the Syrians an the Iranians to the attack was mo restrained than expected. Actuall Syria's President, Hafiz al-Assad, is n fonder of Qaddafi than moderate Ara leaders are, and has talked about hi derisively to foreign officials, even i recent days.

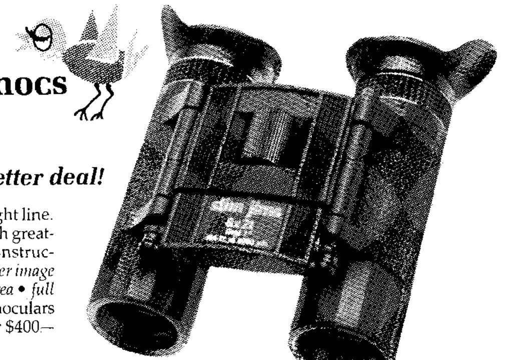
Governments in the Middle Ea cannot, even privately, support an military move against Qaddafi unless provokes a coup that topples him. Eve though he is judged to be somethin of a heretic, having apparently sai that certain parts of the Koran are n to be taken literally, he is a fellow Arab, with whom other Arabs identif emotionally when he is attacked fro the outside; this is especially true Islamic fundamentalist groups an others that are anti-American. As fo the Soviet Union, it helps Qaddafi, bu it isn't likely to give him enough hel to matter in a time of crisis. Th Soviets can probably benefit most fro the current situation by doing as littl as possible. They couldn't stand b and allow Syria to be treated a Qaddafi has been, because Syria is important to them and Qaddafi is no For years, there has been concern tha there could be a successful militar coup in Libya sponsored by the Soviet and aimed at making the country client state, which would provid Moscow with air and naval bases— step that Qaddafi has never been willing to take.

THE Administration is describe by critics as being obsessed by th Qaddafi problem, which isn't a ne problem—it began not long after h seized power, in 1969. The problem i now in an especially acute phase, bu otherwise it hasn't changed. Qadda remains Qaddafi. Recently, for example, there were reports of a plan he ha to kill the American Ambassador i Beirut. That story recalled a plot h once hatched to murder a widel respected American diplomat name Hermann F. Eilts, who served as Ambassador in Cairo during the Carte years and is now retired. America intelligence discovered the plot, th names of the people involved, an where they were being trained for th job. It also learned that the Libyan had planted someone in the America Embassy in Cairo who was giving them exact information about Ambassador Eilts' comings and goings. Presient Carter sent word to Qaddafi hrough a diplomatic intermediary hat he knew the names of the people ssigned to kill Eilts and the site of heir training camp, and he warned Qaddafi that he would be held personlly responsible for whatever hapened. Qaddafi sent back word that a errible misunderstanding had developed. The operation against Eilts was bandoned.

As on most issues involving national ecurity and relations with other govrnments, the Reagan Administration s deeply divided on what to do about errorism in general and Qaddafi in particular. The initiative has recenty lain with the staff of the National Security Council, which takes the hardest line on Qaddafi and has apparently been pushing the idea of a oint American-Egyptian military operation against him. Several military operations were being considered when, on March 31st, Ibrahim Nafeh, he editor-in-chief of the large, semiofficial Cairo newspaper *Al-Ahram*, wrote that "the United States has atempted more than once to join in an action with Egypt against Libya." Nafeh said that Egypt had rejected the American proposal on three separate occasions. His report was confirmed by Administration sources, according to a story in the Washington *Times* the next day. Although the American role seemed to lie mainly in air strikes against military targets, the Washington *Post* reported on April 2nd that "the Defense Department last year slowed its planning when strategists concluded that as many as six divisions, or 90,000 men, would have to be used if direct U.S. military involvement was required," and added, " 'The whole attitude of the Pentagon study was,' said one source, 'Do we want a war with Libya?' " The Pentagon seems most comfortable with the kind of action taken in the Gulf of Sidra, which poses virtually no risk to American personnel. Nor does the Pentagon share the preference found elsewhere in the government for bashing terrorism at its source, since the source isn't always clear and, in any case, is rarely accessible. The State Department itself is divided between a group, clustered around Secretary of State George Shultz, that does favor bashing terrorism at its source whenever possible, and another group that takes the more orthodox line that bashing terrorism at the source is hard to do and is not worth trying if it isn't likely to work or if it causes the death

Look the sparrow straight in the eye from 250 feet and see it blink, with . . .

Slim Jims
8 × 21 Roof Prism Binocs
Still only $99.00*
***But read the ad for an even better deal!**



In roof prisms, the ray of light tracks a straight line. It allows small, light construction and much greater "optical wallop". In addition, roof prism construction makes for: • *greater resolving power* • *higher image quality* • *enhanced luminosity* • *larger viewing area* • *full chromatic correction*. But until recently, these binoculars were only made in Germany. They cost over $400—only affordable by the very rich.

Japanese *Slim Jims* are comparable in every respect. You get every quality feature: • *rugged construction* • *perfect alignment* • *18 hardcoated optical elements* • *absolute planarity* • *superb resolving power and contrast* • *center focus with diopter adjustment* • *fold-back flanged rubber eye-cups* • *amazing wide-angle field of 366 feet at 1000 yards*. *Slim Jims* are of solid aluminum construction. Magnification is 8×. The objective lens is 21mm. in diameter, for high light-gathering power.

The best surprise of *Slim Jims Binoculars* is the price—still only $99. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $198 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!***

Take your *Slim Jims* to the theater, sports events, or the great outdoors. There is so much to see out there. Don't miss any of it. Order your *Slim Jims* today!

• *Slim Jims come with a convenient neckstrap and a soft, zippered vinyl case with belt loop. They're always ready for instant use.*

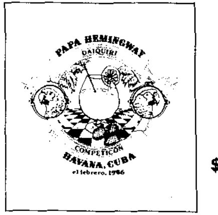
Important notice: We have a very limited monthly allotment of *Zoom Jims* Roof Prism Binoculars. They have the same outstanding optical characteristics as standard *Slim Jims*, with a 24mm. objective lens. In addition, they can be zoomed from 6× to 12×, providing astonishing close-up detail and needlesharp focus over the entire range. *Zoom Jims* are $169, a breakthrough in price and performance. You also get the "3-for-2" deal: ***Buy two for $338 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!***

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 431-9003
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1020B241** for *Slim Jims* and **#1021B241** for *Zoom Jims*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information. UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Slim Jims*, $8.95 for three; $8.95 for one *Zoom Jims*, $10.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

haverhills
since 1967
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LIMITED EDITION!
HAND SIGNED AND NUMBERED
6 COLOR TEE SHIRTS
Hurry! When they're gone, they're gone!



DAIQUIRI COMPETITION

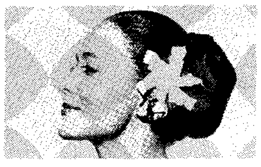
1986
GREAT WALL
INVITATIONAL HANDBALL TOURNAMENT
PEKING, CHINA

HANDBALL TOURNAMENT

$14.95/EACH 2 for $28.00
Plus $1.00 per shirt for shipping and handling. Specify: Shirt, size (S, M, L, XL), & Color (White, Yellow, Pink).

PAMPLEMOUSSE.
P.O. BOX 12751 Creve Coeur, MO 63141
CALL TODAY, TOLL-FREE 1-800-345-5433 Dept. A
CALL 1-800-972-5855 (In Illinois) VISA/MASTER CARD

Julie Wilson
CELEBRATES IRVING BERLIN
BILLY ROY AT THE PIANO



Back at her New York home: the Algonquin.
Shows: 9:15 and 11:15 P.M. Tues. thru Sat.
Supper reservations from 8 P.M.
THE Algonquin
59 W. 44th St., New York · Reservations: 840-6800

Goose Cove Lodge
Sand beaches, rocky shores, moss-covered trails mid towering pines and ocean at the End of Beyond.
Write or call for Brochure
Goose Cove Lodge
Deer Isle Sunset, Maine 04683
(207) 348-2508

Aboard the Explorer...
ALASKA
2 glorious July cruises for wildlife, fishing enthusiasts. 15 or 17 days from $3,750. See your Travel Agent or call 800-243-5657 for information.
LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
1 Sylvan Road, N. Westport, CT 06880
NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ STATE ____ ZIP ____

KIAWAH ISLAND
Beautiful Sea Island Villas
Tennis & Championship Golf — Nightly or Weekly. 21 miles from Historic Charleston. BROCHURE: 1-800/992-9666 or Write: Benchmark Properties, P.O. Box 773, Johns Island, SC 29455, 803/768-9800.
BENCHMARK PROPERTIES

1-800-VIDALIA
(843-2542)

Call Today to reserve a bag of Fresh, Sweet Vidalia Onions!
The fresh, sweet flavor of our hand-selected Vidalia Onions can now be enjoyed just by calling the toll-free number above! We'll see to it that you receive the finest, genuine Vidalia Onions...guaranteed fresh from our fields, to your door! Limited availability May thru July... so call today to reserve your bag of Natures' Sweetest Onions!
10 lbs. *$12.95*
25 lbs. *$29.95*
50 lbs. *$56.95*
(Add $1.95 per address for shipping & handling)
BLAND FARMS
P.O. Box 506-N2/Glennville, GA 30427-9990
(Georgia residents call 1-912-654-3048)

The Seraph
P.O. Box 500N
Main Street
Sturbridge, MA 01566

"Country Heart"® Sofa
Exquisite Fabrics • Unusual Upholstered Furniture
Full Color Catalog & Fabric Samples $3

RUSSIAN
LACQUER BOXES
PLEASE SEND FOR OUR
FULL COLOR BROCHURE $2
LIGHT OPERA GALLERY
GHIRARDELLI SQUARE #102N
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109
415-775-7665

SAIL MAINE
3 & 6 DAY CRUISES
JUNE THROUGH SEPTEMBER
SCHOONER
NATHANIEL BOWDITCH
Box N, Harborside, Maine
04642 • 207-326-4098
FREE BROCHURE

of innocent people. The latter group agrees with the Europeans that terrorism is best dealt with by coördinated efforts to prevent it.

Prevention, of course, is a heavily veiled activity that requires not just very good intelligence but also close coördination within and between governments trying to cope with Qaddafi and his ilk. A difficulty—one of many—with prevention is that the intelligence agencies and law-enforcement agencies in most countries have been fighting with one another for so long that it isn't easy for them to work together, even under pressure. Also, intelligence agencies are reluctant to share information except with counterpart agencies in other countries, and then only within the bounds of established and secure procedures—another pattern that has been hard to break, even though fighting terrorism of the sort sponsored by Qaddafi and carried out by such expert practitioners as Abu Nidal dictates a multinational approach and a broad sharing of information. (The French, according to one of their diplomats, will be more reluctant—for a while, at least—to share information with Washington, because of the indiscretions of American officials after the disco bombing in Berlin.) This uphill task is being made even more arduous by the tendency of Reagan's N.S.C. staff to leak to the press much of what it knows or what the Administration may be planning to do. Other agencies find that documents—even the most sensitive—regarding Qaddafi and terrorism which are sent to the N.S.C. staff for action or clearance turn up in compressed form on page 1 of the New York *Times* or the Washington *Post* the following morning. For example, the gist of a paper from the State Department early in April which suggested that Reagan send letters to European heads of government recommending the expulsion from their countries of Libyan diplomats (in addition to suspected agents) appeared in the newspapers the next day—well before the letters could be sent and the addressees given time to react. This kind of thing appalls other governments, and has strengthened their reluctance to join a Washington-style anti-Qaddafi crusade.

The day after the action in the Gulf of Sidra, one of the networks asked an Administration official on background what lay ahead. "The question now is what will Qaddafi do to save his manhood" was the answer. The critics se in such comments a misreading (Qaddafi's position. His reluctance t use his Air Force against the Sixt Fleet was interpreted by some American officials as a sign that he was intimidated. But there are those wh would describe his unwillingness to p his tiny Air Force against overwhelming opposition as proof that he isn't a crazy as some of his enemies say he i

The approach to Qaddafi—beside preëmpting his operations—that is favored by many American diplomats isolating him politically an squeezing him economicall European countries are being urged to cut back thei oil imports from Libya; t deny government credits t companies doing business i Libya; to reduce, if not end, airlin flights into and out of Tripoli; an of course, to expel Libyan diplomat The problem with prevention is tha its successes, like earthquakes tha don't occur, aren't visible, whereas every failure to prevent a terrorist ac creates pressure for some visible forr of punishment. The problem wit squeezing Qaddafi is that some European countries—notably France, Italy and West Germany—are unwilling t squeeze him as hard as Washington i urging them to, and also that the strongly prefer to take whatever step they do take without the fanfare tha Washington feeds on. They worr about the N.S.C. staff not only becaus of its leaks but because it favors a bol approach, aimed at achieving decisiv results quickly, even by getting rid o the Qaddafi factor altogether. And th bold—that is to say, military—approach also has its problems: it migh not work; again, it would cause American casualties, possibly numerous casualties; and it carries large politica risks that other countries wouldn' share, by far the largest being that th United States, a superpower, would b placing itself in the position of removing (or trying to remove) the government of a distant country by force o arms.

Not even the government of Egypt which feels that it has the longest lis of grievances against Qaddafi, is going to help, as the Administration is discovering. Egyptians would feel bette with Qaddafi gone, but Egypt canno take on the political burden of helping anyone—least of all the American colossus, Israel's protector—to upend another Muslim state. Nor do Egyp

Planning the day at the Washington, D.C., Four Seasons Hotel.

We've Redefined What Makes A Grand Hotel Grand.

In the beginning, the grand tel was extraordinary. Because was founded upon a grand idea.

The idea that a hotel should rfectly mirror the special life-yles and taste levels of its times an idea embodied in everything om a hotel's decor to the people employed.

But while the times changed, tels that were once thought as grand didn't. Though they re-ined much of their opulence id splendor, they lost something en more important: a sense of e changing needs and demands their guests.

The grand idea, in other words, as forgotten.

Until it was revived by Four asons Hotels. A group of eighteen grand hotels located in North America's most important cities, where we cling to the seldom-observed notion that a hotel should adapt to its guests. Not the other way around.

And it's evident everywhere.

In a warm, hospitable staff that possesses a rare combination of friendliness, formality and competence—and whose purpose is to make guests feel welcome, not intimidated.

In the remarkably high employee-to-guest ratio—because today's travellers not only need a wide variety of services, but need them in a hurry.

In furniture that's as functional as it is elegant—in vivid contrast to many luxury hotels that ca[illegible] ously s[illegible] comfort.

And in restaurants acclaimed not only for their haute cuisine, but for their unique Alternative Cuisine menus—designed for those who love fine food, but abhor calories.

All of which makes each Four Seasons extraordinary, not because it tries to imitate the original grand hotels, but because it's identical in the single most important respect of all:

It was founded upon precisely the same grand idea.

UNITED STATES
Austin (1987)
Boston
Chicago:
  The Ritz Carlton
Dallas:
  The Mandalay;
  Las Colinas Inn and Conference Center;
  Four Seasons Fitness Resort and Spa.
Houston:
  Center;
  Inn on the Park.
Los Angeles (1987)
New York:
  The Pierre
Newport Beach
Philadelphia
San Antonio
San Francisco:
  The Clift
Seattle:
  The Olympic
Washington, D.C.
CANADA
Edmonton
Montreal
Ottawa
Toronto:
  Yorkville;
  Inn on the Park.
Vancouver
UNITED KINGDOM
London:
  Inn on the Park

Call (800) 268-6282
or your travel agent

Four Seasons Hotels

986 Four Seasons Hotels Ltd.

The last time she saw England.

The newlyweds were off to live in America. She had put off saying good-bye until the very last moment.

As always, he had something for her: an antique cameo brooch. "It was your mother's," he said. "I know she'd want you to have it." Then she tried to put her feelings into words.

But how do you begin to tell the person who single-handedly raised you how much you love him?

Call the U.K. Ten minutes can average just 64¢ a minute.*

Saying good-bye is never easy—but saying hello is, with AT&T. A ten-minute phone call to England can average as little as 64¢ a minute.

Just dial the call yourself any night from 6 pm until 7 am.

If you don't have International Dialing in your area, you'll still get the same low rate as long as special operator assistance is not required.

AT&T International Long Distance Service.

England

Rate Level	Average Cost Per Minute For a 10-Minute Call**	Hours
Economy	.64	6pm-7am
Discount	.80	1pm-6pm
Standard	$1.06	7am-1pm

Average cost per minute varies depending on length of call. First minute costs more; additional minutes cost less. All prices are for calls dialed direct from continental U.S. during hours listed. Add 3% federal excise tax. For further information, call our International Information Service, toll free **1 800 874-4000.

**During Economy time periods.*

© 1986 AT&T

AT&T

The right choice.

ns have any interest in taking on the addafi-disposal job themselves, dete being immeasurably stronger miliily than he is. The late President war Sadat was an exception: early 1977, he was planning to invade bya and send his Army all the way Tripoli. Sadat's senior military peo- opposed the plan, partly because ey judged it to be unworkable. ripoli is about twelve hundred miles om Cairo, and most of what lies tween is desert. Egypt's tanks and mored troop carriers al- ost certainly would not ve survived the journey. dat's commanders took eir problem to Wash- gton, asking the Carter ople, in effect, to discour- e Sadat, because they emselves weren't getting rough to him. Washing- n agreed that Sadat's plan ouldn't work, and talked him out of

It has since become a part of Egyp- n mythology that America prevent- Sadat from conquering Qaddafi. ill, most Egyptians continue to think at any sort of overt action against addafi would be a mistake. "What uld we prove?" an Egyptian di- omat asked recently. "That Egypt is onger than Libya? Everyone knows at. The whole Libyan population" about three and a half million —"is e equivalent of two or three streets Cairo," he said, with some hyper- le.

I asked him what he thought should done about Qaddafi.

"Oil prices are coming down," he plied. "This is a time to let him ffer, not to give him a fight with merica that he will claim he has on. Pay less attention to him and lp his opposition."

Qaddafi rules by brute force. Ele- ents within his armed forces have peatedly mutinied and tried to over- row him. He responds with bloody prisals, in which, along with the ilty, many who may be innocent are lled. Among his strengths is a very od intelligence service, with consid- able technical competence, which as set up for him by the East Ger- ans. Both his support and his opposi- on are concentrated among the young -a situation that isn't surprising, nce more than half the population is dged to be less than fifteen years old. e has always pushed hard to expand lucation, and that partly explains the tensity of the support he draws from s youthful adherents. It also explains why many of the young oppose him: having learned to think, they conclude that Qaddafi's rule is intolerable. He was popular in the early days—energetic, dynamic, and strongly committed to rooting out the corruption of the ancien régime. Rather quickly, however, an eccentric and oppressive quality came to dominate his government, and began to alienate the country. The Qaddafi revolution went too far. He abolished retail trade, closed cafés, and outlawed sporting events, and has discouraged or forbidden activities that allow groups of people to assemble.

Qaddafi's obsession is the internal threat. He knows that any successor regime would be instantly popular, just as his was at the outset. And he must know that his revolution has made a loser of everyone except those who were already so poor they had nothing to lose. Last November, he burned all the country's land-tenure records, a gesture that created a new and widespread grievance: no one now has proof of ownership. And people are weary of hearing Qaddafi blame the imperialists for chronic shortages of fruit, meat, toilet paper, and other staple items; they point out that he has had seventeen years to do something about all that.

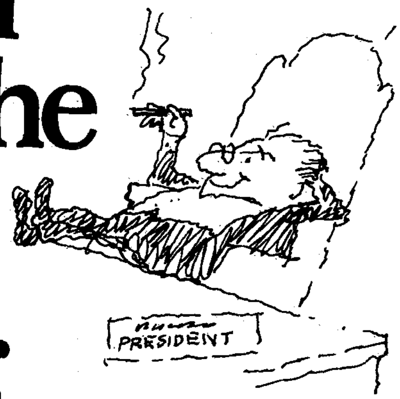
In Washington, the Libyan problem is, among other things, a test of the new Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, Vice Admiral John Poindexter, who replaced Robert McFarlane as head of the N.S.C. staff last fall. Poindexter and his deputy, Donald Fortier, have taken the lead role bureaucratically in dealing with a situation as volatile as Qaddafi himself. A few hours before Reagan's news conference on April 9th, most of which dealt with Libya and what the Administration might do next, a British diplomat described the situation as "a moving staircase," and said, "At what level do you get off—at what level of violence? Wherever you get off won't satisfy the hard-liners, because Qaddafi can and will continue to provoke you with violent acts. The staircase ends with you committing ground forces to an attack against Libya. If you do that, you lose the whole Middle East." Remarkably, the Administration hasn't developed a plan for what it might do in response to a given act, or acts, of violence traceable to Qaddafi. The situation is being played by ear. Reagan and Sec-

FINE ESTATE CIRCLE PINS
PLATINUM AND DIAMONDS. $3250
PLATINUM, SAPPHIRES AND DIAMONDS BY BLACK, STARR & GORHAM. $2650
YELLOW GOLD, PLATINUM, EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS. $3850
PLATINUM, RUBIES & DIAMONDS BY TIFFANY & CO. $2200
SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE
FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)

Handmade Casuals
color Brochure $2.00
· · More than Handfinished · ·
· · Superior to Handcrafted · ·
· · Made for utmost comfort · ·
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56th St.
New York 10022 (212) 755-7372

Aboard the Explorer...
BAJA-CARIBBEAN
PANAMA CANAL
A rare 23-day September tour from $5,990. Take all or part of the full cruise. See your Travel Agent or call 800-243-5657 for information.
LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
1 Sylvan Road, N. Westport, CT 06880
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

"...and then I started the company magazine. The rest is history."



You can have your own company-sponsored magazine quickly, inexpensively and without adding anyone to your staff.

We've produced more company magazines than anyone else. It's been our business for over 20 years.

And Webb does it all: Everything from concept origination to magazine publication... as well as the promotional and marketing services to make it a complete and successful program.

A phone call or letter will bring you in direct contact with Karel Laing, our Consumer Publishing Supervisor. She'll be glad to send you the report, "An Inside Look at Producing Company-Sponsored Magazines".
Phone: 1 (612) 690-7227

Custom Publishing Division

Webb
The Webb Company
1999 Shepard Road
St. Paul, MN 55116

PEABODY COURT
in Baltimore...

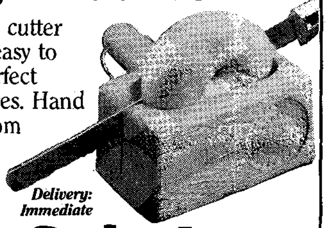
Peabody Court surrounds you with amenities that are the mark of a world class hotel. Special weekend and honeymoon packages available.

612 Cathedral St., Baltimore, MD 21201
(301) 727-7101 · (800) 732-5301

one of The Leading Hotels of the World®

Bagel Cutter *Patent Pending*

Our bagel cutter makes it easy to obtain perfect bagel halves. Hand crafted from domestic Red Oak.



$14⁹⁹
$19⁹⁹ with knife

Delivery: Immediate

Oak & Iron

☎ **ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-356-5432, Ext. 243.** (In Wisconsin call ☎ **1-800-362-6060, Ext. 243.**) M.C., VISA, Am. Exp. or Diners Club. **ORDER BY MAIL:** credit card or check. Send to: **Oak & Iron, Dept. 243, 2700 Commerce St., La Crosse, WI 54601.** Ship. & Hdlg., $3.00 each. *Money back guarantee. Call for Free Catalog.*

BERMUDA
LANDFALL

Like the elegant Longtail, our guests return again and again to their perfect spot on Bermuda's South Shore. Perhaps it's because at the Stonington Beach Hotel we offer impeccable service at a remarkably affordable price...and that all 64 rooms have ocean views from private terraces...our popular gourmet restaurant...or the nearness of golf and shopping. Just one perfect reason after the other.

STONINGTON
BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda

See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.

Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

LEARN FRENCH

CERAN, a French language school in the Belgian Ardennes. Join diplomats, international executives and private individuals with a genuine desire to learn or improve their French. Intensive, expert tuition in small groups and private lessons. From $400 p/wk. For brochure: Languagency, Dept. 20, Box 2067, No. Haven, CT 06473 (203) 777-5170.

AND ENJOY CHATEAU LIVING

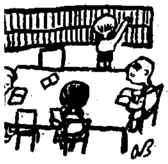
retary of Defense Caspar Weinberg
place a high priority on avoidir
American casualties. Ideally, th
would like what they cannot have-
another Grenada, an operation wi
decisive results and negligible loss
American life. Some diplomats wl
were apprehensive about what tl
Administration might do next reci
oned that the best hope for relati
restraint lay in Ronald Reagan
commitment to cloudless skies ar
happy endings. They are now le
wondering about that, and what w
happen if state-supported terroris
does take on greater scope and m
mentum.

THE threat to American lives ar
property from terrorism may a
complish what nothing else has bee
able to—the reduction of Americ
embassies. Through the years, inn
merable ambassadors have complain
about the bloated embassies they mu
run and take responsibility for; mar
embassies have become all but dysfun
tional because of overstaffing. Georg
Shultz feels responsible for the lives
his people, and would like to ha
fewer of them to protect; he has di
cussed the problem with Reagan, wh
he says, supports him. The annual co
of sustaining a civilian government
employee abroad is close to a hundre
and fifty thousand dollars, not coun
ing salary. About sixteen thousand c
vilian personnel are officially statione
abroad, although in the average en
bassy less than thirty per cent of tl
staff is actually employed by the Sta
Department. Still others work direct
or under contract for other goverr
ment agencies. No one has compute
the budgetary impact of these peopl
because it isn't clear how many
them there are. Thousands work fc
the ultra-secret National Securit
Agency, which is charged wit
electronic intelligence collection; suc
people aren't traceable for budgetar
purposes, and scarcely anyone know
how many of them there are. No on
has shown Shultz how to achieve h
laudable purpose. The career office
of the State Department applaud wha
he is trying to do, but most are skepti
cal, and some say he has voluntee re
for Mission Impossible. A blessin
from Reagan may not be nearl
enough to enable Shultz to overcom
the other federal agencies concerne
they will all struggle to protect th
turf they have acquired abroad, be
cause that is their nature.

—JOHN NEWHOUS

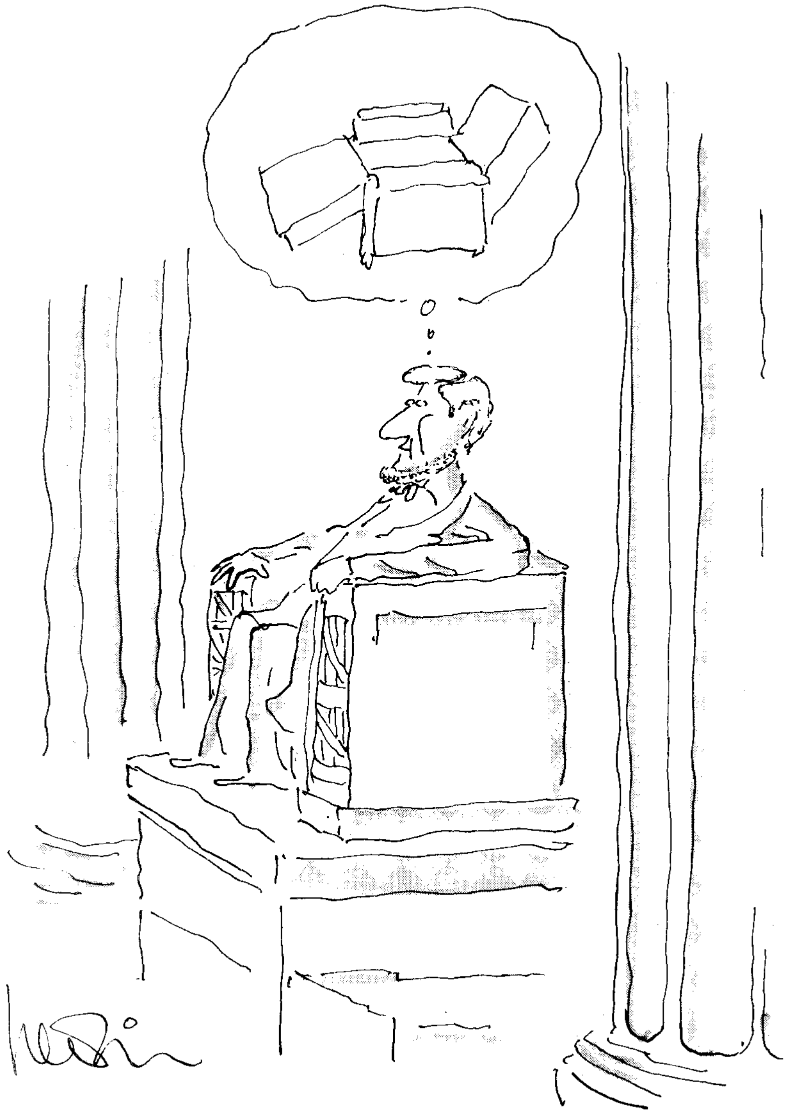
BOOKS

Russian Delinquents



THE possibility has been raised, by the Russian émigré scholar N. A. Struve, that “Novel with Co- ne,” by M. Ageyev (translated m the Russian by Michael Henry im, and published in hardcover by tton, at $15.95, and in paperback Harper & Row, at $6.95), is in th by the late Vladimir Nabokov. ıe novel takes its youthful hero, dim Maslennikov, up to 1919, the r Nabokov left Russia; both Vadim l Vladimir were born in 1899; and, ording to Mr. Struve, M. Ageyev's y other known prose work, a short ry titled “A Rotten People,” ap- red in an émigré magazine, *Vstre-* , to which Nabokov had promised— never, it seems, delivered—ma- ial. “Novel with Cocaine” first man- ited itself as an unsolicited manu- ipt sent from Istan- to the Paris-based rnal *Chisla;* it was lished there in part, l then in book form 1936. Contempo- y reviewers found it her thrillingly deca- ıt, and even porno- ıphic, but its au- ır's attempts to emi- ite to Paris on the ength of its *succès scandale* came to hing. Ageyev van- ed. In 1983, his vel was published in ench to such high ise as “Mr. Ageyev genius” (*Le Point*), book in the league Thomas de Quin- ’s ‘Confessions of English Opium Eat- ” (*Temps Économie téraire*), “A com- x and amazing writ- ’ (*Le Monde*), “Re- unding” (*L'Édu- ion*), and “Mr. Ag- ev has thrown his life o this novel. Final- , he is rewarded immortality” (*Ven- edi-Samedi-Di- mche*). “Novel with caine” has its merits d becomes fascinating in its second half, but I very much doubt that Nabokov wrote it.

For one thing, Nabokov after 1960 used the luxuries of leisure and attention won for him by his best-selling “Lolita” to supervise, lovingly and pedantically, the translation into English of his youthful Russian-language works, and there seems no reason, when even his old chess problems were sifted and selectively preserved, that such a large and significant souvenir as this novel would be ignored. Further, what Nabokov himself neglected to collect, his estate, under the guidance of his widow and his son, has been bringing into print. This year will see the trade publication, by Putnam, of “The Enchanter,” a long short story at least as ticklish in its subject matter (pedophilia) as “Novel with Cocaine,” whose sixteen-year-old hero frequents prostitutes, has an affair with an older woman, and takes cocaine. The Nabokovs nevertheless steadfastly disown “Novel with Cocaine.” On the literary level, the novel is intensely, derivatively Dostoyevskian; yet Nabokov loathed Dostoyevski. Vadim Maslennikov can't stop craving humiliation and demonstrating human perversity. Like Dostoyevski's Underground Man, he hops about absurdly from mood to anti-mood: “Thus, taking a clean shirt from the wardrobe, the only silk shirt I owned, I threw it to the floor after a cursory inspection—the shoulder seam had begun to come undone—and trampled it underfoot as if I had a dozen of them. When I cut myself shaving, I continued to scrape the razor over the gash, pretending I could not feel it in the least. . . . After a sip of coffee I pushed my cup aside like a spoiled brat, though the coffee was perfectly good and I wanted to go on drinking it.” His own behavior constantly takes him by surprise: “But when, inwardly composed and wishing to say something trivial, I again raised my head, I surprised myself by leaping up out of my chair instead.” He is morbid and self-destructive and vortically introspective, whereas the young heroes of early Nabokov novels like “Mary” and “Glory” are characterized by a certain robust innocence, a healthy willingness to be enraptured by the world. On the stylistic level, Ageyev does now and then strike off images reminiscent of Nabokov's eccentric precision: a man is observed “cleaning the door handle with whiting, his free hand following the same pattern as the hand that was doing the work,” and we see a “circus poster of a beauty in tights leaping through a torn hoop, her peach-colored thigh pierced by the nail holding the poster



Now our Weekend Plan includes the three of you.

YOU TWO AND YOUR CAR.

$99.50 per day, single or double occupancy.

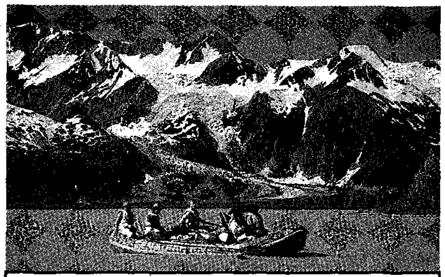
Taxes and tips included. Friday and Saturday nights.

Includes de luxe room with king size bed.* Continental breakfast, complimentary New York Times, box of Godiva chocolates, 2 "Big Apples," bottle of champagne and FREE PARKING.

Enjoy our fashionable location, close to shops, theatre and entertainment and the warm hospitality and friendly welcome for which Doral has a nationwide name.

*Subject to availability.

DORAL PARK AVENUE HOTEL
Park Avenue at 38th Street • New York 10016
Tel.: (212) 687-7050 • Telex: 968872
For reservations, call your travel agent or toll-free 800-847-4135.



CANADA BY RAFT

Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin and mighty Fraser. Cruise up coastal fjord, fly over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 thrilling yet safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery on this Continent.
Price $1450; 11 days ALL incl. from Vancouver. J.H. MIKES CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS, 845 CHILCO ST., VANCOUVER, B.C. (604) 738-4449

Be Pampered . . .
in the Colorado wilderness.
Walk with llamas from our luxurious mountain base camp.
Call or write for brochure.
HOME RANCH LLAMA TREKS
Box 822Y • Clark, CO 80428 • (303) 879-1780

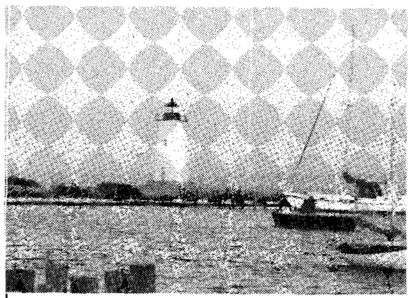
GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by schooner to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 16 Trip dates. M. Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606ys Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

in place." The hero specifies, "I would stand at the window for long periods of time, a cigarette in the catapult of my fingers, and try to count—through the deep-blue smoke from the tangerine tip and the filthy gray smoke from the cardboard filter—the number of bricks in the neighboring wall." But such hyperrealism (the "catapult" of the posed fingers, the two shades of cigarette smoke) could be learned from Bely and the Symbolists. Ageyev often overdoes it:

> Immediately behind the door . . . stood a rickety upright with keys the color of unbrushed teeth. A pair of drooping candlesticks screwed directly into the piano's bosom sported a pair of red, golden-flecked, white-wicked, spiral candles which, since the openings in the candlesticks were too large, pointed off in different directions.
>
> My fingers tightened as they grasped the hot roots of his hair, and pulling his head out of the shell of his palms, I brought it up to mine, eye to eye. I peered into his small gray orbs. They were oddly distorted by the skin being drawn back to the point where I was holding his hair. For a moment they peered back into mine with a look of sullen suffering, but then, obviously unable to master the harsh male tears welling up inside them, they disappeared behind their lids on either side of the fierce cleft that had dug its way between his brows.

And there is a sentimental excess, too, that the dispassionate, ironic young Nabokov would have disdained. Vadim, having financially exhausted his mother, turns and shamelessly borrows from their faithful old servant, Nanny: "I knew she had accumulated that money through years of toil and was saving it for the almshouse to assure herself a corner in her old age when she could no longer work for a living—yet still I took it. As she handed me the money, she sniffled and blinked, ashamed of showing me her joyful tears of love and self-abnegation."

If there are many passages that even the immature Nabokov would never have let his pen slip into, there are some that lie outside his vision at its grandest. Ageyev was at home in depths of suffering that Nabokov saw in aloof overview, reduced to a pattern. "Novel with Cocaine" is one of those youthful works wherein we can feel the writer getting better as he goes along. Its first and longest chapter, "School," seems labored and puffed-up compared with, say, the schoolboy parts of "Bend Sinister." The next, "Sonya," rather more successfully diagrams the intricate vanity of an adolescent offered an adult love experi-



Burn the candle at one end for a change.

Take a breather. While you've stil got some wick left. Hit the brakes Slow down to a crawl. Or a sprawl —there's plenty of room on the beach. Eat well. Play tennis. Swim, ride, relax. Come haggard-leave whole. Call right away for information.

THE HARBOR VIEW HOTEL
on Martha's Vineyard Island

For reservations in the Northeast, cal toll-free (800) 225-6005. For Mass. an all other states call (617) 627-4333.

PO BOX 37 EDGARTOWN, MA 02539
A REGENCY

The King of Trains, the Train of Kings.

Not available in bookstores

Splendidly illustrated account of the restoration of the world's most famous train. Hardcover. 160 pages. A handsome gift, a treasure to own.
Send $20 (plus $3 postage and handling) to Venice Simplon-Orient-Express, One World Trade Ctr., Rm. 1237, NY, NY 10048
NY residents add $1.65 (8¼% sales tax)

Pregnant? Look your best . . . For full color catalog (sizes 4-14), send $2.00 to P.O. Box 091038, Dept. NY428 Columbus, OH 43209 or call 614-861-2558.
ReCreations MATERNITY

Put your favorite seashe into a melon glass ball an make a lamp. 19" tall, full wired, natural burlap shad $45, shipped prepaid UPS Hilo Steiner M-35, Rte. 35 Shrewsbury, N.J. 07701— yes, major credit cards. Shell lamp catalog, $2.

e. Vadim refuses to tell Sonya he es her, on this fancy reasoning:

> ly experience in matters of love seemed have convinced me that no one could eloquently of love unless his love was y a memory, that no one could talk suasively of love unless his sensuality s aroused, and no one whose heart was ually in the throes of love could say a rd.

ya's farewell letter to him couches th epigrammatic force a number of ak truths about relationships. eirs, she writes, has reached that nt where "all one of the parties has do is tell the other the truth—the ole truth, do you understand? the er truth—for that truth to turn into indictment." The longer such a ationship lasts, "the more persistly both parties simulate their forr intimacy and the more strongly y feel that terrible enmity which ver develops between strangers but en between people very close to each er." She ends, "Your relationship me is a kind of unending fall, a connt impoverishment of the emotions, ich, like all forms of impoverishnt, humiliates more the more the hes it supplants."

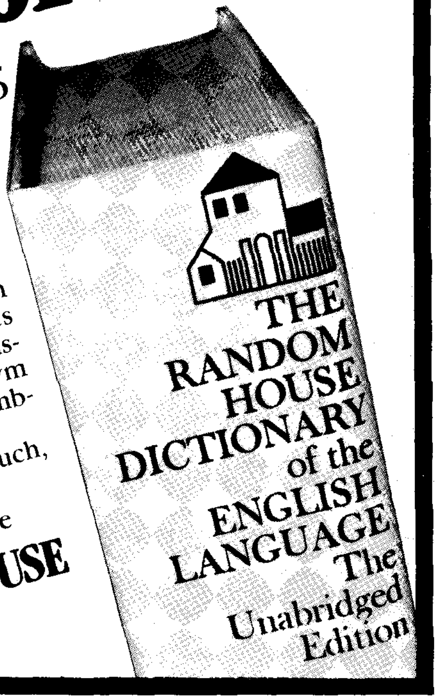
The affair thus dismissed, and ool over, the stage is bare for the onishing chapter, "Cocaine," that es this long-forgotten novel its dern relevance and enduring inter. The strained, gaudy style seems ipped to a new vividness even before dim encounters the drug: "The st was hard and dry. Everything t ready to crack. As the sleigh lled up to the arcade, I heard highched metallic steps on all sides and v smoke rising in white columns m all the roofs. The city seemed to ng in the sky like a gigantic iconnp." When he comes to take coine, every detail—the purchase, the tribution among the party of users, e snorting, and the sensations—is dered with a cool and edgy clarity:

> The bitter taste in my mouth was alst gone, and all that remained was an -cold feeling in my throat and gums, the d of feeling that comes when, during a st, one closes one's mouth after breath- with it open and the warm saliva kes it even colder. My teeth were comtely frozen, and if I put pressure on any e of them, I felt the others follow painsly, as if they were all soldered together.

he ups, the downs, the exhilaration d despair, and the brutal plunge into ject addiction follow in masterly hion, capped by a fully developed eory on the psychology of self-ruin: uring the long nights and long

THE Answer Book
The Unabridged!
- THE MOST AUTHORITATIVE DICTIONARY OF ITS KIND
- Comprehensive—more than 260,000 entries; 2,091 pages; large format 9″x12″ page size; 9 lbs 14 oz.
- Up To Date—with new words and terms
- Easy to Use—more than 50,000 example phrases and sentences; 2,000 illustrations; 10,000 synonym lists and studies; thumb-indexed
- Full-color ATLAS; much, much more

Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

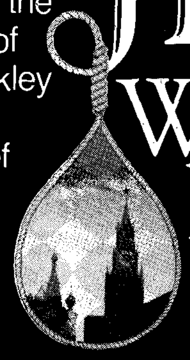


For Khrushchev, Eisenhower, and Oakes, the stakes have never been higher.

And this time, the deadly game involves even Queen Caroline and Buckingham Palace. From a covert camp for killers to a KGB trysting nest in Stockholm to the tightly closed doors of the Kremlin, Bill Buckley unwinds a chilling, heart-stopping tale of high adventure… high treason… HIGH JINX.

HIGH JINX
William F. Buckley, Jr.
A novel with Blackford Oakes

DOUBLEDAY
A MAIN SELECTION OF THE LITERARY GUILD • At bookstores everywhere



Authentic British officer's watch

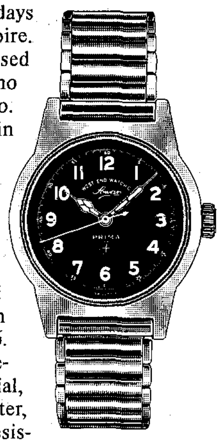
The original West End "Sowar"

Famous since the days of the British Empire. For the well-dressed officer in India, no other watch would do. Still a best-seller in many parts of the world, thanks to its legendary ruggedness, reliability and distinctive masculine styling. Made in Switzerland for West End Watch Co., founded in 1886. Steel case and bracelet, luminous dial, manual wind. Water, shock, and sand-resistant. One-year guarantee. Worldwide service.

Specially priced at $75.

WEST END WATCH CO
by Aubry of Switzerland

West End Watch Co., 4911 Pawnee, Shawnee Mission, KS 66205. Phone: 913 236-7563.
Please send me _____ West End Sowar watches at $75 each
Name
Address
City State Zip
I enclose check/m.o. for $____. Or charge my
American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐
Card No. Exp.
Signature



A TAX-FREE ALTERNATIVE TO CAR RENTAL IN EUROPE
RENAULT'S
PURCHASE-REPURCHASE PLANS
For 3 weeks or over. You must check it now. It may save you hundreds of dollars. More than 25,000 Americans have used it.
Call Collect in N.Y.S.: 212-532-1221
Outside NY call toll-free: 800-221-1052
or write: Renault Inc., European Delivery Services
650 First Avenue, NY, NY 10016
Please send details of Renault's exciting Tax-Free Vacation Plans to:
Name State
Address Zip
City
Phone
YR-3

THE HAMMERED CUFF
Hand forged in our shop, this classic cuff bracelet is beautifully engraved by Newport Silversmith James Breakell. ⅞" wide in sterling silver with one initial $75.00. 14K gold $465.00. Plus $3.00 handling. RI residents add 6%. MC/VISA (401) 849-3522. Brochure upon request.
J.H. Breakell & Co.
2 Russell Ave. Dept NH
Newport, RI 02840

days I spent under the influence of cocaine . . . I came to see that what counts in life is not the events that surround one but the reflection of those events in one's consciousness. . . . All of a man's life—his work, his deeds, his will, his physical and mental prowess—is completely and utterly devoted to, fixed on bringing about one or another event in the external world, though not so much to experience the event in itself as to experience the reflection of the event on his consciousness." Cocaine so affects the consciousness that "the need for any event whatever disappeared and, with it, the need for expending great amounts of work, time, and energy to bring it about." Slavic mysticism here shows a sinister modern face, and we are almost relieved to discover that, while Vadim hurries to his inevitable end, the Revolution has occurred, bringing its enforced order.

THE dire results of that revolution are, with the bewildering mixture of slapstick and rage that used to be called "black humor," tumbled before us by the expatriate Yuz Aleshkovsky in his novel "Kangaroo" (translated from the Russian by Tamara Glenny; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95). "Kangaroo" has waited not fifty years but over ten for its presentation to American readers; it was finished, Mr. Aleshkovsky tells us in a brief autobiography supplied by his publishers, in 1975, whereupon he realized "quite clearly the impossibility of continuing this double life"—that is, writing for *samizdat*—"and that I longed to devote myself to writing without compromise." He now lives in Middletown, Connecticut. His underground novel makes no compromise with the American reader, who is expected to know and care, without benefit of footnote or appendix, who or what Ordzhonikidze, the Chelyuskin, Mikhail Zoshchenko, Chekists, Ilya Ehrenburg, Ivan Pyriev, Radishchev, Zoya Fyodorova, Tukhachevsky, Kirov, Karatsupa, Kulaks, Zhdanov, Voznesensky, Yuri Levitan, Bukharin, Rykov, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Zelinsky-Nesmeyanov gas, Joseph Vissarionovich, and zeks are or were. Our daunted American reader is further expected to pick the serious satirical strands from a grotesque, scatological, backward-looping farrago involving the conviction of a Russian pickpocket and criminal by name of Fan Fanych, alias Etcetera, alias Cariton Ustinych Newton Tarkington, for "the vicious

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS ★ SINCE 1910 ★

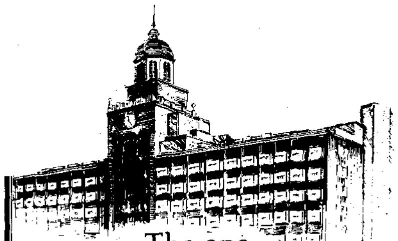
A Charming Recollection of an Era

The original Waldorf-Astoria (1893–1929) exerted a profound influence on five generations of Americans. It served as a mark of excellence around the world, dictating modes of dress, entertainment and etiquette.

Read about the original Waldorf-Astoria in Albin Pasteur Dearing's The Elegant Inn. *A Lyle Stuart book.*

Doubleday Book Shops
NEW YORK ★ SHORT HILLS ★ BOSTON ★ SAN FRANCISCO
and other select locations. Phone Orders Accepted
East (212) 397-0550 ★ West (415) 989-3420
Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrap ★ Major Credit Cards

The ELEGANT INN

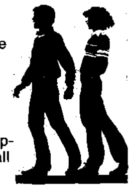


The one
Preferred Hotels
Worldwide
in all of
New York
1-800-547-0400 (Nationwide)
1-800-832-3030 (New York)
GARDEN CITY HOTEL
Garden City, New York 11530
516-747-3000

Walking in Vermont

Experience the Northeast Kingdom while on our unique walking tours. Abundant wildflowers, birds galore and frequent wildlife sightings in quiet forests and scenic farmlands. Day hikes are designed for every level of fitness. Rustic lakeside accommodations, delicious meals and many additional recreational opportunites are included. Write or call for brochure.

The Craftsbury Sports Center
Box Y, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827 802-586-251



and murder of an aged kangaroo
the Moscow Zoo on a night be-
en July 14, 1789, and January 9,
5." The trial occurs in 1949; the
rge was cooked up by a primitive
iputer and is substantiated by a film
le of the reconstructed incident.
3.B. ruses of enormous complica-
seek to persuade Fan Fanych that
s (a) a kangaroo (b) in a spaceship.
spends six years in Siberia, killing
with the aid of a third eye devel-
d by sheer will power at the back
his head and enduring debates
Communist fine points with fervent
Bolsheviks of whom the leader
ears to be the famous Chernyshev-
(1828-89). Fan Fanych remem-
while under durance or en route
earlier curious involvements with
ler in 1929 and the Yalta Confer-
e in 1945; he returns to a de-
inized Moscow in 1955, finds his
rtment full of sparrow nests, and
s in love with a now grown-up girl
glimpsed just before packing to go
he Lubyanka. Finally, he locates
old friend Kolya, to whom he is
iehow telling all this, much as
tnoy is delivering his complaint to
psychiatrist. The analogy with
lip Roth's exuberant demolition of
rgeois inhibitions may illuminate
y "Kangaroo" struck me as so
idingly unfunny, albeit prankish:
relish unrepressed prose, we must
e had some experience of the re-
ssion, and we must be able to hear
voice. "Kangaroo" is told in that
vily slangy Russian which drives
islators to revive such stale English
ressions as "mug," "screwball,"
oot the breeze," and "off his [her,
rocker." While a patriotic citizen
the free West must be politically
tered by so detailed and vehement a
sphemy against the Soviet system, it
kes deadly reading if you've never

NordicTrack
Cross Country Skiing Exerciser
Builds Cardiovascular Fitness More Effectively Than Other Exercisers

"NordicTrack provides the same superior fitness building benefits as real X-C skiing."
Bill Koch
8 time Nat'l X-C Ski Champion
Olympic Silver Medalist
World Cup Winner
©PSI 1985

NordicTrack duplicates the smooth, rhythmic motion of cross country skiing, recognized by health authorities as the most effective fitness building exercise available.

Jarless Action is Better Than Running
Does not cause joint or back problems. More complete. Resistance on arm motion provides a superior upper body exercise.

More Complete Than Exercise Bikes
Adds important upper body exercise and provides more uniform leg muscle usage. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier because more muscles share the exercise.

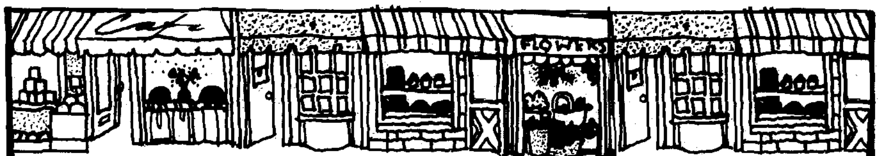
More Effective and Safer Than Rowing Machines
Safer because no dangerous back strain loads imposed. Scientific tests prove NordicTrack's skiing motion is superior to rowing for building fitness.

Burns off 200 - 600 Calories per 20 Minute Workout
For effective weight control.

Exclusive Flywheel Action
Provides unmatched smoothness and continuity from stride to stride. Motion and resistances are same as real skiing.

Folds Compactly
Requires only 15" x 17" floor space.

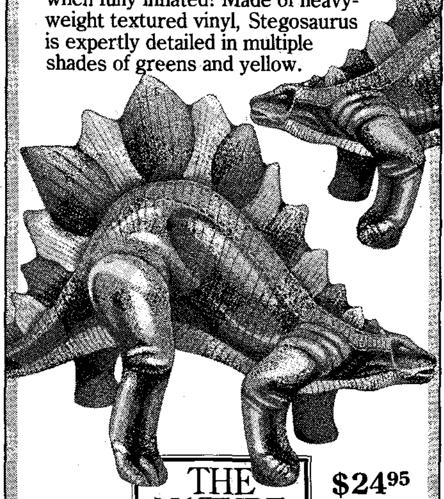
Free Brochure. Call
800-328-5888
Minnesota 612-448-6987
141NY Jonathan Boulevard North
Chaska, Minnesota 55318



Many Happy Returns.
Whether you're returning from a long day at the office, or a long weekend—you can come home to the utmost in comfort and convenience. Because when you live at The Commons, both business and pleasure are right in the neighborhood.
THE COMMONS
GOLDEN GATEWAY
San Francisco Townhomes in the tradition of excellence. (415) 781-4900

GIANT INFLATABLE STEGOSAURUS

With its giant protective plates our imposing Stegosaurus reaches 3½' x 5' when fully inflated! Made of heavyweight textured vinyl, Stegosaurus is expertly detailed in multiple shades of greens and yellow.



THE NATURE COMPANY

$24.95 postpaid

SAN FRANCISCO
PALO ALTO

COSTA MESA
SAN DIEGO

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-227-1114
In California 800-782-0033. Use Visa, M/C, AMEX or send check to: The Nature Company, Dept. NY, P.O. Box 2310, Berkeley, CA 94702. (Calif. add 6% sales tax).
SEND $1.00 FOR OUR LATEST CATALOG

SUMMER IN V·E·R·M·O·N·T

Spectacular scenery and cool mountain air make Vermont special in summer. Ideal vacation retreat for couples and families. Enjoy modern accommodations, golf, tennis, swimming, hiking, riding, live theater, and total fitness program. 2 to 7 day golf and tennis packages available.
Fully equipped 1 to 4 bedroom apts. with TV, DW, frpl, kitchens & linen. Monthly rentals from $565 to $1350 incl. utilities. Call TOLL FREE for VACATION PLANNING KIT 800-343-0762.

KILLINGTON V·I·L·L·A·G·E
Killington, Vermont 05751 (802)422-3101

WQXR 96.3 FM or 1560AM
The Stereo Stations of The New York Times

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

been a believer and don't know the iconography.

Only when "Kangaroo" floats free of its political burden does it stir a smile. In inflation-plagued Germany, our down-and-out hero has his overcoat and suit "turned"—torn apart and resewn inside out, to show the unworn side of the cloth. His clothes take revenge, with an animation that recalls the bedevilled and bedevilling objects of the old Chaplin films: "For some reason my whole body's twitching inside the suit, as if there's a flea biting me, or a sharp little splinter scratching me. . . . I can tell my rotten jacket's doing it on purpose, just to make me look like an idiot, and my pants are giving it moral support. They're riding up my knees in creases, and keep rustling. And my pockets are moaning like seashells, 'Oo-oo-oo.' " Here the referent—wearing clothes—is generally human, and the absurd can be measured against the actual and its degree of exaggeration appreciated. But in this Soviet system conceived as sheer demonism—"sucking people's blood just for laughs, destroying innocent souls, wearing out their strength and keeping the human spirit humiliated for half a century"—we do not quite know where we are, and hardly dare laugh in the dark. "Kangaroo" translates a work whose intended readers can all read Russian.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

Records show that last October the IRS sent Rawls a "notice of deficiency" alleging he owed $20,441 in taxes on his 1980 return from improperly claimed deductions. The agency assessed an additional penalty of $1,022 because.—*Palm Beach (Fla.) Post.*

So there, Rawls.

•

9:35 (11) (10) (4) MYSTERY! (CC); 60 min. "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes II" reaches a hair-raising climax as the bored and despairing sleuth (Jeremy Brett) confronts "The Final Problem"—his lifelong nemesis Professor Moriarty (Eric Porter), who plans to forget the Mona Lisa.—*TV Guide.*

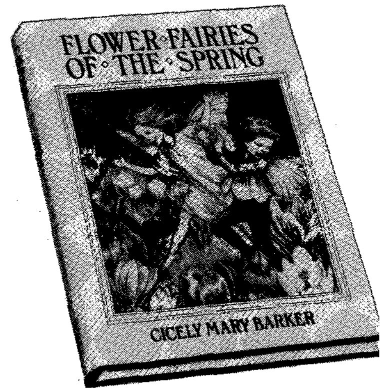
No wonder the sleuth is bored.

•

The selection has been left to the Alitalia cooks, on the basis of daily availability on the market. So there are no fixed menus, only seasonal dishes, and alcoholic passengers will be offered the recipes for the various dishes served on board, and also free alcoholic drinks.—*Ulisse 2000, the in-flight magazine of Alitalia.*

Should be one hell of a flight.

For Mother's Day



With 19 full-color
Flower Fairies

Also available:

Flower Fairies of the Garden
Flower Fairies of the Trees
Flower Fairies of the Wayside
Flower Fairies of the Summer
A Flower Fairy Alphabet

$4.95 at book and gift stores

Bedrick/Blackie Books
125 E. 23 St., NYC 10010
By mail, add 75¢ per book

the Sanderling Inn
An intimate seaside resort on North Carolina's outer banks. Five miles of privat
and Restaura
beach, plus all the activities you'd expect.
SR Box 319y, Duck, Kitty Hawk, NC 2794
(919)261-4111

Preparatory School Counseling
Thorough Evaluation of Each Candidate
Careful Selection of Schools

Let us talk with you
Call 1-203-269-3333

BUNTING & LYON, Inc.
238 N. Main Street, Wallingford, CT 0649

all ages Music · Workshops · Lectur

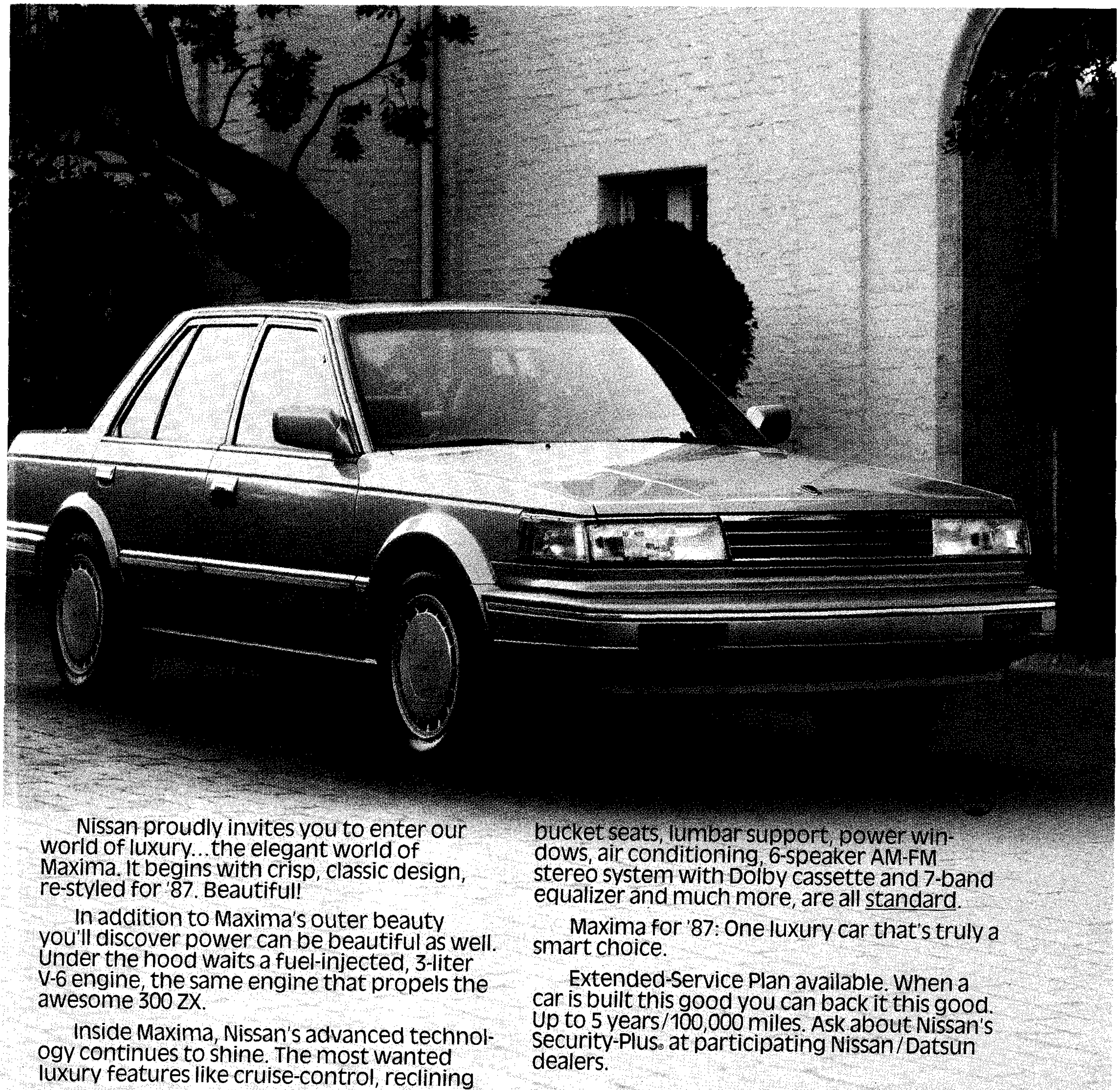
MEDIEVAL WEEK
June 22-28
Holy Cross Monastery
on the Hudson above New Paltz, NY

Fee: $250. Deadline May 20. 914-384-6

NEW 1987
MAXIMA GXE

THE SMART SIDE OF LUXURY.

NISSAN



Nissan proudly invites you to enter our world of luxury...the elegant world of Maxima. It begins with crisp, classic design, re-styled for '87. Beautiful!

In addition to Maxima's outer beauty you'll discover power can be beautiful as well. Under the hood waits a fuel-injected, 3-liter V-6 engine, the same engine that propels the awesome 300 ZX.

Inside Maxima, Nissan's advanced technology continues to shine. The most wanted luxury features like cruise-control, reclining bucket seats, lumbar support, power windows, air conditioning, 6-speaker AM-FM stereo system with Dolby cassette and 7-band equalizer and much more, are all standard.

Maxima for '87: One luxury car that's truly a smart choice.

Extended-Service Plan available. When a car is built this good you can back it this good. Up to 5 years/100,000 miles. Ask about Nissan's Security-Plus® at participating Nissan/Datsun dealers.

THE NAME IS NISSAN

A taste of Italian night life
Sambuca Romana
SAMBVCA ROMANA
ITALY

Sambuca Romana…
to enhance your after-dinner
To drink Con Mosca,
with three coffee beans
and a halo of flame.

Our Sambuca Romana
recipe book has 55 other ways
to enjoy the taste of Italy.

Sambuca Romana, 84 Pf.
Imported by Palmer & Lord,
Syosset, N.Y. 11791.